





KING. DAVID.

A  
PARAPHRASE  
UPON THE  
PSALMS  
OF  
DAVID.

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By *Samuel Woodford*, D. D.

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The Second Edition Corrected by the Author.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by J. M. for *John Martyn, John Baker*,  
in St. Paul's Church-yard; and *Henry Brome* at  
the West end of St Pauls. M DCLXX VIII.





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TO THE  
Right Reverend Father in GOD,  
GEORGE  
Lord BISHOP of  
WINTON,  
And one of His Majesties most  
Honourable Privy Council.

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My very Good Lord,

**W***hat I first did ten years  
since, by the direction  
and advice of my best  
Friends, to acquire the Most Noble  
Patronage (my self being then wholly  
a stranger to Your Lordship) I now  
renew of my own Inclination, with*  
A 3 *the*

## The Epistle

*the most hearty professions of Gratitude and Duty, An humble tender of the following Paraphrase to your Lordships Protection. That the Circumstances of my Condition during this space, have been very much alter'd, your Lordship knows; and I am desirous, since my entring into Holy Orders, that the World should know it too, and how much I both have, and do, I hope, stand in your Lordships good Grace by this Impression, and the many Amendments, at least Alterations, visible in almost every page: But (alas!) how many so ever they be, they would prove nothing to defend, and how well so ever design'd, even less than nothing, to give it credit, in  
this*

## Dedicatory.

*this over-critical Age, did not your Lordship, to whom it is inscribed, become both its Guard and Ornament ; and the Author could never tolerably excuse himself of the highest ingratitude (since thereby he had the happiness to become known to your Lordship) had he the second time published it, without some particular notices of acknowledgement, for all the Favours, which since that happy moment he has received. I solemnly therefore protest to your Lordship, and all who shall chance to hear of me by this or any other way, that I account it my greatest honour to serve Almighty God, and this Best of Churches, in my most Blessed change of Habit, and to stand enrol-*

## The Epistle

*led, tho' it be in the lowest rank of your Lordships poor Sons : That I have found all I said in my former Dedication to a tittle true, tho' I then only thought, and spoke, and wrote of your Lordship, as upon the report of others, I believed I ought, and am even angry with my friends, as far as I can be angry, with those who have best deser'v'd of me, that at a time, when (being unknown, and in no manner of dependance on your Lordship) I might have proclaimed them, without the least suspicion of flattery, they measured out to me the confessed Praises of One of the most Pious Bishops, and Excellent Persons, this See ever had, with so narrow and scanty an hand. I am  
bold*

## Dedictory.

*bold to say this, both because your Lordship is out of danger of being flatter'd, not only by the modest Dedication of a Christian Poet, who dares not speak against the Truth, but of Poesie it self, which usually heightens the Images it represents; and because, if on this occasion I were rudely silent, Holy Church, and all its True and Pious Sons, both would and might justly upbraid me with so great a neglect; (tho' still Posterity must be left charged, (and long may it be so left) to do your Lordship whole right:) This very Paraphrase, I am sure, would have upbraided me, as not else sufficiently providing for its recommendation to the sober and devoutly disposed. But*  
for

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*for that I have herein more than sufficiently provided, witness this second, and I hope more Correct Edition; and that in future times it may not be destitute of the like aids, being at first designed, and now continued to the Service of the Altar, I humbly beg your Lordship would be pleased a-new to offer it there up, and with it the most Holy Vows for the Churches, and Your Lordships Prosperity, of*

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Dutiful,

and most Obedient Son,

Hartley-Malduith:  
Hampsh. 1677.

*Sam. Woodford.*

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TO THE  
READER.

**T**His New Impression of the following Paraphrase is design'd to give the Buyer the greatest satisfaction that he can desire in a Book of this Nature. The Volume is changed from 4<sup>to</sup> to 8<sup>vo</sup>, both to make it more portable, and to sink its price; but the Character, as near as could be contrived, the same, if not altered for a much better, that he may have the greater pleasure in reading. And notwithstanding the Authors absence all the while, and above six hundred Alterations great and small (which he desires may be called Amendments,) transmitted to us in an hand difficult to be read, so few faults have escaped Our care, that he leaves it to Our liberty, they being only now and then in a letter or point, to take, or not take notice of them, as we judge best, in a schedule of Erratas. He  
further

further has desired us to acquaint the Reader, That the Corrections being made since his Admission into Holy Orders, and at leasure, though not all in suite, he would beg for them that they may be received from him with the same candor that the whole first Impression was at its Publication, when he was in another Habit upon other Service. Finally, that this may Apologize for his letting the Preface stand as it did, though he thinks he could now on every head if there were occasion say more to the purpose, both the better to mind himself of what he then was not, and excite men of greater Parts and Wit, (which in himself how little they both are, he well enough knows) in all Habits to put to their helping hand for the Restauration of Poesie, to its Ancient Dignity and Lustre, and that place it formerly had, and never will be at ease till it again has, in the Service of the Most Highest.

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T H E

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# T H E P R E F A C E.

**I***T is not my intention to spend time in transcribing those several Elogies, which Holy Men in their Writings have given the Book of Psalms; For to do that here, were but to make a tedious repetition of the same thing, and usurping anothers Province, but meanly to pursue that, which is no less powerfully, than frequently inculcated by the Divine Oratory of the Church. I think there is none but will acknowledge that it is a part of Scripture, which is, and shall for ever be esteemed worthy the care, and study both of the greatest Scholars, and sublimest Wits of all Ages; and where, as the weakest understandings may find enough for their satisfaction, the severest and most curious Criticks, may have scope and opportunity to exercise, and improve their richest Talent. For what can be more pleasant than to inquire, who were the Composers, to explain the many obscure Titles, and frequent allusions to several customs by us utterly unknown, and to let the World understand, what it is yet ignorant of, wherein consisted the true nature of the Hebrew Poesie? But these, as above my Capacity, I shall purposely*

## The Preface.

*purposely omit, and make it my business only to give some little account of the design, and conduct of the following Work.*

*But before I can proceed to that, I must here, by way of Apology for my undertaking it, freely confess that such an Argument as this, would have appear'd much better in the hands of one, who had made Divinity his chiefest study : and can only say for my self, that as I did it to please some particular friends, and for my own diversion (next to that great design of the glory of God, and service of his Church : ) so having now at length finish'd it, and by them, and several others urg'd to make it more publick, I thought my self bound, by some such Preface as this, to provide for this issue of my brain, with the same diligence and care that other Parents are wont for their Legitimate Children. Not that I have so good an Opinion of these labours, as fondly to believe they deserve it, but because their natural deformities require the greater Portion to put them off. For I am too conscious of their many defects, and my own inabilities for so great an affair, as in good earnest to attempt their defence : or, if I would have no way left to make it, but that, which to all ingenuous spirits is very disagreeable, by throwing the blame on others better able, and who have had, it may be, much fairer opportunities than my self of performing so worthy an enterprize. Had any such excellent*

## The Preface.

lent person so employ'd his vacant hours, it might have prevented the publishing these rude *Essays of mine*; whereas now all that I can expect from them is, that after a severe censure, they may happily be so fortunate, as to give occasion to anothers better thoughts: And I heartily wish some One of Our many Reverend, and Learned Divines, who have a true understanding and gust for Poesie, would hereby be provok'd to undertake so noble a subject, For as there is not any condition of men so fitted for the sublime notions of Poesie as they; there is no study whatsoever, which either is so truly worthy of, or comes nearer their Profession. Theology and Poesie have in all Ages of the World gone hand in hand, nor is there really such a disparity between their Natures, as is generally, though without any reason, imagined. For if one has been lookt on as containing the Will and Pleasure, the other no less has been reckoned the Stile, and Language of Heaven. Musick and Numbers, the chiefeſt of the Liberal Arts, serve but as Hand-maids to this great and All-commanding Mistress. 'Tis I know not what kind of Divine Science, purely singular, and only like it self, which even in the Opinion of all, has more of Divinity in it than words can express, and therefore was continually allowed a Stall in the Temple, and received into the Devotions of the most Religious, and Civilized, as well as Bar-

barozs

## The Preface.

*barous Nations. If we look into the Jewish Administration, we shall find that the People of Israel were no sooner delivered from the Egyptian chains, and that the same Sea, which parted it self to make them way, returned upon their Enemies, but immediately Moses, their great Law-giver, continues the remembrance both of the Miracle, and their deliverance in a most Excellent and Poetical Song : which I verily believe is not only the most ancient piece of Poetry now extant, but written as soon, if not before any other part of the Pentateuch. Nay, God himself, we afterwards finde, gave him particular charge, and inspiration, a little before his death, to compose another Hymn, with strict command to teach it the People, who thereby having it continually in their mouths, (such he knew was the charm of Verse,) might both be encouraged in their Duty, and become Witnesses against themselves, when at any time they turned to Idolatry. If the Book of Job shall be esteemed by any of an ancienter date (which I should very hardly be perswaded to assent to, as imagined to be done, though by the same hand, yet during his retirement with his Father-in-law, before he was sent on his great Embassy to Pharaoh) from the beginning of the third Chapter, to the middle of the last, it is one continued Poem : In which there are such lofty and exalted Metaphors, lively Similitudes,*

## The Preface.

*militudes, pompous Descriptions, strength of Elocution, and prodigious flights of Wit and Fancy, that you cannot meet any thing to compare with it in the choicest Collections of all the Old Poets. You there may see Divinity flourishing upon a root of Poesie; and that again loaded with the generous productions of Divinity : both so inseparably united each to other, that like stock and cyon they make but one plant, and leave it hard to be judged whether the Author were the greater Divine, or Poet. The Latines very properly comprehended both these sublime Functions under the single Title of their Vates, accounting it no less unfit than unreasonable, that two Offices so straitly united as those of the Priest and Poet should be known by distinct, and different Names. I shall not here inquire into the Reasons they had for so doing, only this I am assured, how many and strong so ever they were, they cannot compare with Ours of the true Religion. The inspirations of both proceed from the same Father of Spirits, and are Celestial flames, that darted from above, are never well but when they are thither rising up again : Only Poesie like that sacred fire, which God sent down of Old to consume the Sacrifices, returns with a little more smoke. They both came down from Heaven, and thither are alwayes taking their flight; but Divinity never seems to make such haste, as on the wings of good Poesie.*

## The Preface.

*ſie. I muſt confeſs at this day, but by what ill Fate I know not, they are looked upon without the leaſt relation to each other, and grown themſelves ſo much ſtrangers, that like ſiſter-ſtreams once parted from the Spring, they run different courſes, and are ſo far from meeting again, that they very ſeldome come in ſight of each other. For though the Precepts of the School ſerve excellently, if rightly applyed, to adorn and enrich his Fancy, who hath a natural Genius to Poefie, yet we daily ſee them ineffectual to create it. And he who finds not in himſelf thoſe hidden Mimes of Invention, and moſt happy and unaffected Facility, which only make the Poet, ſhould never be perſwaded by me to attempt the raviſhing her by force, whom by fair means he cannot allure to be his Miſtreſs. For to what but this may we attribute thoſe many lame, and imperfect draughts of Poems, both Originals, and Tranſlations, which are to be ſeen in almoſt every language? where, if they have been the Authors own, they are his bare thoughts and lifeleſs Proſe (for I ſpeak now eſpecially of Modern Poefie) made worſe by the uneaſie ſhackles of confining Metre: and if Verſions, ſo exactly laboured ad verbum, that what by the unlucky tranſpoſing of words, what by leaving out ſome little particles, wherein the grace of the ſentence did conſiſt, they loſe all their former beauty, and from excellent Proſe, though the language continue the ſame,*  
degenerate

## The Preface.

*degenerate into very indifferent, and untuneable Rhyme. This has been a failing so general, that I need not seek far to illustrate it by examples. But none in my opinion have been so guilty of it, as those, who have had for their argument some excellent piece of Scripture, or pious matter, which with the embellishments of Art, and the true Poets easiness, and invention would, upon the most durable foundations, have made the fairest superstructures in the World. But how miserably have the greatest part been overseen, whilst all their pains have been bestow'd to compose a few ill-contriv'd Cadences, putting themselves to an unimaginable torture to make those conceptions intolerable by the straitness of Verse, which else might have done well enough in looser Prose. These are the men to whom we are in a great measure beholden for the low esteem Poësie now has amongst us, though at the same time they have not only rendred that ridiculous, but humbled Divinity, which supplies the Poet with his noblest, and most lofty Subjects. And I am very apt to believe, that a man of an Harmonious soul, (such as all true Poets are) though he be but indifferently skill'd in the Controversies of the School-men, and the nicer points of Divinity, (by which possibly the Peace of the Church has been more disturbed, than ever it was advantag'd) shall make much better work in his way of an Argument taken from the Holy Bi-*

## The Preface.

*ble, than the sublimest and most Scholaſtical Wit, who is unacquainted with the Lames of Poëſie. But how few are there of theſe ſevere Scholars, and onely Learned Men (as they would be thought) in an Age, who have any reliſh, or the leaſt eſteem for Poëſie, but rather judging it by the abuſe, look on it as a fruitleſs, and moſt unprofitable ſtudy, unworthy the thoughts of ſuch as are advanc't in years; and the greateſt incentive to looſeneſs and debauchery in youth? Others there are of a quite different humour, who though poſſibly they may have for it the higheſt, and moſt reverend eſteem, yet think Holy Writ is barren of all good ſubjects, and the only thing that is incapable of its gay and ſplendid embroyderies. I ſhall make it my buſineſs therefore, in ſhaping an answer to both theſe, at once to defend Poëſie in the general from thoſe Calumnies, which are no leſs maliciously, than falſly charged upon it, and then give a ſhort aſſay to the reſtoring Divine Poëſie to its ancient dignity and luſtre.*

*If therefore we conſider Poëſie in her firſt institution, e're ſhe became a common Proſtitute to Luſt, Flattery, Ignorance, and Ambition, we ſhall find her alone acknowledged as the Sovereign Princeſs of the civiliz'd World, and behold her from her Throne giving Laws, not only to their Religion and Policy, but alſo to their manners. Her Court was eſteemed  
the*



## The Preface.

*the proper, and only School of Virtue, to which the greatest Princes form'd theirs, and under her custody alone was kept seal'd that Fountain, whence all the profitable instructions of life were to be drawn. Philosophy it self was a thing of no use, and destitute of arms, till she supply'd them, nor durst it appear in the World without the easie chain of Verse, in token of submission to her, for its pass-port. And when afterward the Porch and Academy by main force brake it off, the strictest Precepts of the most rigid Sect, as to the regulating of Manners, came infinitely short of those Examples, which she exhibited on her Theaters. The same may be said of almost all other Arts, that from her they receiv'd their birth and vigour. Neither was this Divine Mistress less courteously receiv'd into the Camp, where her soft Numbers were with pleasure heard amidst the confused noise of Arms. Hence mighty Generals had the best Instruction both for their Conduct and Valour, and were encouraged by the Records of Antiquity, which some Poet had faithfully preserv'd, to do themselves famous Acts, worthy the like praise of Posterity. This was that, which in all their Victories they especially sought, and in perpetual acknowledgement, that they thence receiv'd their greatest honour, in their most solemn Triumphs, when Crowns of Gold were only in state carried before them, they chose them-*

## The Preface.

*selves to wear the Poets Meede, Laurel, Chaplets.*

*Such was Poesie of Old, with a command as Absolute, and unconfin'd as her Dominions, and alwayes found either serving at the Altars, or of Counsel Royal to the greatest Princes. But it was not long that she continu'd in this great dignity and repute; For in punishment for her early defection from the service of the True God, where she first attended, to that of Devils, of a Princess she became a slave, and sensibly, though by degrees, lost all her Title to Sovereignty, and absolute Jurisdiction: for in the Temples of the Heathen Deities, though by a kind of Spiritual Authority, she kept in awe whole Nations, which from her mouth receiv'd all their Oracles. yet even there, by her own Priests was she her self abus'd, and knew no Inspirations, but what either they did invent, or were suggested to her by the great Deceiver. Here it was, that by frequent use. she learnt all manner of Prophaneity, and by often ascribing that to false gods, which was the alone glory of the True, from low, and mean thoughts of him, she brake forth into open rebellion, pursuing Heaven with her blasphemies, and sending all her impieties up thither, whence at first she obtained all her Power; like a River, whose passage is obstructed, that runs back upon its own spring, carrying mud and slime along*

## The Preface.

*along with it, and overflows, and defiles those Altars, which in its clear and un-interrupted course before it did but wash. Having thus humbled her, it was some Ages ere the grand Tyrant offered her any other violence, and even fearless of a revolt, permitted her the free use of that command she had gain'd o're the minds of men, and still continue to be, according to her own nature, the Patroness of all true and Heroical virtue. But in process of time from his and the Priests, she was made the Peoples Idol, and no longer remaining so much as a suppos'd Virgin, became perfectly obsequious to the wills and humors of such as had the confidence to debauch her (though a perpetual curse of Poverty constantly followed the committers of so great a Rape) to please them she began to affect new, and immodest dresses, which to all the world else rendered her still more deformed, and in a while guilty of all that obscenity, which she had before condemned upon the stage.*

*And in this state of slavery is she look't on by the most part of men, who only judging of her by the present, and what hurt she may do, by what she has already done (like Artillery by surprise come into the Enemies hand) forget how serviceable she has notwithstanding formerly been to the civiliz'd, and may yet be to the Christian World. Instead of censuring and condemning her, it were good I*

## The Preface.

*think, to take her by force, and restore her to the Church of God, where she has been too long a stranger. Poems of Morality, which have been of late no less auspiciously, than worthily begun (such Epique and Lyrique Poems I chiefly mean, though the Drammatique also may be of excellent use, so it be kept within its due bounds, as with all the liberty of Invention, riches of Fancy, and the true Poets Art, have been contriv'd to express the real Portraict of Virtue in all its various appearances, and to describe Vice in its lively, though otherways most hateful colours, these I say) make the first step to her Conversion: and it may in my poor Opinion be promoted amongst us, by translating anew the best of the ancient and some few modern Poets, who have made it their business to cloath excellent Morality, and various learning in a chaste stile, and by gracefully rendring them in our own language: so that the sense may neither seem tortur'd, and put on the rack by too strait a Version, nor be out of knowledge in one too loose and flowing. But this great task can never be perfected, since we are to expect no new Revelations, till Poesie comes again to be settled upon her first great Basis, the Divine inspiration, reveal'd in the Holy Scriptures.*

*And this brings my discourse to them, who confidently, though without any reason, assert  
that*

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*that the sacred Word has not subjects agreeable enough for this kind of writing. But because Mr. Cowley in that part of his Preface before his Poems, which concerns his incomparable Davideis, has taken the pains fully to remove that ill report, which was brought on this happy Land, if I may so call it, either ignorantly or maliciously, I shall give my self the less trouble, and refer my Reader to the place it self, where he may have all that satisfaction that either Reason or Religion can expect. Nor can those Authorities he brings be excepted against, seeing he hath so strongly confirmed them by the Poem it self, where though the Argument be wholly Divine, there is to be found, as much as could be expected for the first sitting, what ever is requisite to make an Heroick Poem beautiful: sound judgement happy invention, graceful disposition unaffected facility, strict observance of decencies, and all set off with that majesty and sweetness of Verse, that it is to be lamented he had not an opportunity before his death, to finish it according to his own Model, and the provision he had laid up to that purpose. And truly all his Divine Poems, have I know not what greatness of spirit, which you shall seldom meet with elsewhere, and in which generally he has as much out-done himself, as in the rest equall'd the most happy of our Modern Poets. So that if Religious, and pious Compositions,*

## The Preface.

*positions, as has been often observ'd, please not, the fault can be no longer unjustly thrown upon the Materials, but must return upon the Composers want of skill to manage them to the best advantage. The Holy Bible doubtless is an excellent Soil, and of such kindly nature, that if it were cultivated either as it ought, or only as the barren sand of Antiquity, and all the tedious fables of the Heathenish superstition too often have been, it would produce the greatest, and most rich increase. For besides, that like them it has never yet been thoroughly broken up, the most unfruitfull part of it, at least that which may seem so, abounds with inexhaustible Mines, which would plentifully reward any that should labour in them. And it were beside unreasonable to think that Palestine alone, which was so fruitfull of all things else, should be barren only of Laurels.*

*To blame our Language is a fondness every whit as extravagant, especially considering the great supply, which hath been of late years, and is daily brought to it by unexpected discoveries of Nature, and improvement of the Arts, which do not only furnish the Poet with incredible variety of new and unusual conceits to exercise his Fancy, but with an immense company of words also to enrich his expression. But to such Objectors I shall only say, that if the English Dialect, not only as it is*

## The Preface.

*spoken at this day, but as it was in use the last Age, were seriously and impartially examined, it will appear not onely as copious and significant for Prose, but as comprehensive of the sublimest notions of Verse as any modern Language in Europe, and to equal, if not in some qualities exceed, those of old Rome and Athens. But for Numbers it is so naturally suited, that excepting the Rhyme, which in so great a choice of words as we have is very easie to be found, even in ordinary speaking, or writing, they can hardly, and not without some pain (if it were curiously inquired into) be avoided. But my zeal for Poesie has carried me, I am afraid, too far, and made me almost forget what I promised in the beginning, to give a short account of the following work.*

*It is now therefore some years since I had my first and great desire to turn the Book of Psalms into English Verse, and in order thereto did, very little different from what at present it is, the CIV. Psalm. But I know not how, on a suddain, all my heat was laid, and the greatness of the labour, together with my own insufficiency, deterr'd me at that time from proceeding any further. Hercupon for about three years the design slept with me, till reading over with a little more than ordinary intention the CXIV. Psalm of Mr. Cowley's, I was again warm'd, and in imitation*  
of

## The Preface.

*of him I was resolved once more to try how well or ill I could write after so excellent a Copy. Not because I was by that time grown more confident of my strength (which I must confess I found all along very unequal to so weighty an affair) but because I hoped thereby to encrease it, and fix my mind otherwise fleeting and uncertain upon something that might be of advantage, if not to the Publick, yet at least to my Friends, and my own private Meditations. Considering also the infinite variety with which this part of Holy Scripture was replenish'd, I judg'd the tediousness of the passage would thence, and by the many resting places I should meet with by the way, be very much abated. And that my Fancy might be as little confin'd as my time, I ever us'd to take that Psalm to paraphrase, which best suited with my present temper, and so letting out the chain a little longer, and never trying how far it reach'd, I scarce remembered that I was bound. And this is some reason, though not the whole, of that different manner which is to be seen in my Version. For even the Psalms themselves are not all of a kind, that being no more necessary than that all precious stones should be Rubies or Diamonds. If you look in one place you shall see some, taking rise from their lofty subjects, soar above the clouds, like Birds of Paradise, as it were, all wing, and as if design'd*



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*ſign'd for nothing lower than the Heavens : If in another, ſome of an humbler ſort, in their ſtrains lowly, and trailing on the ground, ſo far from attempting ſuch a bold flight, that they dare hardly look ſo high : ſome are all gaudy, and embroydered, others again in a ſad and mournfull dreſs, according as the condition of the Church or Author was at the time they were compoſed. This ſo great difference therefore being in the Original, no wonder if it yet appear more plainly in my rude and imperfect Copy. Beſides, I have been forced to make uſe, though as ſparingly as I could, of ſeveral termes, and manners of ſpeaking, not to be found in our late exact Writers, nor ſo well fitted for the numeroſity of Verſe as might be wiſht, which yet by reaſon of our Tranſlation of the Holy Bible, and by frequent uſe ſeem not altogether ſo rough as elſe they would : rather chuſing to confine my ſelf to expreſſions and phraſes generally known, and allowed of in the Church, than appear guilty of any innovation. This may particularly be obſerved in the CXIX. Psalm, where I have kept exactly (as they fell in our Text without ſynonymous names) the Words, Statutes, Ways, Testaments, Precepts, &c. Nor was it more eaſe to my ſelf, than I hope it will be a pleaſure to ſome few, who prefer ſuch a tranſlation before any other, where is taken a greater liberty. But I muſt confeſs ingenuouſly, I did*  
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*it meerly to save the labour of a larger Paraphrase, which in a Psalm of that length, and plainness, would have been both tedious, and unnecessary. In other places I have done what lay in my power to make the Psalmists speak as intelligible and proper English as I could (though I have not altogether neglected it even in that) not introducing any obsolete, or fantastical words, or omitting those little particles of speech, the grace of any Language, which make Poesse of all other kinds of Writing the most distastful, and obscure. And indeed the manner of speaking amongst the Jews, by reason of their insensible connexions, and frequent change and shifting of persons, discernable enough by our own Versions, is so difficult and harsh to our ears, even in the Prose, that it very ill needs the straitness of Numbers to make it more dark, and untunable. To avoid this fault possibly I have been more prolix than I ought, though I cannot but say I was forewarned of it by a very judicious friend Mr. Thomas Sprat. Yet if it be an error I have chosen rather to offend with Sieur Godeau, a forreigner, in the fullness of my Paraphrase, than with any of our own Countrey men in too strait a confinement. The onely Person who seems to have kept a mean between these two extreams, is G. Buchanan, by that bare name better known, than all my Art is able to express him. It*  
would

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would be too long to reckon up the many worthy men in this Nation, (without mentioning King James of blessed memory, who amidst the great affairs of his Crown thought it not unbecoming his Royal cares to divert himself with these Meditations of the princely Prophet and Poet) who have within this last Age bestow'd their labours on this Book, among whom the most known are the Right Reverend Bishop of Chichester, now living, and Mr. George Sandys. There is also in private hands a Manuscript of somewhat an ancients date, which for the Persons sake, though out of its due time and place I shall joyn with them, and that is of the truly Honourable and Learned Gentleman Sir Philip Sidney. It was a long time, from my first hearing of it e're I could get a sight of the Papers, neither should I at last have obtained the favour, had I not us'd the mediation (amongst several others, to whom I am obliged,) of one to whom all good Learning of what kind soever it be, must remain perpetually indebted; and in this all will agree with me when they know I mean the Learned Dr. John Wilkins Dean of Rippon. This Paraphrase as I remember Dr. Donne calls by the name of Sir Philips, and the Countess of Pembrokes Translation, and not without good reason, as far as I could judge by that cursory view I had of it, during the short time it remained in my hands; there appearing that  
difference

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*difference as I conceived in the composition, which is wont to be in the aires of Brother, and Sister, not so unlike, as to have no resemblance, nor yet so perfectly resembling, as to have nothing but the Sex to distinguish them. I mention not here a thousand others who have done excellently particular Psalms, as my Lord Bacon, Sir Henry Wotton, Bishop Hall, Mr. Herbert, &c. and instead of many more, that absolutely compleat Gentlewoman, whose leave I very hardly obtained to honour this Volume of mine with two or three Versions, long since done by her, the truly Vertuous Mistress Mary Beale, amongst whose least accomplishments it is, that she has made Painting and Poësie which in the Fancies of others had onely before a kind of likeness, in her own to be really the same. The Reader I hope will pardon this publick acknowledgement which I make to so deserving a person, when I shall tell him that while as a Friend and one of the Family, I had the convenience of a private and most delightful retirement in the company of her worthy Husband and her self, I both began and perfected this Paraphrase.*

*But without all these in naming the two first above, (the Bishop of Chichester, and Master Sandys) I have said enough to call my self into question for daring to offer any thing at this part of Scripture, after them.*  
*I must*

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*I must therefore clear my self, and here do it, of all ambition to vie with, or envy to detract from the true value of their labours, which must be judged meriting all Praise: and I am sure neither of these can be longer objected against me, than till any one shall be pleased to take the pains to compare all three together, and then it will immediately appear, how great the difference is between us, both as to the stile, manner of composition, and disposing of the Numbers. The Bishop's is close, exactly answering the Text, and for that kind of measure, which himself has truly observ'd to be the least graceful of any, very smooth, and roundly expressed; though that Essay of his on the CXXX. Psalm in Heroick Verse, Paraphrased for an Anthem. make it to be wish'd, he had us'd a like freedom in the rest. Master Sandys on the other side, though he has confin'd himself to almost as near a rendring of the words, has us'd greater variety of measures, and such as have by experience been found to be very agreeable to Musick, the life and spirit of Poesie. In mine will yet appear a greater liberty, both as to the expression, and the different sort of Stanzas which I have us'd; but with what success I must refer to my Reader, of whose favour I shall have greater need to excuse my faults. than justice, and severity to examine them. I know all that has ever yet been assay'd may be infinitely out-*  
*done,*

## The Preface.

*done, and I should be so far from grieving at it, though now a little concern'd, that I heartily wish this way of mine may give the first occasion to some excellent Person to undertake another version, and publish the Book of Psalms with greater beauties than ever it has appeared in, since it left Jerusalem. In the meantime I could be content, I must confess, that this tryal of mine might be kindly received. that so I might thereby be encouraged to prosecute another design (in this way) which at present lies before me, The History of the first great week of the World, wherein new discoveries of that, and nature, make the subject more large and comprehensive for Verse than ever it has been; and in the performance of which I promise my self great assistance, by the unwearied and most successfull labours of the Royal Society; which seems to be rais'd in this last Age, not only for the improvement of Natural Philosophy in the general, but amidst the invention of new, for the restoration of decay'd Arts, and amongst them all of none more than this of serious, profitable, and sober Poesie.*

*As for the manner, which I have endeavour'd to observe, it has been to give, as near as could, the true sense and meaning of the Psalm and in as easie and obvious terms as was possible, suiting them to the Capacity of the meanest: which I found my self the better able to*

## The Preface.

*do, by having the difficulties resolv'd to my hands, by the labours of that truly Pious, and Learned Divine Dr. Hen. Hammond, (though I made use also as occasion required of other Commentators.) If I have in any place not perfectly agreed with him, as in several left them, since it is not in matters of Faith, I beg that the same liberty may be given to me, which is indulg'd to all who write this way. I have bound my self all along to observe one certain measure in a Psalm, and after I had fixt the first stanza, made the rest like it, endeavouring so to dispose my Numbers, that neither the length of the staff should cause a too close and often repetition of the same Rhyme, nor the shortness of the measure confine the Fancy, and hinder the freedom of expression: generally closing it with a Verse of more than ordinary length, as being not only most proper for that place, as a band to the staff, and sense; but more tuneable, and graceful. For this reason also have I taken notice of the Versus intercalares, as I may call them, where they fell, and made no scruple, on occasion given in the Text, though it may be the words were not the very same, to make them more evident in my Version. For the Historical Psalms I chose the Heroick (or five foot couplets) as most suitable, using it very sparingly elsewhere. The XVIII. L. LXVIII. and CIV. I have done after Mr. Cowleys Pindarick way, endeavouring by*

## The Preface.

*the kind of Verse, which is various and uncertain, to imitate the many and suddain changes, which are in those Psalms. The XXI. and LXXII. I have with very little straining of the Text brought down to our times, and without offence to any, I hope, in the first parallel'd his Majesties sufferings with those of David; in the other the Happiness and Glory of his Kingdom, with that of Solomon, heartily wishing that the sincerity of my Prayers may make amends for the defects of my Numbers.*

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To

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*To my dear Friend M<sup>r</sup> Samuel  
Woodford, upon his Para-  
phrase of the P S A L M S.*

---

I.

**H**Appy the first, and harmlesſ days ! (home  
When the young World, like Children bred at  
Though froward ſtill and troubleſome,  
Was by its careful Parent taught the wayes  
Of calie Duty, and of natural Praise.  
When every cheap Delight, and every pleaſant Art,  
And all that Wit and Fancy could impart, .  
Like the firſt Iſſues of each vital thing,  
Of all the ſtock the Pledge and King  
Which the glad Owners either did redeem or bring,  
Were freely given up and Conſecrate,  
The great Creator's Praise to Celebrate.  
When the chaſte Numbers of the Pipe, and Voice,  
And all the Inſtruments that Art could ſhow,  
The very Muſick of the Feet, and Body too,  
And whatſoever could delight,  
And feaſt the various Appetite,  
Were us'd as well to Worſhip as Rejoyce,  
And ev'ry Mask, and ev'ry Ball,  
And ev'ry ſolemn Feſtival,  
The publick Triumphs, and the Holy dayes,  
The very Paſtimes, and the Plays  
Were legal Rites of Honour and of Praise.

Of ev'ry clean and spotless Beast  
The most delicious and the best,  
That Nature for man's use, or pleasure did afford  
Was at God's board ;  
One part was Sacrifice, and all the rest a Feast.

## II.

So uncorrupted then, so chaste and white  
Were all the Daughters of Delight ;  
But none of all the Family  
So innocent, and so divinely bright  
As the fair Virgin *Poesie*,  
The earliest, and the strictest Votary ;  
Dwelt at the first in holy ground,  
In sacred Groves, and Temples only could be found ;  
Still at the Altar did appear,  
Brought her First-fruits, and Perfumes there ;  
Of all Gods Priests (and without blame  
Her Office will allow the Name,  
Though scarce her Sex) 'twas she alone  
That offered up to God Devotion ;  
Did the pure Incense of the Fathers praise,  
And holy Vows, to Heav'en raise ;  
And like a faithful Vestal kept the Fire,  
That did nor Day, nor Night expire.  
Whoever a true Worshipper would be  
Was taught his Duty first by *Poesie*,  
Of *Heman*, and of *Asaph* learnt the ways  
Of Penitence, and Praise,  
By which Gods anger to appease, and Glory raise.

## III. This

### III.

This was her first Choice, and Desire,  
 In Gods House to retire,  
 In which she took her Vow, and solemnly Profeſt,  
 (And happy had she been and bleſt,  
 If she had kept the rest  
 As well as the least needful of the Three  
 Unhappy Povertie)  
 But in the compass of this Privacie,  
 She was not alwayes at her Beads, and Book,  
 But did her bended thoughts with various Arts release,  
 Whether in Shepheards Guise with Reed, and Hook,  
 The Nuptial Song she do's expreſs  
 Of mighty *Solomon*, and by his ſide  
 The comely black *Egyptian* Bride,  
 A wondrous Song, but ſaid to be  
 Not for their ſakes alone, but holy Myſterie.  
 Or elſe with bold, and ſkilful hand  
 Works the known Story of the promis'd Land;  
 How God the People went before,  
 And brought them from th' *Egyptian* ſhore,  
 By the two Brothers brought them thence,  
 That is, by Power, and by Eloquence,  
 Two things which ſeldom fail  
 Over the mightieſt Adverſary to prevail.  
 Or when ſhe pleaſes, Nature draws, and Wars,  
 Pens the Heroick Acts of famous Conquerers,  
 And ſayings of Philoſophers;  
 Rich are the Works of *Nuns*, but none ſo rich as Hers.

## IV.

So grave and hopeful was her youth,  
 So dear a Friend she was to Piety and Truth,  
 That God himself, who did bestow  
 Number, and Measure to each Thing,  
 And in whole Nature living Poetry did show,  
 Of Her took care, from whom she first did spring;  
 And for her Guardians did assign,  
 The mighty Men of Valour and Renown,  
 Whom he had trusted first with Conquest, and a Crown,  
 Or did in peaceful Arts, and Wisdom shine,  
 All full of Vertue, and of Pow' er Divine,  
 He would not such a ripe, and vertuous Wit  
 (As *Jacob* would not *Benjamin*) commit  
 To any hand that was unfit,  
 Only to *Judah* did the Trust ascribe,  
*Judah* the Royal, and the Valiant Tribe.  
 To you (sayes God) whom by my sp'irit I raise  
 To fight my Battailles, and my Works to praise,  
 Wonders to perform, and see,  
 And publish Laws, and Mysterie,  
 And find out Nature, and Philosophie,  
 Princes, and Prophets, and the Sons of War,  
 To you this Charge I give, and to your Care  
 Commit this bright, and beauteous Heir;  
 Bright and beauteous is she now,  
 And by your Guidance may improve,  
 If the vain show,  
 And Breeding of her Sex you not allow,  
 And keep her but from idleness, and wanton Love.

## V.

So wise a Care, one would have thought,  
 Might serve however to prevent the worst,  
 In one so well inclin'd at first,  
 Though by the powerfull'st Charms, and Courtship  
 But, Oh, the treacherous Arts of Wit! (fought.  
 (Arts which upon the Sex too often gain)  
 To which even Poesie her self do's still submit,  
 And bear the pleasant Tyrannies of it,  
 Although sometimes in bitter language She complain.  
 Wit was her Friend, and her Companion still,  
 Did challenge, and imploy her skill,  
 But was so wanton, and so wild,  
 With every painted Thing, and every Shew beguil'd,  
 Did such pleasant Sports devise,  
 And such fantastick Resveries,  
 Bewitch't th' unwary Lovers eyes.  
 Out of her Cell the Votares then would go,  
 And loosly wandred into every Show;  
 Would needs her self resign  
 Unto the Female Government of Nine,  
 And the mad Inspirations of the God of Wine,  
 To whose wild Revels She was born,  
 And did his Triumphs, and his Groves adorn;  
 Did nor the Stage, nor the Piazza scorn;  
 But, like a wandring River, flow,  
 That visits every Land, and every City views,  
 But with the Travel do's th' impurer grow,  
 And the bright *Nymph* still more abuse;  
 She did no filthy Lust refuse,  
 Nor whatsoe'er could come  
 Or from th' Excess of *Greece*, or Wantonness of *Rome*.

VI, But

## VI,

But all along the time of this Apostasie,  
 Some mighty Men arose,  
 Whom God in mercy chose,  
 These wandring Follies to oppose,  
 And to redeem her Fame, and native Liberty ;  
 That fertile Land of all the rest  
 With Pleasure, and with Poets blest,  
 Where Wit, and Nature still are fresh, and green,  
 And *Tiber's* golden streams are seen,  
 Has to the world in every Age set forth  
 Some Phoenix of immortal worth,  
 Whose Monuments of noble Verse  
 Posterity shall still disperse,  
 Which the bold Fame of wanton Wit assuage  
 And expiate the Follies of the looser Stage.  
 Nor is the *Brittish* glory less,  
 The *Brittish* Poets with a ripe success  
 The weightiest Arguments express,  
 Like a deep Crystal stream,  
 Spread a pure spirit through the manly Theam.  
 One of each Sex this fruitful Age has shown,  
 (And fruitful had she been, if none  
 But that immortal Pair were known ;)  
 Though she has many more to boast,  
*Cowley*, and bright *Orinda* do adorn it most.

VII. *Cowley*,

*Cowley*, and bright *Orinda* shall for ever live;  
 And you (my Friend) who with them strive  
 Of best and greatest Things to write  
 And the rich Monuments of Eastern wit revive,  
 Wit, that does, like the Sun, there first in sight,  
 Serve the Worlds profit and delight,  
 And, like the Sun too, with the World shall last;  
 Your Mem'ory shall with theirs be plac't;  
 Their's, who in heav'only verse  
 Do their own praise in Gods reherse.  
 The sacred Harp, which lay unstrung,  
 Broken, and out of tune as much  
 As when upon the Willows once it hung,  
 No *English* hand could hit the graceful Touch,  
*Cowley* took up, and with an artful stroke  
 One Lesson play'd; One Lesson did provoke  
 Your tuneful Soul, which could no longer stay  
 Till it found out this only skilful way;  
 At length the skilful way you found,  
 With a true Ear judg'd the melodious sound,  
 And with a nimble hand run descant on the Hebrew  
 (ground.

*Jam. Gardiner.*





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*To the A Û T H O R, on his Excel-  
lent Version of the P S A L M S.*

---

A Pindariqu' Ode.

I.

**S**Ec (Worthy Friend) what I would do,  
(Whom neither Muse, nor Art inspire,  
That have no friend in all the sacred Quire)  
To shew my kindness for your Book, and yon,  
Forc't to disparage what I would admire!  
Bold man, that dares attempt Pindariqu' now,  
Since the great Pindar's greatest Son  
From the ungrateful Age is gon;  
Cowley has bid th' ungrateful Age Adieu!  
Apollo's rare Columbus He  
Found out new worlds of Poetrie;  
He like an Eagle tower'd aloft  
To seize his noble prey;  
Yet as a Dove's, his soul was soft,  
Quiet as night, but bright as day.  
To Heaven in fiery Chariot He  
Ascended by Seraphick Poesie,  
But which of us poor Mortals since can find,  
Any inspiring Mantle that he left behind?

## II.

*His pow'rful numbers might ha'done you right ;  
 He could ha'spar'd you immortality ;  
 Under that Chieftains banners you might fight ,  
 Assur'd of Laurels, and of Victory  
 Over devouring time, and sword, and fire,  
 And Jove's important ire.*

*My humble verse would better sing  
 David the Shepherd, than the King :  
 And yet methinks 'tis stately to be one,  
 (Tho' of the meaner sort)  
 Of them that may approach a Prince's Throne,  
 If 'twere but to be seen at Court.*

*Such (Sir,) is my ambition for a name,  
 Which I shall rather take of You, than give ;  
 For in your Book I cannot miss of fame,  
 But by contact shall live.*

*Thus on your Chariot's wheel shall I  
 Ride safe, and look as big as Ælop's Flie,  
 Who from th' Olympian race new come,  
 And now triumphantly got home,  
 To'his neighbours of the Swarm thus proudly said,  
 "Don't you remember what a Dust I made ?*

## III.

*Where e're the Son of Jesse's Harp shall sound,  
 Or Israel's sweetest songs be sung  
 (Like Sampson's Lion sweet and strong)  
 You and your happy Muse shall be renown'd ;  
 To whose kind hand the Son of Jesse owes  
 His last deliverance from all his foes ;  
 Blood-thirsty Saul (less barbarous than they)  
 His person only sought to kill,  
 These did his deathless Poems slay ;  
 And sought immortal blood to spill ;*

To sing whose Songs in Babylon would be  
A new Captivitie.  
Deposed by these Rebels, You alone  
Restore the glorious David to his Throne.  
Long in disguise the Royal Prophet lay,  
Long from his own thoughts banished :  
Ne're since his death till this illustrious day  
Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown set on his head.  
He seem'd as if at Gath he still had been,  
As once before proud Achish he appear'd,  
His face besmear'd,  
And spittle on his beard,  
A laughing stock to the insulting Philistin,  
Drest in their Rimes he lookt as he were Mad,  
In Tissue Yon, and Tyrian Purple have him clad.

Thomas Flatman;

M. A.

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Totius

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**T**otius voluminis Psalmorum argumentum **CHRISTUS** est; qui cum duas in se habeat naturas, modò hanc modò illam idcirco frequenter per Psalmos ferè omnes interserit, ut doctiores habeant unde suam desleant ignorantiam, & rudiores unde ex revelatâ per Christum sapientiâ gaudeant.

Folengius in Commentariis ad Psalmos.

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T H E

THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
PSALMS.

The First Psalm.

*Beatus Vir qui non abiit, &c.*

I.

Thrice happy Man, who in the gloomy ways  
Of Careless Sinners, never blindly strays,  
In Counsel stands not to maintain their part,  
Nor boldly thrusts into the chair,  
His own to vent, or others scoffs to hear,  
But his whole Life keeps guiltless as his heart.

II.

Who in th' Almighty's Law his age do's spend,  
Grows old in that which will his age commend;  
By day he reads it, meditates at night,  
Makes it his Guide; makes it his Stay,  
His greatest business makes it night and day;  
But less much less his business than delight.

B

III. He

## III.

He shall be like a Tree by th' Waters side,  
 Whose root receives the Tribute of the tyde;  
 The tender plant do's into vigor grow,  
 Is alway green, has alway fruit,  
 Extends into the neighb'ouring streams its root,  
 And spreads in top, as that do's spread below.

## IV.

So shall the Righteous flourish, and that hand,  
 Which planted him at first, shall make him stand;  
 No storm or drought against him shall prevail,  
 But bending to the streams his root,  
 He shall be alway green, have alway fruit,  
 Which till they cease to flow, shall never fail.

## V.

But the Unjust (far otherwise th' Unjust  
 Forgetful what he is, and whence he came, the Dust)  
 Shall be like dust, with which the wind do's play,  
 That now flies here, and now falls there,  
 On the ground now trod, now riding in the air,  
 Till that which rais'd it, blow it clean away.

## VI.

And when th' Eternal Judge to th' Bar shall bring  
 Each secret thought, and every hidden thing,  
 The difference then much greater shall appear:  
 For when blest Souls to Glory go  
 The Wicked only shall exchange their woe,  
 Those of their hopes full feis'd, these of their fear.

Psalm

## Psalm II.

*Quare fremuerunt gentes.*

## I.

**W**Hat makes this stir ? why do the People rage ?  
 And all their little Kings engage ?  
 Their ancient strifes they mind no more,  
 Forget they once were Enemies,  
 And though they ne're agreed before,  
 Now do, against their God in arms to rise.

## II.

Their God's become their Common Enemy,  
 And his Anointed they despise :  
 " Off with his yoke, let's break His bands,  
 " Away with all his Chains, they say,  
 " Our necks we know, let's try our hands,  
 " If they can Rule, as well as those obey !

## III.

But he, who Reigns Above, sees all their pride,  
 And do's their boasts and threats deride ;  
 If they proceed, He'l to them speak,  
 And who so deaf as not to hear ?  
 For when His voyce do's Cedars break,  
 Proud Libanus, which bears them, quakes for fear.

## IV.

Yet let them rise, and do their worst ; my Throne  
 Stands fixt, as th' Hill 'tis pitcht upon :

(Sion which cannot be remov'd ; )  
 And that no further doubt may be  
 Whether God has my choice approv'd,  
 I'll shew His Seal, and publish His Decree.

## V.

" Thou art my Son : This day I Thee begot ;  
 (He spake the Word, who changes not.)  
 " Ask of me, and the World is Thine ;  
 " The utmost skirts of all the Earth,  
 " Nations unknown, beyond the Line,  
 " Whose Countries yet have neither Name, nor Birth.

## VI.

" Reign Thou their King, at whose great foot-stool all,  
 " Who will not stoop, shall head-long fall :  
 " In battle with them shalt Thou close,  
 " And o're them ride victoriously ;  
 " Whilst the weak Arms they can oppose,  
 " As hardned clay to' a Mace of steel shall be.

## VII.

Be wise, O Kings, and you, who others give  
 Their Laws, hear Mine, that you may Live !  
 Great as you are, look not too high,  
 For one above you stills your noise ;  
 Yet since your Office calls you nigh,  
 Serve him with trembling, and with fear rejoyce !

## VIII.

Left He be angry kifs th' Eternal Son !  
 Happy are they, who thus have done !

And



**Lib. I.            upon the III. PSALM.**

And there have plac'd their Chief desire !  
T' your selves, O Kings, and Him return ;  
For if His wrath but once take fire,  
Those Flames which were design'd to warm, will burn !

---

**Psalm III.**

*Domine quid multiplicati, &c.*

**I.**

**L**Ord, how are they increast who trouble me ?  
How many, Lord, against me rise,  
For Thy sake are my Enemies,  
Yet would perswade me I am so to Thee ?  
" God has no help for him, they say ;  
Boasting they know Thy Will, and Power :  
But when thou Plagues on them dost shower,  
O're me Thou shalt Thy Love display, (lay.  
And raise my head, when theirs Thou in the dust shalt

**II.**

To God Almighty, my defence, I cry'd,  
Who heard me from His holy Hill,  
With praise my heart, and mouth did fill,  
And in His hand my threatned life did hide.  
I laid me down, and rose again,  
Nothing shall make me now afraid,  
Tho' Myriads should my peace invade ;  
For God, who did their rage restrain,  
Whilst I securely slept, will me awake sustain.

## III.

Arise, my God ; see where my God do's rise ;  
 And how His foes before Him fall ;  
 Already He has smote them all,  
 And victory on the prostrate quarry flies.  
 Thus by unknown, and secret ways,  
 The Lord both helps, and saves His own,  
 Salvation comes from Him alone,  
 Who thus delights His Name to raise :  
 And since He sends the help, let Him have all the Praise !

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## Psalm IV.

*Cum invocarem exaudivit, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

**T**Hou, who hast heard me heretofore,  
 And help beyond my Prayers didst send ;  
 Gav'st me my Right, and do'st that Right defend,  
 Thy wonted aids I now implore ;  
 To my sad miseries incline Thine ear, (hear !  
 And them, my God, and with them Thine own Mercies

## II.

Fond Men ! how long will you, in vain,  
 God, and my Glory thus despise ?  
 Him you reject, when against me you rise,  
 For as his Vice-Roy 'tis, I Reign.  
 By Him I Rule, and He, you ought to know,  
 First judg'd me fit to be your King, then made me so.

III. To

## III.

To Him I call, He hears my Cry,  
If you are wise, in time forbear !  
Be still, lest He your murmurings also hear,  
For though you see not, He stands by :  
Behold His Face, or if that Sun's too bright,  
Within retire, and your own thoughts consult at night.

## IV.

Your feign'd submission, and false Vows,  
How basely with your God you deal,  
When under them you falser hearts conceal,  
He who's their Judge, and searcher knows :  
Pure hearts alone are the just Sacrifice,  
Which carry their acceptance with them, as they rise,

## V.

Wealth, since it is so hard to get,  
Must be the chiefest Good, most say ;  
And call them wise, who thither find the way,  
Though stray'd from Thee in seeking it ;  
From Thee my Portion, Lord, who canst bestow  
More with one look, than all their pains can find below.

## VI.

Let them to hundred folds increase,  
And their redoubled wishes have,  
Till they no longer know what next to crave,  
Harvests of Plenty, years of Peace ;  
Their fields with fruit, with oyl their faces shine,  
Their jollity's but madness, if compar'd with mine.

## VII.

Olive and Vine Thou art to me,  
 Those blessings, and a thousand more,  
 Which thou hast laid up in thy boundless store,  
 Unknown to all, who know not Thee ;  
 Therefore in peace secure I'll sleep, Thy Grace,  
 Which gives me rest, will also guard my Resting place

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## Psalm V.

*Verba mea auribus percipe, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of David.* **L**ord to my earnest Prayers incline Thine ear,  
 And those desires, which Thou first gav'st me, hear  
 Attend, my King, and God, unto my cry,  
 For to Thy Name alone I fly !  
 If Thou art longer silent, what that meant  
 I'll ask no more, but still will pray,  
 And hasten with my calls the day,  
 And silence then shall witness Thy assent.

## II.

To Heaven I'll look, and pray with confidence,  
 For I am sure of help, and pity thence ;  
 I know Thou canst not wickedness indure,  
 Nor shall the wicked be secure,  
 Hated by Thee, as Thee he ne'er did mind ;  
 His own shine dazles his weak sight,  
 How then can he behold Thy light ?  
 If his own dazles, Thine will strike him blind.

## III. The

## III.

Thou shalt destroy him, and his lying tongue  
Upon himself shall bring th' intended wrong ;  
That blood of other men, which he has shed,  
    Shall justly fall on his own head.  
Whil'st to Thy Temple I will come with praise,  
    And make Thy love the subject be,  
    Whence I'll take wing to mount to Thee,  
And in my flight tow'rd's Heav'n, Thy glory raise.

## IV.

O, bring me thither, and make straight my way,  
Secur'd from all the snares my enemies lay !  
Be Thou my guide ; that I the path may know,  
    And lead me, where I ought to go !  
I dare not trust them though they seem to bless,  
    For e'ven their blessings poyson have ;  
    Their tongue is death, their throat the grave,  
Wicked their hands, their heart is wickedness.

## V.

Destroy them, Lord, but not by Thy right hand,  
That signal justice from their own command !  
By their own secret counsels let them fall,  
    And send those plagues, for which they call !  
In their transgressions let them be o'rethrown,  
    Burst with that pride, with which they swell'd,  
    For against Thee they have rebell'd,  
And let the Curse they suffer be their own !

## VI.

But let all those, who trust in God, rejoyce,  
 And where their hearts are, lift on high their voice!  
 Let them be fearless who adore Thy Name,  
     Preserv'd by their own heav'nly flame!  
 For Thou all times the Righteous wilt defend,  
     Thy mighty Power shall be his shield,  
     Thy Truth the Sword his hand shall wield,  
 And certain Conquest shall his arms attend!

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## Psalm VI.

*Domine, ne in furore tuo, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
 David.*

*I. Peniten-  
 tial Psalm.*

**L**ord, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,  
 Nor in Thy fury chasten me!  
 For such weak things that furnace is too hot,  
 And by my clay no more endur'd can be,  
 Than my injustice, and repeated wrongs by Thee.

## II.

Uphold me, Lord, for I am weak,  
 Whil'st Thou Thy hand dost on me lay;  
 My bones are shaken, and my heart will break;  
 Heal me with speed, and take Thy hand away,  
 Or let me know how long, and I'll with patience stay!

## III.

Return, and for Thy Mercy sake,  
 My Soul from this affliction save!  
 O now some pity on thy servant take,

For Thou in death canst not Thy praises have,  
But they, and I shall be forgotten in the grave !

IV.

I weary out the day with sighes,  
And when that's done, the night with tears;  
So vast a deep comes rolling from my eyes,  
That down its tyde my bed it almost bears,  
Yet though it wash my couch, it cannot drown my fears.

V.

My Beauty is for trouble gon,  
My very eyes decay'd through grief,  
A wonder I am made unto my own,  
And those from whom I' expected just relief,  
Are En'mies turn'd, and of my Enemies the chief.

VI.

But hold ; why do I thus complain,  
Like one whom God do's never hear ?  
For God has heard me, and I'le pray again :  
Avoid Profane, avoid, lest while you're near,  
That wickedness, which hardens yours, should stop His  
(ear !

VII.

The Lord has heard me, and my tears  
Have found acceptance in His eyes :  
My sighes already have blown o're my fears,  
And scatter'd with their breath my Enemies :  
So let them fly with shame, all who against me rise !

## Pſalm VII.

*Domine Deus meus, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
David,  
which he  
ſang unto  
the Lord  
concerning  
the words  
of Cuſh the  
Benjamite.*

**A** Almighty God, to Thee for help I cry,  
And on Thy Power alone rely ;  
Thou haſt preſerv'd me, and once more  
Thy ancient favours I implore,  
The ſame, which Thou haſt granted heretofore.  
Thy hand has rais'd me, when brought low,  
In my diſtreſs Thou didſt Thy mercy ſhow,  
May that ſtrong hand, which rais'd me then, defend me  
From my Oppreſſor, Lord, deliver me. (now  
And let my flight from him, direct to Thee!

## II.

Should'ſt Thou withdraw, or not let me come near  
My Soul he would in pieces tear ;  
Juſt like a Lyon, having found  
His helpleſs prey, who looks around,  
And only with his eyes gives the firſt wound :  
But when he ſees the guards are gone,  
And ſhepheards ſcattered, he falls boldly on,  
And with his paws do's finiſh, what his eyes begun.  
Such would, O Lord, my certain ruine be,  
Did'ſt not Thou interpoſe to reſcue me !

## III.

Yet, Lord, if I have done this wicked thing,  
Revolted baſely from my King ;



Or if, for some unworthy end,  
I did but in my thoughts intend  
(Wretch as I was) a mischief to my friend;  
Yea, if I have not spar'd my foe,  
Who without any cause of mine was so,  
And when thy hand had giv'n him to me, let him go:  
Then let the Ene'my take my life away,  
And in the dust my Name and Honour lay!

## IV.

Lord, in Thy wrath to plead my Cause arise,  
Against my vengeful Enemies!  
Awake, and up in Judgement stand,  
(The Righteousness Thou dost command,)  
And take both Scoales, and Sword into Thy hand:  
Then let the Congregation see,  
That they themselves are blind, who fancy Thee  
Fillested, as men feign and make their Justice be!  
Return Thou therefore, for their sakes on high  
Thy Church shall praise Thee, but none more than I.

## V.

For Thou indeed art Judge : and Lord begin  
With me when Thou hast purg'd my sin!  
Remember my Integrity,  
And as that proves Thy Servant try,  
Who to Thy Bar do's for just judgement fly!  
Wickedness then shall have an end,  
When thus to every Cause Thou shalt attend,  
And let Thy equal sentence upon all descend!  
I too shall be absolv'd at the debate,  
For He who's Judge will be my Advocate.

## VI. God

## V I.

God shall the Righteous judge, and but delay  
The Wicked's sentence till his day ;  
For every day with him He's griev'd,  
The Man's not pardon'd but repriev'd,  
Not into favour, but on proof receiv'd :  
And if he turns not to the Lord,  
Out at last shall fly the dreadful word,  
The Bow's already bent, and He will whet His sword :  
Dire instruments of Death new furbisht are,  
And for the stroak th' Almighty arm's made bare.

## V II.

But unconcern'd, he travels with his sin,  
And falshood to the birth do's bring :  
Leaves not, till having digg'd a pit,  
He falls himself the first in it,  
(A just reward, and for the maker fit :)  
On his own head his sin returns,  
He feels the weight of his own heavy scorns,  
And in a quenchless fire, which he first kindled, burns :  
So righteous art Thou, Lord, so just Thy ways,  
Thy Name to Heav'n do's reach, so shall my Praise !

---

## Psalm VIII.

*Domine, dominus noster, &c.*

## I.

Sole Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,      *A Psalm of David.*  
 Fountain of Beings, glorious King,  
 Who can enough Thy praises sing,  
 Who art the Worlds great Lord, as well as Ours?      *Versicle.*  
 Fondly by Verse we strive Thy Name to raise,  
 When it already is above our highest praise.

## II.

Thou and Thy Name alike are excellent,  
 And though we something see below,  
 How little is't we truly know  
 Of all thy Glory' above the Firmament?  
 Heavens of heav'ns a mean extent would be,  
 And low as hell, were they in height compar'd to Thee.

## III.

Great as Thou art, yet sometimes dost Thou love  
 More Trophies for Thy self to raise,  
 Let'st Babes, and Infants speak thy praise,  
 And do below what Angels do above:  
 Open'st their mouths, when Thou wilt check the pride  
 Of such, who open theirs, but only to deride.

## IV.

When I my serious thoughts do entertain  
 With those great works Thy hand has done,  
 The Heav'ns, and in those heav'ns the Moon,  
 Whom Thou hast made o're all the stars to reign,  
 More

More glorious in Attendants, though less bright  
Than he, who serves the day, and sends her out at night.

## V.

Lord, what is Man, then to my self, I say,  
Or, what is Mans Posteritie,  
That he thus visited should be,  
Be made to rule, when such great things obey?  
Be little lower than blest Angels made?  
And have at last their Glory to his Honour laid?

## VI.

For King of all Thy works, with Thine own hand,  
Thou on his head hast set the Crown,  
Enjoying all his Power to own,  
And their fixt Laws receive from his command.  
Creatures, which at his feet the yoke now bear,  
But would have higher rise'n, if not by Thee plac'd there.

## VII.

They are his slaves, and just obedience show,  
All in their Offices attend,  
Their lives all in his Service spend,  
And count their honour for his use to grow:  
All that the Sea inhabit, or the Skie,  
And Earth, or for his pleasure live, or at it die.

## VIII.

*Verse.*

Sole Monarch of the World, Prince of all Powers,  
Fountain of Beings, glorious King,  
Who can enough Thy praises sing,  
Who art the Worlds great Lord, as well as Ours?  
Fondly by Verse we strive Thy Name to raise,  
When it already is above our highest Praise.

*Psalm*

## Psalm IX.

*Confitebor tibi Domine, &c.*

## I.

**L**ord, I will praise Thee, and thy Works declare ;  
Of all Thy glorious Acts reherse ;  
My Song their praises shall not spare,  
But with their numbers I will raise my Verse :  
In Thee I will be glad, in Thee rejoyce,  
And where Thou art, on high, send up my voice.

*A Ps.  
David*

## II.

My Enemies, by Thee pursu'd, gave back,  
In vain they strove to shun Thy sight,  
My Ene'mies Thou did'st overtake,  
And those, who scap'd the battle, fell in flight :  
Thou heard'st my cause, and did'st my right maintain,  
Take then the Crown, who didst the victo'ry gain.

## III.

God on the Throne did sit, a final doom  
On the Rebellious World to pass,  
Their troops alone were not o'recome,  
But their vile Names He out did also raise.  
So totally by Him they were o'rethrown,  
That only in such Songs they shall be known.

## IV.

At length, O Enemy, thy boasts are done,  
And thy destructions have an end ;  
The next that comes, will be thy own,  
And at the door swift ruine do's attend ;

As of the Towns thou sack'dst there is no sign,  
But ev'n their Names have perisht, so shall Thine !

## V.

God, who for ever reigns, has fixt His Throne,  
And to his Bar the Earth will call ;  
In righteousness He shall come down,  
And by His equal Justice sentence all :  
Under His wings secure the Just shall lye,  
And He'l their refuge be, who to Him fly.

## VI.

Lord, they who know Thy Name, will trust In Thee,  
For pow'er, and strength, and safety's there,  
That quiver nor can empti'd be,  
Nor need they whose such arms are once to fear ;  
For never yet Thou didst that man forsake  
Who sought Thy Aid, and Thee his Trust did make.

## VII.

Praise to the God, who care of *Sion* takes !  
And all His wonders tell about ;  
For when He Inquisition makes,  
The blood which now is silent, will cry out :  
Aloud 'twill cry, nor will God stop His ear  
To blood, who keeps it open for a tear.

## VIII.

Arise, my King, to Thee for help I pray,  
Behold the Mife'ries I endure ;  
Thou, who from death didst guard my way,  
And mad'st me stand from all his shafts secure :

That

That in Thy house I may Thy love record,  
And where He has return'd me, praise the Lord !

## IX.

Down in the pit, which for me they had made,  
I'th' pit the Heathen are sunk down ;  
Their foot is caught i'th' toyles they laid,  
Whil'st by so just a vengeance God is known,  
That when the Heathen fall by their own snare,  
Thy Just, for whom 'twas pitcht, in safety are.

## X.

To Hell they shall be turn'd, and with them all,  
Who God or know not, or forget ;  
But those, who for His succour call,  
Shall have it, like their expectation, great :  
For though at present He seems not to hear,  
His hands are only held, and not His ear.

## XI.

Appear, O Lord, and let not man prevail,  
But judge the Nations in Thy sight ;  
The Nations, who dare Heav'n assail,  
And overthrow them with Thy glorious light !  
And, when Thou hast subdu'd their forces, then  
Let them know Thou art God, themselves but men !

## Psalm X.

*Ut quid Domine recessisti, &c.*

## I.

**M**Y God, why dost Thou thus Thy self withdraw,  
And make as if Thou didst not see  
Those miseries, which are better known to Thee,  
Than him, who bears their sharpest law?  
Why dost Thou thus Thy face in trouble hide?  
'Twere hell, should I be ever so deny'd.

## II.

Look how the wicked, in his pride encreast,  
Destroys the poor, who flies to Thee!  
May all the plots, he layes, discover'd be,  
And on himself the vengeance rest!  
May the destruction, which he did intend  
For Thine, in his own ruine only end!

## III.

He boasts of that, which Thou like Him, dost hate,  
His loose, and uncontroll'd desires,  
And to no greater happiness aspires,  
Than what flows from a vast estate:  
Applauds the Covetous, and counts him wise,  
And valiant, who for Earth can Heav'n despise.

## IV.

He has a better God, than what rules there,  
And need not any further try;  
Let them who want, another seek on high,  
For his part he must have one near,



An easie God, which he in chains can hold,  
And safely by him keep, a God of Gold.

**V.**

No other Dei'ty with the wretch goes down,  
This takes up all his thoughts, and mind :  
No matter what report he leaves behind,  
By Thee derided, curst by' his own ;  
But up in Heaven he hears Thy Judgments are,  
And far from him, hopes they'll be ever there.

**VI.**

Mean while his Ene'mies proudly he defies,  
As worthy'er of his scorn than rage ;  
Fearless against all storms he do's engage,  
And to himself thus boasting cries,  
" Soul take Thy rest, constant prosperitie  
" Has been Thy lot, and shall Thy portion be.

**VII.**

These are his thoughts, and thus unmov'd he stands,  
With fraud, and curses in his mouth,  
His feet ne're trod the sacred paths of Truth,  
And fill'd with blood are his fell hands :  
For lurking in the lonely fields he lies,  
And stains the groves with humane sacrifice.

**VIII.**

Look how a Lion, in some shady breach,  
Humbles himself, and couches down,  
His prey with greater force to set upon,  
If it shall come within his reach,  
Do's all the wiles of a' sluggish dulness feign,  
Till to resist he knows their strength is vain :

## IX.

So couches he, but having caught the poor,  
 With his disguise aside do's lay  
 His feign'd humility, and tears his prey,  
 Nor, whil'st there's life, thinks it secure :  
 And all the while flatters himself, that he  
 From the All-seeing eye conceal'd shall be.

## X.

Arise, O God, to strike lift up Thy hand,  
 And on Thy Ene'mies let it fall !  
 That those, who daily for Thy mercy call,  
 May thence Thy pity understand :  
 That Thou their mis'ries wilt not still forget,  
 But that their help, shall like their hope be great.

## XI.

Why should the Wicked man Thy Power despise,  
 Or whil'st Thou only dost forbear,  
 Think that Thou wilt not, or else can'st not hear,  
 Deaf, as himself, to th' poor mans cries ?  
 For Thou hast seen, and wilt his rage requite,  
 That by Thy hand he shall confess Thy sight.

## XII.

With Thee the Poor entrusted has his ways,  
 And Thou preserv'st the Fatherless :  
 To Thee he makes his suppliant address,  
 And on Thy mighty goodness staves :  
 Appear then Lord, and by one fatal blow,  
 The wicked, and his wickedness o'rethrow !

XIII. Then

## XIII.

Then as Sole Monarch, Thou o're all shalt reign,  
 When thus Thou hast secur'd Thy land,  
 When thus they fall, who kick'd at Thy command,  
 And all their spoils resign again:  
 When on the Heathen Thou Thy chain shalt lay,  
 And make their proud Oppressors to obey.

## XIV.

For this the humble, and oppress'd do pray,  
 With groans, that God delights to hear,  
 Who first their heart prepares, then to his ear  
 Directs their sighs the ready way:  
 Therefore arise, to help the Fatherless,  
 Nor let the Sons of Earth, Heav'n's Seed oppress!

---

## Psalm XI.

*In Domino confido, &c.*

## I.

**I** Know my trust, in whom I have believ'd,  
 So certain, that I cannot be deceiv'd:  
 God is my Rock, and all in vain,  
 You like a bird to th' hills would have me fly,  
 For he, who can this rock but gain,  
 His Ene'mies arrows may defie,  
 The bird, whose feathers wing them, never soar'd so high.

*A Psalm of  
 David.*

## II.

A deadly shaft I saw the Wicked throw,  
 As hid i'th' dark he stood, to give the blow;

At the upright it levell'd was,  
 And had assur'dly sunk into his heart ;  
 No coat of maile could guard the place  
 Had not th' Almighty took his part,  
 And on his head who threw it, turn'd the vengeful dart.

## III.

Th' Almighty God, whose power all things sustains,  
 Heav'ns dreadful King, who in His Temple reigns,  
 And with a look all hearts do's try,  
 Sentencing every work, and word, and thought,  
 There, as they all unform'd do lye,  
 E're they are to perfection brought,  
 And into all their several shapes, and fashions wrought.

## IV.

He sees the Righteous and the Wicked too ;  
 Without His help, what can the Righteous do ?  
 They are His love : but fire, and rain,  
 And floods of Brimstone on th' unjust He'll pour ;  
 Fire, which shall ne're be quench'd again,  
 But light those rivers with its shower,  
 Whose burning gulf at once shall both drown, and de-  
 (vour

## V.

Such is the mixture fills the wicked's Cup,  
 A brimful bowle, and he shall drink it up :  
 Darkness without one gleam of light,  
 Torments, which have no measure, or allay,  
 And after all Eternal night ;  
 Whilst God from Heav'n shall dart a ray  
 Upon the Just Man, and be both his Sun and day.

## Psalm XII.

*saluum me fac Domine, &c.*

## I.

**A** Rise, O God, and save; 'tis time to rise,  
 And with Thee bring all Thy supplies!  
 Help, for the Faithful man no more  
 Has either place reserv'd, or power,  
 Is not at all, and was but only scorn'd before.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

## II.

There's not a just man left, they flatter all,  
 And subtle folly Prudence call:  
 To one another lye, and feign,  
 Most what they least intend, maintain,  
 And as their tongue is false, their daring heart is vain.

## III.

But God such tongues shall cut out, and such hearts  
 Wound, and strike through with their own darts;  
 'Gainst Him, and Heav'n they up were thrown,  
 But on the hurlers heads cast down,      (own.  
 And, by the wounds they make, they find they are their

## IV.

"Who's Lord o're us, with devilish mouth they say,  
 "Or who's the He, we should obey?  
 "'Tis I, says God, and up I'll rise  
 "To' assert his Right you thus despise,  
 "With what in yours he found not, pity in mine eyes.

V. "I'll

## V.

"I'll rise now, and in safety set the Poor;  
 "From all the plots you' have laid secure;  
 That word has said it, which is try'd  
 Like Silver, sev'en times purifi'd;  
 Pure without any dross, too great to be deny'd.

## VI.

Thou shalt preserve them, Lord, by Thy Right hand,  
 I'th' midst of a rebellious land,  
 Where basest men most honour'd are,  
 Some on the Throne, some in the Chair;  
 And they as Criminals stand sentenc'd at the Bar.

---

## Psalm XIII.

*Usque quo Domine, &c.*

## I.

**H**OW long, my God, wilt Thou thus hide Thy face,  
 And thus withdraw the presence of Thy grace?  
 How long shall I forgotten be,  
 And send to Heav'n my prayers in vain  
 Of all my miseries to complain,  
 Yet sooner hope to move the rocks than Thee?  
 I look, and sigh, and wait, O, come away, (stay?)  
 Why should my Enem'y triumph, when Thou dost but

## II.

Arise, O God, and with Thee bring fresh aid,  
 Thy very sight will make my Foes afraid!

By

By it o'recome, they'le fall asleep,  
 Too weak to bear Thy glorious light,  
 Will here begin their endless night,  
 Whil'st Thou my eyes shalt ever waking keep;  
 Let them not on Thy Servants ruine stand,  
 Lest what Thine only did, they challenge to their hand.

III.

Thou art my confidence, in Thee I trust,  
 A God, in all that's come upon me just,  
 And in Thy Mercy I'll rejoyce;  
 In that salvation Thou hast brought,  
 In that Deliverance Thou hast wrought;  
 Something my heart shall do, something my voice:  
 Both heart, and voice in Songs of Praise shall move,  
 And since I am Thy Care, Lord, Thou shalt be my Love!

---

Another Version of the same.

By M. M. B.

I.

**H**OW long, O God, shall I forgotten ly,  
 As one cast from Thy memory?  
 Wilt Thou from me Thy face for ever hide?  
 For so that time, which nothing is to Thee,  
 Seems an Eternity to mee,  
 Who only on Thy favour have rely'd.

II.

Wilt Thou no period to my griefs allow,  
 But fresh afflictions on me throw,

Which

Which I as little as Thy wrath can bear ?  
To see my Enemies triumphing stand,  
And my self stoop to their command,  
Who only Thee, and Thy command should fear.

## III.

In mercy, Lord, again remember me,  
And from Oppressors set me free !  
Unto Thy servants pray'ers attention give,  
Revive his hopes, and let Thy glorious light  
His joys renew, that in Thy sight,  
Though now cast out, he may for ever live !

## IV.

Why should my Enemy encrease his pride,  
With Thee, and conquest on his side ?  
And those, who trouble me, in this rejoyce,  
That I am exil'd from Thy resting place,  
The sacred presence of Thy grace,  
Who oft have glori'd that I was Thy choice ?

## V.

But I have trusted in Thy power, and love,  
That Thou wilt all my fears remove :  
And this sure hope with joy so fills my mind,  
That I will now Thy mighty praises sing,  
From whom my happiness shall spring,  
Whose bounty, like Thy self, is unconfin'd.



## Psalm XIV.

*Dixit insipiens in corde, &c.*

## I.

“**T**Here is no God, the fool in’s heart do’s say,  
And that his life may not his heart betray,  
He like one, that believes it, lives :  
Dares not with impious mouth deny  
The happy being of the Deity ;  
Yet in his works that lye,  
Which he to man dares not, to Heav’n profanely gives.

*A Psalm of David.*

## II.

From heav’n th’ Almighty God came down to view  
What He there saw, and there could punish too :  
Yet down He came, and look’d around,  
He search’d, if He might any see,  
Any of His, lest they should numbred be  
To th’ Common miserie,  
He search’d, but not a Just man in the Number found.

## III.

Are they all thus, O God, all gone aside,  
Hoping they can from Thee their follies hide ?  
Are all thus greedy to devour,  
And eat Thy People up like bread,  
Thankless for that, and not some judgement dread,  
Like those by quails once fed,  
Tempting that Heav’n, which Manna down before did  
(flower ?

## IV. Amids

## IV.

Amids their jollity in fears they were,  
Their meat a trap, their table prov'd a snare :  
But God himself defends the Poor,  
Will both their cause, and right maintain,  
And though the proud their Innocence would stain,  
The spot shall out again,  
And God, who sends them help, shall with it that re-  
(store.

## V.

From Sion, Lord, may Israels help appear,  
Thence come, since all his confidence is there !  
Bring back their long Captivitie ;  
That Israel may adore Thy wayes,  
And *Jacob* to Thy Name give all the praise,  
Thy Honour strive to raise,  
And both, as is their Duty, bow and worship Thee !

---

## Psalm XV.

*Domine quis habitabit, &c.*

## I.

**M**Y God, who shall Thy Holy Mount ascend,  
 And in Thy House his life and praises spend? *A Psalm of David.*  
 Blest Soul, who alwayes shall be near, *David.*  
 Nearer than any other can,  
 Where he his God may see, his God may hear,  
 And where his God is, still be there,  
 O tell me who it is, or let me see the Man!

## II.

" 'Tis one who from his heart the Truth do's speak; *God;*  
 " Whose company, and laws he ne're do's break:  
 " His Heart's the wheel, which first do's play,  
 " And all the other wheels commands,  
 " Whose motion all the other wheels obey,  
 " All go, when that first leads the way,  
 " Truth and his heart first move, and then his feet and  
 (hands.

## III.

" He dares not his just Neighbour vilifie,  
 " Nor give his conscience with his mouth the lie:  
 " Dares not speak fair, before his face,  
 " And once withdrawn, retract his fear,  
 " Sinning to bring another in disgrace,  
 " But thinks, what if 'twere his own case?  
 " And against him, less than against himself will hear.

## IV. "Whose

## IV.

“ Whose heart against a wicked man do's rise,  
“ And shews true scorn, yet pity by his eyes :  
“ The good he honours, counts them dear  
“ Worthy his love and favour too,  
“ All who in truth my Sacred Name do fear ;  
“ And when he to his Word do's swear,  
“ What he has sworn, though he is sure to lose, will d

## V.

“ Who puts not out his Gold to Usury,  
“ Nor by Extortion into wealth do's fly :  
“ No bribes will take against the Just,  
“ Or ballance with those weights his hand,  
“ Which there inclines where the cause merits most  
“ And having thus discharg'd his trust,  
“ He on my Holy Mount shall dwell, and like it stand.

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Pfalm

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## Psalm XVI.

*Conserve me Domine, &c.*

## I.

**P**Reserve me, Lord, for to Thy Name I flee;  
I, who upon thee heretofore have staid,  
And when I saw Thee not, have said,  
“Thou art my God, and though my Good to Thee  
“Can never come, yet Thine may reach to me.

## II.

My good like gold to Thee can ne’r extend,  
Though it to airy thinness I should beat:  
The distance still would be too great,  
Nor will its dross let it to Heav’n ascend:  
O, may it spread below, and know no end!

## III.

Spread to the Saints, in whom is Thy delight;  
And who, as they Thy pleasure be, are mine:  
Let others to dumb Idols joyn,  
Their very Idols once shall do them right,  
And though they could not help, against them fight.

## IV.

Their names and offe’rings I abhor, lest found  
I th’ number, I in plagues with them partake  
And one of their curst victims make,  
To th’ Altars horns, prepar’d for slaughter, bound,  
And gloriously to bleed, with Chaplets crown’d.

## V.

God is my Portion, and maintains my Lot,  
My lines are in a pleasant Country cast,  
My Heritage shall fall at last;  
And in a time when I expect it not;  
God has both given, and will secure the Spot.

## VI.

His Name I'll therefore bless, who counsel'd me,  
Make Him my meditation every night,  
Till the young Sun brings back the Light;  
As I in His, He in my sight shall be;  
Nor shall the Darknes hide His face from me.

## VII.

Unmov'd I'll stand His mighty praise to tell,  
My very flesh in certain hope shall rest  
Of th' Resurrection of the Blest;  
For Lord, Thou shalt not leave my Soul in Hell,  
Nor let Thy Holy'One with Corruption dwell.

## VIII.

To the safe paths of Life direct my way,  
Thy Presence, where perpetual joys flow o're,  
Where Pleasures spring for evermore:  
By those clear streams let me delighted stay,  
And gaze, till I flow too, as well as they.

## Psalm XVII.

*Exaudi Domine justitiam, &c.*

## I.

**G**reat God of all the Earth, to Thee I fly,  
 And to thy just Tribunals Barr appeal;  
 Thou know'st my cause, Thou too shalt hear my cry,  
 And, what Thy pleasure on it is, reveal:  
     Upon Thy sentence I depend,  
     Let that my suit, and troubles end;  
     For Thine own sake my right maintain,  
 Lips did ne're cloſer joyn with heart, nor heart leſs feign.

*A Prayer of  
David.*

## II.

Lord, Thou haſt ſearch'd me, & my heart haſt known,  
 Then, when conceal'd from all the World, but thee,  
 The ſolitary night left me alone,  
 Before examin'd, mine own judge to be:  
     In thouſand flames I have been try'd,  
     But as gold throughly purifi'd,  
     From thouſand flames I came more bright,  
 For I before had paſt Thine All-diſcerning ſight.

## III.

As my heart thought, ſo my lips alway ſpake,  
 And with them both my hands did freely joyn;  
 With the Deſtroyer I did ne're partake,  
 But alway left his paths to follow Thine:  
     Thou wert my Rule, and Thou my guide,  
     When I or ſlipt, or turn'd aſide;

Thus guarded let me ever go,  
For as Thy ways are certain, my steps shall be so!

## IV.

Lord, Thou hast answer'd me, when heretofore,  
In my distress I made my Prayers to Thee!  
Incline Thine ear to my desires once more,  
And as then, let me now Thy mercy see!  
Thou, whose Almighty hand do's save  
All those who its protection crave,  
Thy mighty hand for me extend,  
No power but Thine can to my miseries put an end.

## V.

And as the Eye around with guards is set,  
And safely compass'd in on every side,  
To keep off dangers (which may hazard it)  
And as there's need its beauteous glories hide;  
Under Thy wings so let me lye,  
Secure, as compass'd thus my eye;  
For as those guards my eye enclose,  
For safety, I am girt, for ruine by my foes.

## VI.

Riches to them are Shield, and Coat of Mayle,  
Whil'st with vile mouth they boldly God defie:  
Those, more than Innocence, are their Brazen Wall  
Which as their own proud thoughts they wish were  
With fat their eyes are clos'd around, (high  
And though still fastned on the ground,  
No conscious marks of guilt do bear,  
Nor view it as their own desert, but wish me there.

## VII. Jb



**VII.**

Just like a Lionsess, that waits her prey,  
Urg'd by her young whelps hunger, and her own,  
All threatening force aside she seems to lay,  
And try's new plots, when that is uselefs grown :  
    Unto some shady Covert flies,  
    And there as dead, or dying lyes,  
    That if her scent infect the wind,  
She may her self appear the prey, she there would find,

**VIII.**

But rise, O God, and disappoint his rage,  
And where himself has bow'd, there let him fall !  
May he no longer Thy great power engage,  
Nor against Thee, with Thy own arms prevail !  
    The Sword he brandishes is Thine,  
    Thou guid'st his hand, by'a spring Divine ;  
    Without Thy help he could not be  
Or thus Thy seeming friend, or thus my Enemye.

**IX.**

This portion here below the Wicked have,  
The World, and all its richest stores are theirs,  
Though when they once descend into the grave,  
Their wealth behind they leave, and Children heirs ;  
    But my great Portion is to come,  
    When happy death shall bring me home,  
    When I shall in Thy sight appear,  
And, to Thine Image chang'd, be with Thy Son Coheir.

## Psalm XVIII.

*Diligam te Domine Fortitudo, &c.*

*A Psalm of David the Servant of the Lord, who spake unto the Lord the words of this Song, in the day that the Lord delivered him from the hands of all his Enemies, and from the hand of Saul——*

And he said,

## I.

**L**ORD, I will love Thee, and Thy mighty praise  
 My humble Song to Heav'n shall raise;  
 Worthy art Thou of Glory and of Power,  
 My God, my Rock, my Help, and ever Just,  
 My Buckler, Fortrefs, and strong Tower,  
 Who hast been ever, and shalt ever be my trust:  
 Worthy to whom the spoils I consecrate,  
 Which by thy hand I from my En'emies took,  
 That, when in time to come, I on them look,  
 Thinking how in their ruine Thou preserv'dst my state,  
 And those remains of Triumph see,  
 I may new Trophies dress to Thee,  
 Who only fav'dst, and only worthy of my praise canst be.

## II.

'Twas the most gloomy day I ever saw,  
 And Death in all its horrid shapes stood by;  
 Trouble without, within despair did ly,  
 And glutted anguish on my heart did gnaw,  
 That sensibly I could perceive my self to die.

Hell

Hell compass'd me with all her waves,  
 Enlarg'd her mouth, and thence did throw  
 In pitchy streams her terrors, and the graves  
 That by its train Death might more dreadful show,  
 And I, before-hand, all its Furies know.  
 Before it lay devouring cares,  
 Envies, distrusts, and bands of snares,  
 Suspitions, jealousies, and fears,  
 Chains, and imprisonment, a wretched life,  
 Beyond the reach of fancy or belief,  
 With which around 'twas block'd so fast,  
 That thousand deaths must first be past,  
 Ere one could touch the Blest, and Happy One at last.

III.

What to resolve, or what to do,  
 Which way to turn, or where to go,  
 I had no friend to tell me, nor my self did know.  
 At last to Heav'n I look'd, and there  
 A passage for my flight did see,  
 The Coast all empty, wide and clear;  
 But who on high my Soul could bear,  
 Or give me wings that I might thither flee?  
 And then aloud to God I cry'd,  
 And in my trouble made a noyse,  
 Anguish did help, to raise my voyce,  
 And heard I would be, though I were deny'd.  
 "Lord bow Thine ear, said I, to me,  
 "Or suffer that my prayers ascend to Thee!  
 And up I sent them with a gale of sighs,  
 That sooner than my thought, had pierc'd the skies  
 And entrance found, or made to 'his ears,  
 Whilst I too slow to follow with mine eyes,  
 Reflecting ever on my fears,  
 Could only their desir'd return expect in tears.

## IV.

I lookt not long, e're th' Earth began to shake,  
 The Rocks to tremble, and the Hills to quake,  
 And, to attest the prefence of its God,  
 Who to the Judgment on a Cherub rode,  
 The World its fixt foundation did forsake;  
 Out from His nostrils a thick smoak did go,  
 And from His mouth devouring fire,  
 Which more impetuous, as it large did grow,  
 And made the Heav'ns almost with th' heat expire.  
 He bow'd the Heav'ens, and then came down,  
 Under his feet chain'd Darkness lay,  
 And tempells, that no Law but His will own,  
 In haste flew on before, to make Him way;  
 He follow'd close, and their slow pace did chide,  
 Bid them with greater speed and swiftness ride;  
 And that He dreadful might appear,  
 Yet not consume till got more near,  
 Dark waters and thick clouds His face did hide.

## V.

Such His Pavilion, such the secret place,  
 To which His Glory did retire,  
 But yet how thick so e're the covering was,  
 The waters could not quench, nor clouds conceal the fire,  
 But it through both did force its way,  
 And all the louder thunders calls obey:  
 In thunder God aloud from Heav'en did call,  
 And made His voice o're all the World be heard,  
 Hail-stones, and coles of fire did at it fall,  
 Hail stones and coles of fire, which those, who dar'd the  
 (thunder, fear'd.

These

These were the poyson'd arrows which he drew,  
 And from his strings in' his En'emies bosoms threw;  
 In vain with Heav'en they saw it was to fight;  
 And since so swift it did their guilt pursue,  
     As vain thought all their flight,  
 And it was truly curse enough, to see the light.

## VI.

Then were the Channels of the Ocean seen,  
     And Earths foundations did appear,  
 Never so low before the Sun had been,  
 Or saw the wonders, which he met with there.  
 And down he stoopt his watry bed to view,  
     Which he till then ne're truly knew,  
 And scarce believ'd, that what he saw was true.  
 At thy rebuke, O God, it open stood,      (Flood,  
 And the same breath, which made, did part the  
     To Heav'ens high Vault the waves did rise,  
 And threatned all to break upon my head,  
 But I prevented them with my loud cries,  
 And from that deep Thou didst thy servant lead:  
 Which as the billows saw, more'fraid than I, away they  
     (fled.

## VII.

God from my Enemies my life did save,  
 And those who were too strong for me, subdu'd:  
 No sooner could I his assistance crave,  
 But with my pray'ers, I saw my help renew'd;  
 That weakness, which my foes did most enrage,  
     And to the certain prey did call,  
 Was by best argument His power t'engage,  
     Who did, unlook'd for, on them fall,  
 And found a way to conquest, when they thought they'd  
     (stopt up all.

To a large plain he brought me out,  
 Where I might see His wonders all about,  
 And by new tryals His sure mercies prove :  
 He rescu'd me, because I was His love.  
 The Justice of my Title did defend,  
 And on my head set fast the Crown ;  
 His wonted goodness to me did extend,  
 And, recompensing what my hands had done,  
 Their innocence both witness'd, and rewarded with His  
 (own.

## VIII.

He saw how constantly I kept His way,  
 And ne're to th' beaten roads of sin withdrew ;  
 How I His Judgments did obey,  
 And all His Laws before me lay,  
 To be my guides, lest I should stray,  
 And when I fail'd, how I my Cove'nants did renew.  
 From my own sin my self I kept,  
 And found acceptance in His sight,  
 He rais'd me up, and held me, when I slipt,  
 And I before Him [counted] was upright,  
 So that forgetting what I did,  
 My Sins He only, not His Mercies hid :  
 My Righteousness did recompense,  
 And both approv'd, and crown'd my Innocence.  
 For like Thy self, O God, Thou dost impart  
 Most just rewards to every mans desert ;  
 And what he is to Thee, to Him again Thou art.  
 Mercy dost on the merciful bestow,  
 And with the Righteous art upright,  
 Thy purity the perfect know,  
 (For thou alone first made'st them so)  
 And to perfection by Thy strength they grow ;  
 But those who fear Thee not, Thou dost with terrors  
 (fright.  
 Bring'st

Bring'st down high looks, the Poor dost raise;  
 And Thy afflicted land to save,  
 Hast helps, as different as Thy ways,  
 And those, as many from't, as Death has to the grave.

## IX.

'Twas Thou who made'st my darknefs bright,  
 And from the pit did'st bring me back;  
 Restor'dst, what I despair'd to see, the light,  
 And, that I should no beauties lack,  
 Did'st add new glories from Thine own great fight.  
 By Thee I Nations have subdu'd,  
 Conquering, when I their troops but only view'd,  
 And Victory as much as them, pursu'd.  
 Through arms I follow'd her, o're Forts and Walls,  
 Nor, till possess'd, would give her o're,  
 Her flight but forc'd me on the more,  
 And anew made me help implore  
 Of Him, who gives it those, whom he to battle calls.  
 The mighty God, whose way is just,  
 And Word like Silver try'd,  
 But more than silver purify'd,  
 The Widows and the Orphans trust:  
 Who never aid to them, who wanted it, deny'd,  
 The mighty God, who only is the Lord,  
 And as a Rock, on high, has set His Word, (sword.  
 From whence He has made bare His Arm, and flaming  
 With that I girded was to th' fight,  
 More fatal than *Goliaths*, and more right,  
 At hand a sword, surer than shaft of *Ephra'im* in my flight.

## X.

For fly like them I did, but 'twas to overcome, (home;  
 My feet were Hinds, both to escape, and bring me victor  
 I saw,

I saw, and wounded from afar ;  
 God taught my hands the subtle arts of War,  
 And gave me hardiness to feel  
 Its rigors unconcern'd, and break a bow of steel.  
 His Shield protected me, His Discipline  
 Both held me up, and guarded round my head,  
 Above me made new glories shine,  
 And for my footsteps Palms and Laurels spread ;  
 Which having thence a larger compass gain'd,  
 O're all the plains secure from sliding reign'd.  
 And then once more to th' Camp I went,  
 And with new heat my En'emies did assail,  
 Their flight could not my hand prevent,  
 But certain death it after sent,  
 That both pursu'd, o'rtook, and did prevail.  
 Down to the Earth, but never more to rise,  
 I, by Thy strength, did hurle them to the ground,  
 My own could not their force confound,  
 But Thine did guide, and bless my Victories.  
 And now my Song Thy praises shall resound ;  
 To Thee I will Thy right resign,  
 And since Thou didst my Triumphs meet,  
 And put my En'emies necks below my feet,  
 Those Laurels, which Thy conduct has made mine,  
 By Thine own purchase, and my present shall again be  
 (Thine.

## XI.

Small as the dust I to the empty wind  
 Them and their pride together did expose ;  
 A while they mounted, but fell where they rose,  
 Again with mire and common dirt were joyn'd,  
 Like dross cast out, & never more with fire to be refin'd.  
 They cry'd for help, but none would save,  
 To God, but He attended not,  
 Whil'st to my prayers He gracious answers gave,  
 And for me kept those Honours He had got.



In Civil Wars preserv'd me safe at home,  
Made me abroad fierce Nations overcome,  
Who heard no sooner of my Name,  
But to submit their Empires came, (Fame.  
And, by accepting me to be their King, increas'd their  
With them came people quite unknown,  
And from my hand each Prince receiv'd a Crown,  
Which he more gloried in, and valued than his own;  
When those, who yielded not, yet hop'd by flight  
To scape the shame they got in fight,  
My lustre only made more bright,  
And like thick darkness, scattered at th' approach of  
(morning light.

## XII.

Blest be that God, who this has done!  
My Shield, my Rock, whose mighty hand  
At once aveng'd me, and subdu'd my En'emies land;  
And when to Hell He threw them down  
My head not only rais'd, but did with mercy crown;  
Who from the violent man deliver'd me,  
And from his Throne made me the subject Nations see,  
My Laws, and their own Kingdoms take upon the knee.  
Therefore to Him alone my Verse I'll raise,  
And what I sing, the Heathen teach His praise,  
That They, as well as I, may know, and fear His ways.  
I'll tell the Glories, which to Him belong,  
How great His Power, His arm how strong,  
And this shall be the bearing of my Song,  
" 'Twas God who gave deliv'rance to our King;  
" Who did to *David* mercy show,  
" And from His never failing Spring,  
" Will cause new blessings, on his seed to overflow.

## Pſalm XIX.

*Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei, &c.*

## I.

A Psalm of  
David.

THAT boundleſs ſpace we ſee above,  
 The Heav'ens, where all the Stars their courſes run,  
 Where greateſt Stars have room enough to move,  
 And ſeem but points to th' vaſt Expanſion;  
 The Heav'ens, whoſe Arms the World embrace,  
 Which o're our heads, under our feet do go,  
 And alike near themſelves make every place,  
 Their great Creator's Glory ſhow;  
 The mighty God's, who by His powerful hand  
 At firſt did make, and with His Word does bid them  
 (ſtand).

## II.

His Will gives Laws unto the day,  
 Makes darkneſs in its turn ſucceed the Light;  
 Both light, and darkneſs, His commands obey,  
 And by alternate powers rule day and night:  
 Through the whole World their Line is gone,  
 All Nations do their Language underſtand,  
 Nor was there ever ſavage Nation known,  
 Who in them could not read His hand,  
 In their own Tongues all read what's written there,  
 For Heav'en alone's the Univerſal Character.

## III.

From thence God makes His Sun to ſhine,  
 Which like a Bridegroom from his bed does riſe,  
 Bluſhes at firſt, but then looks gay and fine,  
 And with his luſtre dazles our weak eyes:

A\*

At first he gently seems to move,  
 And Heav'ens steep hill in state walks up, but when  
 Mid-day is toucht, like's own beams from above,  
 To th' Earth he shoots himself again ;  
 From East to West round the whole world does wheel,  
 And makes dull minerals, unseen, his influence feel.

IV.

These Works of Thine we see below,  
 And in them Thy great Wisdom all adore ;  
 But by Thy Law we come our selves to know,  
 And what we oft have heard, t' experience more :  
 Just as Thy self are all Thy Wayes,  
 Thy Statutes, and Commandments pure, and right ;  
 Teaching us how we should exalt Thy praise,  
 One gives us joy, the other light :  
 To Thee they all direct, our Leaders are,  
 And where Thou art, not only bring, but fix us there.

V.

The Fear of God true pleasure is,  
 Like him is clean, like him is full of love,  
 Opens the way to an eternal bliss,  
 And by its constancy its truth does prove :  
 Unjust that sentence cannot be,  
 Which from the Righteous Judge of all does go ;  
 His Judgments are from all injustice free,  
 Are Just themselves, and make us so :  
 No Gold for lustre with them can compare,  
 And the first drops of honey-combs less guiltful are.

VI. Gain,

## VI.

Gain, and reward with them are found,  
Sometimes they are my staff, sometimes my guide,  
But, Lord, how often have I fell to ground,  
And in my secret wandrings gone aside !

O cleanse Thy Servant through Thy grace,  
Nor let presumptuous sins of me take hold,  
But may my Innocence still keep its place,  
And make me in the Judgment bold !

Hear me, my God, who my Salvation art,  
That when my heart moves my lips, Thy Spirit may  
(move my heart.

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Pfalm

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## Psalm XX.

*Exaudiat te Dominus, &c.*

### I.

SO may Thy God be alwayes near,  
May *Jacob's* God all Thy Petitions hear,  
And when Thy Enemies huge Armies send,  
As if they would Thy Land devour,  
And with their numbers Thee o'repower,  
Then may His Name be Thy strong Tower,  
To break their rage, and Thee from danger to defend!

### II.

From *Sion* may Thy aids appear;  
Invincible as He, who governs there; (crown;  
With fire from Heav'n may he Thy Off'erings  
And as with every Sacrifice,  
Thy prayers and that again do's rise,  
Till they together reach the skies,  
Let thy God meet them, and as they ascend come down!

### III.

May He Thy just desires fulfill,  
And alwayes fix Thy counsels to His Will!  
'Tis done, O King, and in it we rejoyce,  
Let the whole World our shoutings hear,  
What we adore, let them all fear,  
Honour Him far, and dread him near,  
Let the whole World hear Ours, and God Himself Thy  
(voice!

### E

### IV. Our

## IV.

Our God shall hear Thee, and His hand,  
 Mov'd by His ear, deliv'rance shall command :  
 From Heav'en He shall His mighty arm make bare  
 Brandish His Sword, and make it seen.  
 Nothing but blood shall come between,  
 And He, who has Thy Saviour been  
 Shall be Thy praise as once the subject of Thy Prayer.

## V.

Let others on their Troops rely,  
 Chariots and Horse which Vict'ory can out-fly;  
 We on the Name of God will only stay,  
 That shall Our Horse and Chariots be,  
 Our Armies, and Our Victorie;  
 Let but us, Lord, be kept by Thee,  
 We shall stand Conque'rours, when they fall, or run a-  
 (wa

## VI.

Already they are all brought down,  
 But on Thy head God has set fast the Crown ;  
 May He be still to Thee propitious,  
 Always incline a willing ear,  
 To His Anointed still be near,  
 And Thy petitions ever hear,  
 And as He hears Thee, Gracious King, may'st Thou  
 (hear u

## Psalm XXI.

*Domine in virtute tuâ, &c.*

## I.

**G**reat God, who Wonders for Our land hast done, *A Psalm of David.*  
 And sav'd Our King, whom Thou made'st so,  
 Again hast set Him on the Throne,  
 And made His Fathers foes before Him bow ;  
 Our King shall in Thy strength rejoyce,  
 That He was Thine, as well as His own peoples choice !

## II.

Thou didst not ever His requests deny,  
 Nor to His Vows shut up Thine ear,  
 In vain He did not ever cry, (to hear ;  
 Though Heav'n, which saw His wrongs, seem'd not  
 For the desires He thither sent,  
 Thou with unhop'd for blessings didst at last prevent.

## III.

He only sue'd for Life, Thou gave'st a Crown,  
 And on His head hast set it fast ;  
 The Royal Diadem never shone  
 With so great lustre, or so long to last,  
 To Kings, which from Him shall proceed,  
 Not to His Head alone secur'd, but to His Seed.

## IV.

Home Thou hast brought Him, and so fixt Him here,  
 All say His power is most like Thine ;  
 The Honours Thou hast made Him bear  
 Have rendred Him, and Monarchy Divine ;

That for their Kings Our Sons shall wish,  
Like Him they all may be, and all their Reigns like His

## V.

For in the Lord His confidence He place'd,  
And up to Heav'n for help did fly  
And having there His anchor cast,  
Our Seas, He knew, could never rise so high;  
And that the Ocean, which was there,  
Was all Pacifique, and no feed for storms did bear.

## VI.

In vain from Thee, O God, His foes would fly,  
And having shun'd His hand, scape Thine;  
But their close walks are in Thine eye,  
And all around them do's Thy Glory shine;  
His Enemies Thou count'st Thine own,  
And what His hands reach not, by Thine shall be o'r  
(throw

## VII.

Thou on them their own Consciences shalt turn.  
Thy Wrath shall make their darkness bright  
For like an Oven it shall burn,  
With flames that scorch, and ev'n as Hell affrig  
And when it has rag'd all about,  
Upon the guilty standers by it shall break out.

## VIII.

But, if reserv'd for future misery,  
Thy vengeance here they shall survive,  
'Tis but to see, before them, die  
Those children in whose names they hop'd to live



Yet though like them their Names shall rot,  
They still shall want the happiness to be forgot.

IX.

For Thee, O King, the mischief they design'd,  
Which on Thy Fathers head did light ;  
And with you both the Crown was joyn'd,  
That was the Cause did animate the fight ;  
Whil'st Heav'en was all the while defi'd,  
To see the Rule establish'd there, on Earth deni'd,

X.

Heav'en saw the Treasons, and did arm'd appear,  
Return'd the darts they up had thrown,  
But, less with feathers wing'd, than fear,  
And in all wounds the arrows were their own :  
- Lord, since Thou' hast thus preserv'd Our King,  
Uphold His Throne, that with Him we Thy praise may  
(sing !

## Psalm XXII.

*Deus, Deus meus, quare dereliquisti, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

**M**Y God, my God, why art thou turn'd away,  
 And thus forsak'ft me in my agonie;  
 Shall I in vain for ever pray,  
 And pour out fruitless words, which reach not Thee?  
 All day I cry, but Thou seem'ft not to hear,  
 The night do's witness to my roarings bear, (ear  
 Yet though they rend my heart, they cannot move Thine

## II.

But Holy still, and Righteous, Lord, art Thou,  
 And worthy of Thy People *Israel's* praise,  
 Who on Our Fathers did'ft bestow  
 Freedom from Chains, and conduct in their ways;  
 On Thee they trusted, and to Thee they cry'd, (ride  
 Who heard'ft their groans, & conquering forth did'ft  
 Their trust met no reproach, nor was their prayer de-  
 (ny'd.

## III.

But I'm a Worm, my God, and not a Man,  
 Reproach of Men, and scorn o'th' multitude,  
 Whose mockings with my grief began,  
 And ever grew, as that encreas'd, more rude:  
 With all the antick looks that shew disgrace,  
 Distorted mouth, and neck, and riv'el'd face,  
 They me the Common Butt, for all their arrows place.

## IV. "Let's

## IV.

(swords,  
 " Let's see, said they, with taunts more sharp than  
 And mortaller than all the wounds they gave,  
 " Let's see the mighty power of words :  
 " The God on whom He trusts, His life will save,  
 " If He so dearly loves him ; at his call  
 " Why comes He not ? we challenge Him and all,  
 " For without that, this single conquest would be small.

## V.

Yet still in Thee I all my trust have plac'd,  
 Who art the God, who took'st n    from the womb ;  
 On whom I from the breast was cast,  
 And to these years through thousand cares have come;  
 To Thee, who hast defended me I flie,  
 And on Thy power alone for help relie,  
 Be not far off to save, since trouble is so nigh !

## VI.

Around with Bulls I fiercely was beset,  
*Basans* wild Bulls whom none but Thou couldst tame;  
 And with their hoofs the ground they beat,  
 And open mouth'd upon me bellowing came;  
 Like ravening Lions hasting to the prey,  
 That roar, and call their fellow beasts away,  
 Such was their noise, and haste, but savager were they,

## VII,

My blood and spirits like water are pour'd out,  
 And all my bones are from their joynts remov'd ;  
 My heart it self to th' fire is brought,  
 And melted down, like Silver to be prov'd ;

A Pot sheard from the furnace is less dry,  
 My shriv'led tongue close to my jaws do's lie,  
 And I bear all th' effects of death, before I die.

## VIII.

Dogs hunted me, nay worfe than dogs, those men  
 I came to save, in judgment on me fate ;  
 My Good deeds were forgotten then,  
 Nor could my innocence their rage abate ;  
 But sentence giv'en, lots for my Coat they cast,  
 And on a rack my naked body place'd,  
 And every swelling veine to its hidden fountain trace'd.

## IX.

On me they stien<sup>d</sup>, and furious through their pride,  
 With cruel nails pierc'd through my hands and feet ;  
 Then open'd with a Spear my side,  
 To see my heart where all those wounds did meet :  
 But, mighty Saviour, be not far away,  
 Rise to my help, and make no longer stay,  
 Lest to their bloody Sword my Soul be made a prey !

## X.

Thou, who hast sav'd me from strong Unicorns,  
 Now from the Lions mouth, Lord, rescue me !  
 These hungry Dogs, and fierce Bulls horns,  
 Nor to their rage let me deliver'd be !  
 Then to my Brethren Ple Thy power declare,  
 And Trophies to Thy mighty conquest rear, (fair.  
 And with the Captive Spoils Thy Courts shall look more

## XI.

All you, who fear the Lord, recount His praise ;  
 And you, blest *Jacobs* Seed, His Honour sing !  
 Who, though most fearful in His wayes,  
 And the Worlds Judge, is both your God, and King !  
 Who



## Pſalm XXIII.

*Dominus regit me, & nihil, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
David.*

**T**He Mighty God, who all things do's ſuſtain,  
 That God, who nothing made in vain,  
 Who nothing that He made did e're diſdain;  
 The Mighty God my Shepherd is,  
 He is my Shepherd, I His ſheep,  
 Both He is mine, and I am His;  
 About His Flock, He conſtant watch do's keep;  
 When God provides, Poor Man can nothing need,  
 And He, who hears young Ravens cry, His Sheep will  
 (feed.)

## II.

And as His Flock the Faithful Shepherd leads  
 To purſing Brooks, and flowry Meads,  
 And by ſoft ſtreams in pleaſant Paſtures feeds;  
 So do's the Mighty God with me,  
 Conducts me to the bubling ſprings,  
 Himſelf is pleas'd my Guide to be,  
 And when I ſtray again me homewards brings;  
 Making His love in thouſand favours known,  
 Not for my goodneſs ſake at all, but for his own.

## III.

Secur'd by Him, I will no danger fear,  
 Not death it ſelf, if it were near,  
 And ſhould in its moſt horrid ſhape appear;

Death's

Death's gloomy shadow by His Sun  
Shall chearful grow, as morning light,  
And at the day His eye has sprung,  
The grave it self shall with new beams look bright,  
Thy Staff shall bear me up; My Way, O God,  
Not by my Scepter shall be guarded, but Thy Rod.

**IV.**

'Tis Thou, who all times dost my Table spread,  
Both fill'st my Cup, and crown'st my head;  
And by the same hand I am sav'd and fed:  
My Enemies see it, and repine,  
And when they look that I should fall,  
Behold me with more glory shine,  
And that Almighty Hosts are at my call:  
Lord, since Thy mercies thus to me extend,  
My life thou best know'st when, let my Praise never end!

---

**Psalm**

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## Pſalm XXIV.

*Domini eſt terra, & plenitudo, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
David.*

**T**He Earth, and all the Earth contains,  
 Infinite Hills, innumerable Plains, (reigns.  
 With all their Riches, are that God's, who o're them

## II.

The Univerſe is His, and all  
 Thoſe glorious Beings, which compleat this Ball,  
 The hands that hold it, and them firſt from nought did (call.

## III.

God founded it upon the Flood,  
 Firſt made the world, then ſaw that it was good,  
 And on unſtable waves unmov'd, it ſince has ſtood.

## IV.

He all things made, but *Sion* choſe,  
 Before all places for His own repoſe,  
*Sion* His Palace, who no other builder knows.

## V.

But who ſhall *Sion's* Mount aſcend,  
 Be counted worthy there his life to ſpend,  
 And undiſturb'd at Thy great Altar Lord to attend ?

## VI.

He whoſe pure hands no ſtains deſile,  
 Whoſe heart is innocent and free from guile, (vile.  
 And tongue blaſphemes not God, nor do's the Truth re-  
 VII. This



VII.

This is the Man, who shall receive  
 Blessings from Him, who do's all blessings give,  
 Both seeks His Face, and on His Hill shall ever live.

VIII.

Lift up your heads, O Gates, make room !      *Verses.*  
 Open ye everlasting Doors ! for home  
 The King of Glory to His Rest, through you, will come!

IX.

Ask you who is this Glorious King ?      *Resp.*  
 The Lord of Hosts is He. His Triumphs sing,  
 Who Vict'ory, that you gain'd not, to your Gates do's  
 (bring!

X.

Lift up your heads, O Gates, make room !      *Verses.*  
 Open ye everlasting Doors ! for home  
 The King of Glory to His Rest, through you, will come!

XI.

Ask you who is this Glorious King ?      *Resp.*  
 The Lord of Hosts is He. His Triumphs sing,  
 And whom you cannot shut out, open and let in !

## Pſalm XXV.

*Ad te Domine levavi, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
David.*

**T**O Thee, O God, my troubled Soul I raiſe,  
 Who haſt been heretofore my Truſt,  
 And ſhalt be ſtill, for Thou art ever juſt;  
 Let not my Enemies reproach Thy Waies,  
 Nor me count that my ſhame, w<sup>ch</sup> is my chiefeſt Praise!

## II.

To follow Thee, my God; let them do ſo,  
 Who ſin, and nothing by it gain,  
 But find too late, that all their plots are vain;  
 When thoſe, who wait on Thee ſtill bolder grow,  
 And through Thy Sacred Waies like Mighty Victors go.

## III.

Shew me thoſe paths, for, Lord, to Thee I pray,  
 Then lead me in them by the hand,  
 Elſe when they're rough I ſhall diſcourag'd ſtand,  
 And to ſome eaſier paſſage hope to ſtray,  
 But loſe my own, and never find (I fear) Thy Way.

## IV.

Let not my ſins to Thy Remembrance come,  
 Nor all thoſe ſpots which ſtain'd my youth;  
 But waſh them out, and mindful of Thy Truth,  
 Receive the Prodigal returning home,  
 And let Thy Mercy for Thy ancient Love make room!

V. In

## V.

In this Thou gloriest, as Thy chiefest praise,  
Repenting sinners to receive,  
And when unable to come on, they grieve,  
The weak Thou lead'st, the fallen up dost raise,  
And anew shew'st and guid'st them in Thy pleasant  
(Waies!

## VI.

Truth and Thy Mercy make them smooth, and plain,  
And though far off they rough appear,  
They are with Roses strew'd, when one comes near;  
Purge my great sin, and lead me there again,  
For that alone, and not Thy Waies are full of pain!

## VII.

Those, who th' Almighty fear, His Will shall know,  
And to His sacred steps form theirs;  
Blest in their lives, and happy in their Heirs,  
To whom the Lord will all His secrets show,      (do.  
And what He shall command, supply with strength to

## VIII.

My God, to Thee I look, on Thee depend,  
For Thou my feet canst only guide,  
To shun those snares, the wicked for me hide,  
Thou know'st what I, and what their plots intend,  
And with one look can'st them, and all my troubles end.

## IX.

Behold their Numbers, how they are increast,  
And how like waves new pains succeed;  
Forgive my sins, whence all these tempests breed,  
Let me be calm, my Enemies oppress,  
And the foul Sea, and storm be only in their breast!  
X. Pre-

## X.

Prevent their malice, and my Saviour be,  
 For Thou hast been, and art my Trust!  
 Let Thy protection show that I am just;  
 Preserve me, for I only wait on Thee:  
 But chiefly *Israel* save, what e're becomes of me.

---

## Psalm XXVI.

*Judica me Domine quoniam, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of David.* **J**udge me, O God, for I to Thee appeal,  
 Who only know'st my innocence;  
 Who dost the secrets of my heart reveal,  
 And all hypocrisie hast banish't thence;  
 Thou heretofore in need hast been my Trust,  
 And to Thy Word I'm sure to find Thee just.

## II.

May I be found so, Lord, O try my waies,  
 And prove that heart, which Thou dost see;  
 Thy mercies have been with me all my daies,  
 Still in my eyes, as I am view'd, by Thee;  
 That Truth, which is Thy love, Lord, has been mine,  
 And from its paths I never would decline.

## III.

In Council with the vain I never sate,  
 Nor with dissemblers have I gone;  
 Their private conferences did alwaies hate,  
 And left the place, when once the cause was known;  
 Have

Have heart, and hand alike kept innocent,  
And from the Laver to Thy Altar went.

## IV.

There did I all Thy wondrous acts proclaim,  
And undisturb'd recount my joyes;  
When with my sacrifices holy flame,  
That thence to Heaven went up, I sent my voice;  
Thy Temple, Lord, with us, Thou know'st I love,  
But much more that Thy presence makes above.

## V.

Number me not with fierce, and cruel men,  
Nor make me to possess their fears!  
Our lives, Thou know'st, have very different been,  
Let Our deaths too, and mine not be like theirs!  
I'th' right hand bribes, a sword i'th' left do's shine,  
And to Oppression, murderous thoughts they joyn.

## VI.

But as for me, though poor, I'm still upright,  
My Justice do's unshaken stand;  
Preserve me Lord, and make my Innocence bright,  
And lest I slip, uphold me with Thy hand!  
So when my foot shall a sure standing gain,  
Equal to Hills my Song shall raise the Plain.

## Pſalm XXVII.

*Dominus illuminatio mea, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
David.*

WHen in the ſilence of the Night, (fears;  
That darkneſs, which ſhould hide, creates new  
When darkneſs quickens my dull ſight,  
And profound ſilence fills with noiſe my ears;  
Preſenting there, and to mine eye  
Horrors, which in my fancy form'd do ly;  
God through the darkneſs darts a ray,  
And He, who made the Light, becomes Himſelf my day

## II.

Since God's my truſt, whom need I fear?  
He, who firſt gave it, will my life ſecure,  
Will make my En'emies diſappear,  
When (His clear light unable to endure,  
By it ſtruck blind) they fall, a prey,  
Into thoſe ſnares which they for me did lay:  
For though to ſwallow me they came,  
The ruine, which has buried theirs, ſhall raiſe my name.

## III.

Though mighty Kings againſt me riſe,  
And with their Armies compaſs me around,  
Armies and Kings I would deſpiſe,  
Themſelves, not me, their numbers ſhould confound:  
On high I'de look, and Legions call  
From Heav'ens great Hoſts triumphant General.

He to my rescue should come down,  
And those who escap'd His hand, should perish by their  
(own,

IV.

But neither's this my chief desire,  
Nor the too hasty Glories of a Crown,  
Not to be Great do I aspire,  
Or from on high on others to look down;  
But this is my unfeign'd request,  
And to Thy pleasure, Lord, I leave the rest,  
That in Thy Temple I may dwell,  
And all Thy beauties there to after Ages tell!

V.

There would I rest, and be at ease,  
Counting it both my hiding place, and Rock;  
There should I finde perpet'ual peace,  
And stand unshaken by their rudest shock;  
When winds and waves engag'd shall be,  
And finde themselves that grave they threatned me;  
Louder than both my voice I'de raise,  
And in dark clouds of Incense thunder out Thy praise.

VI.

Lord, to my prayers Thine ear incline,  
Nor let them, or my confidence be vain!  
With favour on Thy Servant shine,  
And to Thy Temple bring me back again!  
No Echo can more ready be  
To answer the quick call, than I to Thee;  
For when Thou say'st, "Seek ye my Face,  
My Soul returns the word and says, "I'll seek Thy Face

## VII.

O turn not then that Face away,  
 Nor let my sins between Us interpose;  
 Thou heretofore hast been my day,  
 When darkness did my Enemies enclose;  
 Now that my Friends for fear draw back,  
 Do not Thou too, my God, Thy Child forsake;  
 Who Fatherless indeed should be,  
 Wert not Thou, Heavens mighty Father, One to me!

## VIII.

Shew me Thy path, and make it plain,  
 To me, Lord, plain, but to my Enemies  
 Rugged, and broken, full of pain,  
 And to bold heights, they dare not venture, rise!  
 Direct them by some other way,  
 And make me not unto their teeth a prey!  
 On them their perjuries return,  
 And let their own breath make the fire they kindled

(burn)

## IX.

Under these troubles my support  
 Is only that I hope Thy Power to see,  
 My Confidence is my strong Fort,  
 Which I'll maintain, whilst I can look to Thee:  
 Then bear up Soul, and God attend,  
 Expect the succours which He'll quickly send:  
 Bear up, but till this Storm is o're,  
 And wait, Soul, but a while, and Thou shalt wait no

(more)

Psal



## Psalm XXVIII.

*Ad te Domine clamabo Deus, &c.*

## I.

**T**O Thee, O Lord, my Rock, I cry,  
O be not silent to my Prayer,  
Lest if Thou'art so now Seas are high,  
The Floods away my confidence should bear;  
And I be swallow'd up by the next wave.  
My God be not a Rock to hear, though Thou art one  
(to save.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

## II.

The voice of my Petitions hear,  
When I for help to Thee shall cry;  
Let my hands feel, that Thou art near,  
And close embrace what's hidden from mine eye.  
Hear me, when tow'ards Thy Oracle I pray,  
And as I thither look, be pleas'd to cast one glance this  
(way!

## III.

Number me not with the Unjust,  
And those who study to do wrong;  
On whom, if any poor man trust,  
Their heart is war, though peace be in their tongue:  
Let equal punishments pursue their sin,  
And may their just rewards be, as their base deserts have  
(been!

## IV.

They never mind what Thou hast done,  
Nor what Thy mighty hands can do ;  
What wonders Thou hast for me shown,  
And for me wilt continue still to show :  
But they shall see them, and consum'd with pain,  
Into the lowest pit descend, and view it thence more  
(plain.

## V.

Blest be that God, who bow'd His ear  
To those requests I to Him made ;  
He is my shield, my strength, my spear,  
And was my help, when I unto Him pray'd :  
On Him I trusted, and in Him rejoice,  
My heart, that's gone before to Heav'en, I'll follow with  
(my Voice.

## VI.

He is their Shield, His Strength their Spear,  
Who on Him for those Arms depend ;  
The Lords Anointed need not fear,  
For God who is His King supplies will send :  
O, save the People, who indeed are Thine,  
Feed them, and Lord, lift up their head, as Thou hast  
(rais'd up mine.

---

## Psalm XXIX.

*Afferte Domino Filii Dei, &c.*

## I.

**Y**OU, whom your birth for Scepters has design'd, *A Psalm of David.*  
 Whom God has blest w<sup>th</sup> Power to guard your birth,  
 Of Sons has made you Lords of th' Earth,  
 And on yours stamp't the Portraict of His mind,  
 Your Scepters to Him yield, they are His due,  
 Who only to serve Him, first gave them You.

## II.

He is your King, from Him your Right do's flow,  
 Vallals of Honour to His Throne above ;  
 Your fear do's your dependance prove,  
 And when He speaks, before Him you all bow ;  
 When from above He thunders, all your Powers  
 Scatter like Clouds, and melt away like showers.

## III.

He thunders from above, and with the noise,  
 Whether they will or no, makes Seas to hear ;  
 For at His Word they all croud near,  
 Exalted up to Heav'en by His great Voice :  
 A voice which sure is full of Majesty,  
 When sluggish Seas are by it rais'd so high.

## IV.

Affrighted *Libanus* begins to heave,  
 Like his own Cedars trembles, they all quake,  
 Their roots, as much as branches, shake,  
 And both look which should first the other leave :

Like a young Heifer *Syrion* starts away,  
But do's through fear, what that is wont at play.

## V.

From Heav'en it came, a Fire before it went,  
Consuming Fire behind brought up the rear,  
That all might see, as well as hear,  
And by the Message know from whom 'twas sent :  
*Kades* did at the Clap bow down his head,  
And whom all fear'd, his frightened Lions fled.

## VI.

The fearful Hinde, hearing the thunder roar,  
Cast her untimely Calf with speed to fly,  
And thinking by that shot to dy,  
Forgot the Dogs her only dread before :  
The Lightning made the gloomy Forest bright,  
And what the Sun could not, display'd at night.

## VII.

The whole World is Gods Temple, all things bow  
Before His Footstool, and recount His praise,  
All in their place His Glory raise,  
And unto man, by theirs, his duty show :  
Lightning and Thunder to serve Him contend,  
And His great charge proclaim to th' Earths wide end.

## VIII.

Upon the Floods He sits, Floods to Him bring  
Their gifts, and humbly at his feet lay down  
Their Spoils as Customs to His Crown,  
And worship Him, as their puissant King :  
He stills their noise ; and God, who raging Seas  
Stills with a word, shall give His People Peace.

## Pſalm XXX.

*Exaltabo te Domine, &c.*

## I.

**M**Y God, I will to Thee give praise,  
Because Thou haſt exalted me ;  
Thou from the grave my life did'ſt raiſe,  
And now my Song ſhall honour Thee :  
When againſt me my foes did come,  
Both ſhar'd the prey, and in their minds led home  
Their Captives, Thou appeard'ſt, and would'ſt not let  
(them overcome,

*A Pſalm of  
David at  
the Dedicac-  
tion of his  
House.*

## II.

'Twas then that to my God I cry'd,  
And He, who wounded, made me whole ;  
All other helps, which I had try'd,  
Did but afflict, not eaſe my Soul ;  
His power alone kept me alive,  
My ranſom'd life did from the grave reprieve,  
And a new Leaſe, when I had forfeited the old, did give.

## III.

O, ye His Saints, ſing to His Name,  
His Holineſs with thanks record ;  
Thence take new ſewel to your flame,  
And Holineſs aſcribe the Lord !  
His wrath a moment may remain,  
But love ſhall make the ſtorm a calm again,  
And give a life as free from danger as it is from pain.

## I V. Trouble

## IV.

Trouble, and grief may last all night,  
 And to its dismal shade add theirs;  
 But when the morning brings the light,  
 Darkneſs ſhall ſcatter, and my fears:  
 And as the Sun, which guilds the day,  
 Out from the briny Ocean makes his way,  
 My Son, w<sup>ch</sup> breaks through tears, ſhall brighter ſhine,  
 (and look more gay.

## V.

Fixt on my Throne, with Mercy crown'd,  
 Unmov'd like ſome huge Rock, I ſtood;  
 Me thoughts with pleaſure I look'd round,  
 And ſaw my feet kiſs'd by the flood:  
 "Sure now I'm paſt all fear, I ſaid,  
 (Thy favour Lord, my Rock ſo ſtrong had made,)  
 "Others may well of me, but I of none can be afraid.

## VI.

But as I thus expreſs'd my pride,  
 Forgetting Him, who made me ſo,  
 Thou, Lord, Thy face didſt from me hide,  
 And then I came my ſelf to know:  
 Trouble, and pain, no certain ground,  
 Which way ſo e're I look'd, new griefs I found,  
 And the ſame floods, which kiſs'd my feet before, my  
 (head ſurround.

## VII.

Then to Thee, Lord, again I cry'd,  
 "What profit is there in my blood,  
 "If in the pit I muſt abide,  
 "Can Thy praiſe there be underſtood?

" Shall

“ Shall the grave praise Thee, or declare  
 “ Thy Truth, and Mercy, what their glories are,  
 “ The grave, which is as senseless as the dust that’s bu-  
 (ried there?)

VIII.

Hear me, O God, and mercy show,  
Unto my Help Thy self come down!  
My God has heard me, and I know,  
By this, He will His servant own:  
To laughter He has turn'd my tears,  
With gales of joy, has blown away my fears,  
And He, who mourn'd, now a Triumphant Robe and Lau-  
(rel wears.

## IX.

For this shall ev'ry good man sing  
Thy Praise, and never silent be ;  
My Glory shall its Anthem bring,  
Unweary while 'tis praising Thee.  
Thy Mighty Power the ground shall give,  
My noblest skill to manage it shall strive,  
And when I cease, my God, to praise Thee, let me cease  
(to live !

## Pſalm XXXI.

*In te Domine ſperavi, non confundar, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
David.*

**T**Hou art my hope, O God, in whom I truſt,  
 Let not my confidence procure me ſhame;  
 But ſave me in Thy Truth, for Thou art juſt,  
 And in my great eſcape conſult Thy Name;  
 Leſt thoſe, who know it not, Thy care ſhould blame.  
 To my complaint, and cries incline Thine ear,  
 And by Thy help make me aſſur'd, that Thou doſt hear!

## II.

Thou art my Rock, where till the ſtorm is paſt,  
 Above the floods I ſhall ſecurely ſtand,  
 At Sea a Rock, where all my ſafety's plac'd,  
 And a ſtrong Tower and Arſenal at land;  
 O bring me thither by Thine own Right hand!  
 Guide me, my God, who only art my ſtrength,  
 And by the pleaſures of the way, deceive its length!

## III.

Remove the ſnares, which for my feet are laid,  
 Thou, to whoſe hands my ſpirit I reſign;  
 Of all I am, the purchaſe Thou haſt made,  
 And ſo redeem'd, I can be only Thine,  
 And what's Thy love, or Hatred ſhall be mine;  
 Lyars, and their fond vanities I hate,  
 But truſt in Thee, who haſt preserv'd my life, and ſtate.

IV. *Ac.*



IV.

In Thee will I be glad, in Thee rejoyce,  
Who hast my troubles seen, and heard my cries ;  
To th' Songs my heart begins, I'll tune my Voice,  
And count of all Thy glorious Victories,  
And on their wings to Heav'en in Triumph rise.  
I'll sing how for me Thou mad'st bare Thy hand,  
And fast me in a place, where round I might command.

V.

This Thou hast done, and these Thy Works I'll praise;  
But yet my troubles have not their full end,  
Fears and continual snares surround my wayes,  
And grief to th' Earth my Soul so low do's bend,  
That scarce in sighs I can to Heav'en ascend ;  
Consum'd with care my bones, and life decay,  
And in my wasted flesh unwillingly do stay.

VI.

On my wing'd groans away my years do fly,  
And for my sins my very strength do's fail :  
Nor am I only scorn'd by my' Enemy,  
But friends, with whom my sorrows should prevail,  
With scoffs he thought too sharp, my life assail.  
A fear I'm to my own, and those who see  
My mis'eries afar off, less fly the plague than me.

VII.

Like a dead man, forgotten in the grave,  
An earthen Vessel, all to shivers broke,  
Which Art too late would or repair, or save,  
My old acquaintance strangely on me look,  
And tremble, as they see me, at Thy stroke :

Traytor

Traytor the Great ones call me, and as fo,  
My life they have decreed shall for feign'd treasons go

## VIII.

In this sad state to Thee, my God, I cry,  
Knowing Thou all their Threats canst countermand :  
Their malice by Thy strength I can defie,  
For all my Times are measur'd by Thy hand,  
And in Thy Sacred Roll recorded stand ;  
For my deliverance shew Thy Power Divine,  
And for Thine Honours sake upon Thy Servant shine !

## IX.

Guard me from shame, for I have call'd on Thee ;  
And make it theirs to whom Thy Name's unknown !  
Let silence and the grave their portion be,  
And may all those, who on the Just have thrown  
Reproach, find it rewarded with their own !  
Stop lying mouths, which use proud things to speak,  
And with their causeless envy let them swell and break !

## X.

But who enough Thy Goodness can adore,  
Or knows the treasures, which thou up hast laid  
For them who fear Thee, in Thy boundless store,  
How glor'ious they hereafter shall be made,  
O're whom Thy wings already are display'd ?  
There shalt Thou hide them from the strife of tongues,  
And on their proudest Enemies return their wrongs.

## XI.

So was I hid, and thus His power have seen,  
(Blest be His Name,) when girt with Foes around,  
He interpos'd Himself, and came between,  
In a strong City made me keep my ground,  
And arms too potent for me did confound ;

“I’m lost, I said, cut off, and quite undone,  
Yet, when I cry’d, was heard by Him I call’d upon.

## XII.

By my example love Him, all His Saints,  
Who for the Faithful do’s so well provide ;  
But on the stubborn multiplies restraints,  
His Face for ever from their suit do’s hide,  
And on them pours the vengeance they desi’d :  
Chear up, all you who on the Lord depend,  
The present Storm in an Eternal Calm shall end !

---

## Psalm XXXII.

*Beati quorum remissa sunt, &c.*

## I.

**H**E whose Iniquities are purg’d away,  
And he alone indeed is blest,  
Short of True Happiness all others stay,  
And, where they cannot have it, seek for rest ;  
No other path the way to life do’s show,  
And only that which leads from sin do’s thither go.

*The II. Penitential  
Psalm.  
A Psalm of  
David.*

## II.

Blest is the Man, whose faults remitted are,  
To whom the Lord imputes no sin :  
Whose hands are guiltless, and whose heart is clear,  
Without all pure, and all refin’d within :  
Whose filthy spots of lust appear no more,  
But now one Royal Purple dyes his Soul all o’er.

## III. This

## III.

This when I knew not, and what ease it gave  
 My faults before Thee to confess;  
 My grief, which could no certain measure have,  
 Daily increas'd, instead of being less;  
 I griev'd indeed, and mournfully complain'd  
 Of sins effects, ne're thinking that the Cause remain'd.

## IV.

Grief, and Thy hand upon me night and day,  
 Low as the Earth did beat me down;  
 And all the tears, which I had thrown away,  
 But dryer left me, when their flood was gone;  
 Dry as the thirsty Earth for want of rain,  
 When all the moisture which it gave, Heav'n takes a-  
 (gain.

## V.

At length perceiving all my groans mere vain,  
 I thought upon some other way;  
 To Thee I did disclose my sin and pain,  
 Thou in return their fury didst allay:  
 No sooner, "I'll confess my sins, I said,  
 But He, who heard, forgave them me, e're I had pray'd.

## VI.

For this shall every Just man thee implore,  
 And call when Thou wilt surely hear;  
 The Seas, which now against him proudly roar,  
 May spend their Mouths, but never shall come near:  
 He is above their reach, and shall despise (rise:  
 Their greatest rage, and scorn them, when they highest  
 VII. Thou

## VII.

Thou art my hiding place, my life wilt save,  
And teach me Songs of praise to sing;  
Others, who of Thy Wayes no knowledge have,  
Guided my self by Thee, I'll to thee bring:  
Then be not, Man, more brutish than thy Mule,  
Which thou thy self hast broke, and with a Curb canst  
(rule.

## VIII.

Perpetual sorrows, Trouble without ease,  
Is the whole portion of th' Unjust:  
Whil't thousand Mercies, and eternal Peace  
Encompass those, who on th' Almighty trust:  
Mercies and Peace encompass them around,  
With these their feet are stablish'd, and their heads are  
(crown'd.

## IX.

Rejoyce, ye Righteous, and shout forth your praise,  
Be glad in Him, who is Your King!  
In the Almighty God, whose wondrous wayes  
Give life, and spirit to the dullest string!  
He is Your God, and Him with praise adore,  
To rejoyce have cause, sure you much more.

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## Psalm XXXIII.

*Exultate Justi in Domino! &c.*

## I.

**R**Ejoyce ye Righteous, and to God sing praise,  
 With all the Numbers Musick can invent,  
 The Harp, and Lute, and ten-string'd instrument,  
 And with their sound to Heav'en your voices raise:  
 Express your thanks thus, and your love;  
 And in the Consort joyn with Saints above;  
 In Anthems His great Name adore,  
 Nothing can please Him better, or become you more

## II.

Make Him your Song; and of His Acts rehearse,  
 Whose Word is like the God, who spake it, true;  
 And every day His constant praise renew,  
 Who is the Sovraign of the Universe!  
 Who the whole Earth with goodness fills,  
 With Flowers the valleys cloaths, & crowns the hill  
 Whose care to all His Works extends,  
 And the strait bounds of Time, as well as Space tran-  
 scend

## III.

Beyond new Lands, and Arts discovery,  
 Beyond the Circuit of the Tractless Air,  
 Beyond those Heav'ens which first created were,  
 And in the skirts of His vast Empire ly:  
 His breath did all the Frame compose,  
 The Heav'only Hosts by it from nothing rose;  
 • The

Those sparkling fires we see above,  
In which His power appears, declare to us His love:

IV.

He spake the Word, and Seas did at it move,  
Quitting the Earth they erst did overflow;  
His Word their bounds set out, plac'd some below,  
And treasur'd others in His stores above:  
The raging Deep in Prison laid,  
And of its Jaylor bid it be afraid;  
The sand which chains it to the shore,  
With leave to over-look, but never to pass o're.

V.

Let the whole World before their Maker fall,  
And of His Power, the Nations stand in aw!  
For He, whose Spirit from nothing all did draw,  
Has ruine no less ready at His Call.  
His Counsels shall for ever stand,  
Their plots though ne're so deep to countermand,  
Making them know they are but Men,  
And less than so, when He His breath shall call again.

VI.

Thrice happy Soul, who here has fixt his joyes,  
And on the Lord alone for help depends,  
Such constant happiness His Love attends,  
That even their Land is blest who are His choyce;  
God's, who from Heav'n with curious eye  
Sees every heart, and do's all actions try;  
To whom all hearts are better known,  
Or He first made them, than t'each single Man his own.

## VII.

In vain Fond Kings expect sure Victories  
From numerous Armies, and a mighty Host,  
For Victory on airy wings is tost,  
And only to the side He favours, flies:  
The greatest Champion cannot save  
His own head, sentenc'd by Him to the grave;  
And all the speed his horse can make,  
In flying one, is a worse ruine to o'rtake.

## VIII.

Those only are secure, who have His eye,  
On whom He looks for good, who fear His Name,  
And present hopes by ancient love can claim;  
When they in need for help, or mercy cry,  
Their lives He from the pit brings back,  
And what was once their fear, their Song do's make.  
In famine they by Him are fed,  
Who is at once th'Eternal God, and living bread.

## IX.

On Thee, O God, we wait, Thou art our shield;  
Nor will we to another fortress flie,  
There have we plac'd our trust, resolv'd to die,  
If the Almighty will no succour yield:  
But He will help, and send new joyes,  
To fill our hearts, and to employ our voyce;  
And only as we trust in Thee,  
So let Thy Mercy, Lord, and our Salvation be.



## Psalm XXXIV.

*Benedicam Dominum, &c.*

## I.

**L**ord, I will bleſs Thee, and Thy praiſe  
 Shall up to Heav'n my Voice and numbers raiſe:  
 Of Thee my Soul all times ſhall boaſt,  
 Who ſav'dſt me, when I gave my ſelf for loſt:  
 And with us ſhall the humble joyn,  
 Hoping Thou wilt their refuge be, as Thou wert mine.

*A Psalm of  
 David,  
 when he  
 changed his  
 behaviour  
 before Abi-  
 melech,  
 who drove  
 him away,  
 and he de-  
 parted.*

## II.

Come, ye bleſt Saints, and let us riſe  
 Together with our Songs, and reach the ſkies!  
 Praise Him, who my firſt groans did hear,  
 Yet with His hand ſeem'd to prevent His ear,  
 And when like mine your troubles be,  
 But look to Him, that hand ſhall ſave you, which help'd  
 (me.

## III.

Tell Him the Wonders He has ſhown,  
 What for my ſake He did, and what for 'His own;  
 Say, "Lord, This poor man to Thee cry'd,  
 "And Thou heard'ſt him, why then am I deny'd?  
 "I, who no leſs am Thy great care,  
 "Since equally round both encamp'd Thy Angels are?

## IV.

Try Him but thus, and thou ſhalt know  
 Thine own as certain as my joys are now;

How Good He is, how happy they,  
 Who make His Power their hope, His love their stay :  
 Dread him, for if He has Thy fear,  
 Thou may'st be confident Thy wants shall have His ear !

## V.

Hee'll be himself Thy mighty store,  
 When savage Lions shall for hunger roar ;  
 Whil'st those, who glory in their Gold,  
 And in his own Chains would the Prisoner hold,  
 Spoilers themselves are Captives made,  
 And into suddain want, which they least feard, betray'd.

## VI.

Come Children, yield to me your ear,  
 I'll tell you whom, and how you ought to fear !  
 Would you have life, and happy dayes ?  
 Keep well your tongue, and that will guide your ways,  
 Do good, and from all Vice abstain,  
 No easier road than Peace's, and no way more plain.

## VII.

On such God looks, and to their cryes  
 His ears are open, to their griefs His eyes :  
 They for deliv'rance need but pray,  
 The hand which saves, shall wipe their tears away ;  
 But to the wicked He's a flame,  
 Which shall consume their very Mem'ories with their  
 (Name.

## VIII.

Himself Hee'll to the Just reveal,  
 The humble save, and broken hearts will heal :  
 Their

Their pains indeed are sharp, and long,  
 Yet till deliverance comes, Hee'll make them strong :  
 And all the while they're on the Rack,  
 Will see that those, who torture them, no bone shall  
 (break.

## IX.

But as the wicked live, they die,  
 The Just man's, and their own worst Enemy :  
 Their own designs shall haste their death,  
 Kill'd by that poyson, which themselves did breath :  
 Whil'st God redeems the Souls of His,  
 And shews His help more certain than their trouble is.

## Psalm XXXV.

*Judica Domine nocentes, &c.*

## I.

**G**reat God, and Judge, to hear my Cause arise, *A Psalm of David.*  
 And on my part just sentence give ;  
 Subdue and scatter all my Enemies,  
 And only to be conquer'd, let them live !  
 Go out, and in the battel stand,  
 Thy Shield in one, and glittering Sword in t'other hand !

## II.

Let it be drawn, and with their blood all stain'd,  
 Make a Red Sea around to flow ;  
 Let it maintain the passage it has gain'd,  
 And safely guard the way where I should go !  
 Say to my Soul that I am Thine,  
 And that for my defence Thou make'st Thy glory shine !  
 G 4 III. Those,

## III.

Those, who dare still resist, too stout to yield,  
 And with new heat my Soul pursue,  
 Let them with shame and infamy be fill'd,  
 And find the battel, though they fly, renew!  
 Upon Thee let them turn their back,  
 To be the Butt, and all Thy poyson'd arrows take!

## IV.

Let them like chaff be driv'en before the wind,  
 And by Thy Angels, Lord, be chas'd!  
 Let them i'th' dark a way so slippery find,  
 That headlong ruine may attend their hast!  
 O'rewhelm them in the pits they made,  
 And take theirs in the net, which for my feet they laid:

## V.

Let their destruction hasten, unperceiv'd,  
 The same which they design'd for me!  
 Whil't I for better dayes am still repriv'd,  
 And my deliv'rances ascribe to Thee:  
 That Thy Great Name may be my Song,  
 Who thus the weak and Poor, save'tt from the proud  
 (and strong)

## VI.

False Witnesses did up against me rise,  
 With charge of Crimes I never knew;  
 My good deeds answer'd with indignities,  
 And to the death my Soul did close pursue;  
 Those, for whose griefs I truly mourn'd, (turn'd  
 And pray'd for, sick, though on my self the prayers re-  
 VII. Fo

## VII.

For my best Friend I could have done no more,  
Nor more, had he my Brother been :  
I did as heartily his loss deplore,  
As if I then my Mothers grave had seen ;  
Though in my troubles they rejoyce,  
And all my griefs out-brave with their insulting voice.

## VIII.

Basest of men, and worthy scarce that name,  
Against me unprovok'd conspire ;  
At Feasts they vie who's wittiest to defame,  
New grind their teeth, and from their eyes dart fire :  
But shall it thus for ever be ?  
Lord, from these Lions save my Soul, redeem'd by Thee !

## IX.

Let not my causeless enemies rejoyce,  
Nor me with scornful looks upbraid !  
Whose hearts are viler than the common voyce,  
And seem for discord only to be made.  
Then I Thy fame to Heav'n will raise,  
And in Thy Peoples sight return Thee all the Praise.

## X.

On me with open mouth they railing came,  
" And this, said they, we wisht to see ;  
My God, behold it too, and let a flame  
Dart from thy sight that they consum'd may be !  
Arise great Judge, and come away,  
Stand up, nor longer, e're Thou pass the sentence, stay.

## XI.

Be Thou our Judge, who art my Advocate,  
Nor let my Enemies thus boast,  
“ So we would have it, and ’tis now too late,  
“ For God to help, though he in God should trust.  
But let them be to ruine brought,  
Who thus have rais’d themselves, thus low of Thee have  
(thought.

## XII.

Then shall the Saints who favour my Just Cause,  
Continually with shouting say,  
“ Blest be Our God, who with such equal Laws,  
“ Gives Peace to’his flock, chains on His foes do’s lay !  
His Righteousness shall be my Song,  
And all my life to praise Him shall not seem too long.

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Psalm

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## Psalm XXXVI.

*Dixit injustus ut delinquat, &c.*

## I.

**B** Ase Hypocrite, think'st thou by thy disguise,  
 To'impofe on Him, who fees thy heart,  
 And more than thou, its guiles defcries,  
 Both knows it whole, and fearches every part?  
 Thy wicked words thy thoughts declare,  
 And like them both thy actions are,  
 Speaking aloud, what once to think thou should'st not  
 (dare.

*A Psalm of  
 David, the  
 fervant of  
 the Lord.*

## II.

They tell me thou doft not th' Almighty fear,  
 Though thou would'st have me think thou doft:  
 But God do's all thy whisperings hear, (boast;  
 And could'st thou Him deceive, thou then might'st  
 At length, like fire, fin will break out,  
 With vengeance, which thou fhalt not doubt,  
 When it like fire fhall burn, and fcatter all about.

## III.

To wrong the needy is his chief intent,  
 Mindlefs of doing any good;  
 On this his time, and thoughts are fpent,  
 And every night he lays new trains for blood:  
 But, Lord, Thy Mercy far extends,  
 And the clofe bounds of Heav'en tranfcends,  
 Without beginning ever was, and never ends.

## IV. Thy

## IV.

Thy Righteousness, my God, do's stand secure,  
 Fixt like the Everlasting Hills ;  
 Deep as the Sea, yet flows more sure,  
 Though nothing its unfathom'd Ocean fills :  
 Full from it self no Ebb it knows,  
 But into thousand channels flows,  
 And to this deep both Man and Beast its Being ows.

## V.

And as Thy Righteousness, such is Thy Love,  
 Therefore to Thee for help we fly ;  
 On Thine own wings we tow'ards Thee move,  
 And cover'd under them in safety ly :  
 This is our comfort, while below,  
 That we beyond our fears can go,  
 And what we shall enjoy, in part before-hand know.

## VI.

For when this wretched life an end shall have,  
 And our unpinion'd Souls fly home ;  
 When freedom shall spring from the grave,  
 And death the fertile womb of life become ;  
 No sorrows then our joy shall spoil,  
 Nor shall we need the day beguile,  
 Eternity it self shall seem a little while.

## VII.

Pleasures and joy eternally shall flow,  
 For Thou their Spring shalt ne're decay ;  
 That Region do's no darkness know,  
 For Thou the Suns Sun art Thy self its day :

A Sun



A Sun which makes all objects light,  
Without the least allay of night,  
A Sun, whereby we may see Thee, it is so bright.

VIII.

Till Thou art thus enjoy'd, some glimps bestow,  
Let from above Thy glory shine,  
Dart but one ray, that I may know,  
Though yet I see Thee not, that I am Thine!  
Thy Righteousness assign the just,  
Thy Mercy those who on Thee trust,  
And let the proud, though rais'd, be driven like the dust!

IX.

Against Thy Servant let him not prevail,  
Nor to offend him raise his foot,  
Let all his Artful Engins fail,  
And his hands prove too weak to stir my root!  
But lo! he's fallen to the ground,  
The Earth did with the shock resound,  
And opening made a way, whose tract shall ne're be  
(found.

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Psalm

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## Psalm XXXVII.

*Noli emulari in malignantib. &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

FRET not thy self to see the prosperous state.  
 OF him, who dearly buyes it with his sin;  
 Nor thy content for his abundancce hate;  
 Thou know'st not how he's lasht and torn within;  
 The Worm, which at the root do's lie;  
 And though the Flower look ne're so fair,  
 Though hand, or Scythe its life should spare,  
 By this intestine Enemie,  
 Which first assails the heart through all its guards, 'twill  
 (die.

## II.

Ne're envy him, but all thy Confidence  
 There only place, where it secur'd may be;  
 On God, who blessings do's around dispense,  
 Yet what He gives, expects again from Thee;  
 Like His, Thy goodness must extend,  
 For thus Thou shalt the Land possess,  
 Thy Land enjoy the fruits of Peace,  
 On its ne're-failing stock shalt spend,  
 Till there's no further need, and thou to Heav'n ascend.

## III.

Let the Almighty be thy love, and care,  
 Thy Counsellor, to whom thou may'st commit  
 All thy distrusts, thy troubles, griefs, and fear,  
 And judge that alwayes best, which He thinks fit!  
 Then

Then to thy prayers shall he incline,  
Grant thy desires, and bring about  
Affairs, whose end thou most didst doubt,  
Make thee to His thy will resign,  
That having done His Pleasure, thou may'st say 'tis thine.

IV.

Then shall thy Justice like the day appear,  
First breaking through the dungeon of the night,  
Backward it looks, and sees behind all clear,  
And bids the Sun close follow with his light :  
Thy Righteousness shall be that Sun,  
Which all the Mines of night displays,  
And all its treasons open lays,  
Clear as his own fair beams at Noon,  
When he has reacht Heav'ens top, and half his course  
(has run.

V.

What though thy forward prayers his help out-go,  
And that the time, thou hadst prefixt, is past ;  
Wait still, for God the fittest time do's know,  
And what's deferr'd a while, shall come at last ;  
Thy murmuring do's but feed thy pain,  
For envy, rage, and guilt makes way,  
And vice, which in no bounds will stay ;  
Indulge thy self but to complain,  
Thy hand e're long, as much as mouth, will need a chain.

VI.

Why should'st thou envy him, whose great estate  
Prepares him only for the greater blow ;  
Which shall be swift, and certain as his fate,  
And his vast riches to a stranger go ?

They're

They're gone already, and behind  
 There's nothing left of all he did,  
 The Glories of his House lie hid,  
 And with his breath are turn'd to wind,  
 Whose very ruins, though thou seek'st, thou can'st not  
 (find.

## VII.

But those, who patiently on God depend;  
 He with a numerous family will bless;  
 No tempest can their settled calm offend,  
 But they in peace their Souls, and Land possess:  
 No matter, though incens'd with rage,  
 The wicked curse them in his pride,  
 God do's no less his threats deride,  
 Sees him in his declining age,  
 And the Scene finish'd, with it will remove the stage.

## VIII.

Against the Righteous, with drawn Sword he stands,  
 Has bent his bow, and let the arrow fly;  
 Would in his blood embrew his cruel hands,  
 And his least threatning is, that he shall die:  
 But God, who do's the Poor sustain,  
 By his own Sword shall make him fall;  
 Against him his own aids shall call,  
 Which he to fly shall seek in vain,  
 When in his heart the arrows, which he shot, remain.

## IX.

Better's that little, which the Righteous have  
 Than all the stores whereof the Wicked boast;  
 God shall disperse what he rak'd up to save,  
 And there most scatter, where he gather'd most:  
 Fox



I never knew the Righteous need,  
Himself quite left, or Children crave  
An alms, but what he lent, they have,  
For thus he did but cast that seed,  
On whose increase they live, and plentifully feed.

## XIII.

Fly Vice, and that thou may'st a blessing leave  
For Childrens Children, to Gods ways form Thine !  
Return that justice, which thou didst receive,  
So shall thy help be from the hand Divine !  
God on thee shall pour mercies down,  
Below shall give thee many dayes,  
And happy all, then after raise  
Thy head to an immortal Crown,  
Whil'st the whole race of wicked shall to Hell be thrown.

## XIV.

As his heart thinks, the Just man ever speaks, (flows;  
From Gods Law there, like streams right judgement  
The Statutes He commands, his hand ne're breaks,  
And where that points, his foot unerring goes :  
In vain the Wicked snares do's lay,  
And spreads in vain for him his nets,  
To take his life the way besets,  
For God shall in the Judgement day,  
Both clear his inno'cence, and his false accuser slay.

## XV.

Wait on the Lord, and see what end He'll make ;  
Keep close to His, and He shall guard thy way :  
Thy duty's all the care He'd have thee take,  
And only to possess the Land, obey.

And

And when thy En'emies turn to dust,  
And like that vanish from thy sight,  
Thou shalt behold it with delight :  
On His own terms th' Almighty trust,  
For He, who promis'd thee, and threatned them, is just.

XVI.

How could that be else, which mine eyes have seen ?  
The Wicked in great power, exceeding high,  
Like some proud Cedar stand, and ever green,  
With his leaf age, Heav'en with his head defie ;  
But yet he pass'd, and yet he fell,  
An hand immortal gave the wound ;  
No more could root, or branch be found,  
I look'd, and ask'd, but none could tell,  
Where was the place it grew, or whence it sunk to hell.

XVII.

Unlike the Perfect man, whom God defends,  
For if Thou mark him, and observe th' Upright ;  
Mercy his life, his death-bed peace attends,  
Without all storm, or Conscience to affright :  
While that o'rethrow the wicked have  
Is a light taste of what shall be  
Their portion, to Eternitie ;  
From which their wealth no more can save  
Their guilty souls, than their vile bodies from the grave.

XVIII.

In God the Poor do's all his trust repose,  
To him in trouble flies, in straits complains ;  
Who in return confounds His bloody foes,  
And leads them captive in eternal Chains ;

For none e're yet his eyes did raise  
 To Heav'en for help, and sought it thence,  
 With certain hope, and confidence,  
 But Heav'en did crown his head with bayes,  
 And turn'd his Prayers into triumphal Songs of Praise.

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Psalm XXXVIII.

*Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me, &c.*

I.

The II. Pen-  
 itential  
 Psalm of  
 David.

**L**ord, in Thy wrath rebuke me not,  
 Nor in Thy fury chasten me;  
 For such weak things that Furnace is too hot,  
 And by my clay no more endur'd can be,  
 Than my injustice, and repeated wrongs by Thee.

II.

In vain Thy wrath I strive to fly,  
 And from my self in vain make haste;  
 For, lo, the dart, by which I needs must die,  
 At once has pierc'd, and in my side sticks fast,  
 By no hand to be drawn, but His, from whence 'twas.  
 (cal)

III.

'Tis Thou alone my life must save,  
 For not my least part, Lord, is sound;  
 My bones with rottenness prevent the grave,  
 Turn'd to that dust, the dead are, under ground,  
 And my whole body is, all o're, but one great wound!

IV. N



## IV.

My sins, like billows, o're me roll,  
The sinner all engag'd to drown;  
And with huge weights so press my helpless Soul,  
That it, unable to resist, lies down  
Under the load, that's yet made heavier by Thy frown.

## V.

Uneasie weight, which as it lies  
New galls and bruises me all o're,  
Under whose burden I scarce hope to rise,  
For if I do, I shall afresh but roar,  
As long as that remains, which caus'd at first my sore.

## VI.

My foolishness, which like a fire,  
That inward burns, takes reins, and heart,  
Fed with that blood, by which it should expire,  
Scising, e're felt, the best, and noblest part,  
Beyond the cure of herbs, or helpless Physicks art.

## VII.

Thus weak, and broken, thus cast down,  
To Thee alone my prayers I make,  
Who all my sighs, and tears, and wounds hast known,  
And the great cure canst only undertake,  
Now all my friends, me, as a dying man, forsake.

## VIII.

Nor is this all; my Enemies  
Lest I should scape, new toyls prepare;  
Their tongues speak out the malice of their eyes,  
And, what too long they had conceal'd, declare;  
Lord, what's their hand, if even thir words thus cruel are?

## IX.

As one past hope they of me speak,  
 And think by that to make me fear ;  
 But all their words, nor can my silence break,  
 Nor them convince, that I so much as hear ;  
 Without reproofs as dumb, pati'ent as without ear.

## X.

But Thou, O God, art my great trust,  
 And unto Thee my heart do's pray ;  
 Hear me, My God, lest they who so much boast,  
 Seeing me fall, presumptuously inveigh, (away.  
 'Twas caus'd by theirs, when Thou but took'st Thy hand

## XI.

I know I have deserv'd to fall,  
 And even to Hell to be cast down ;  
 But let my tears Thy help, and pardon call !  
 I grieve, Thou see'st, and my transgressions own,  
 Forbear Thine, Lord, where sentence has already gone.

## XII.

For this my Enemies encrease,  
 My sins, I know, have made them strong ;  
 For this all thoughts of former kindness cease,  
 And my just deeds they recompense with wrong ;  
 Yet still I'll follow Thee, though th' way be rough and  
 (long.

## XIII.

Forfake me not, but be my guide,  
 And lead me, that I never stray :  
 For should'st Thou go too fast before, or hide  
 Thy gracious sight, I should benighted stay,  
 And still the more I sought, the more should lose my way.  
 Pfalm.



“How frail I am, how near unto my end,  
“That what’s Thine own, I may before-hand to Thee  
(send!

## V.

“I know I’m frail, and if with Thine  
“I my uncertain life compare,  
“That age, which I may truly say is mine,  
“And all my dayes to Thy years nothing are :  
“Mans best estate is but an empty strife,  
“And if there can be less than nothing found, ’tis Life.

## VI.

“The faint resemblance of a shade,  
“That scarce can in conception be ;  
“And yet how great a slave poor Man is made,  
“Whom God at first appointed to be free,  
“An airy thing that only lives by Fame,  
“And whom unweildy passions, ruine give and Name.

## VII.

“He loves, and hates, and hopes, and fears,  
“And with fresh wounds renews his pain :  
“Troubles himself at every thing he hears,  
“And scarce recovered, slips, and falls again ;  
“Erects vast Piles, and endless wealth do’s crave,  
“Yet knows not who the fruit of all his cares shall have.

## VIII.

What then my God, can I expect,  
Truly my hope depends on Thee ;  
May’st Thou Thy Servant from all wrongs protect,  
And from my sins (worle Foes) deliver me !

Not

Not that they were unheard, I dumb did stand,  
But when they spake, upon my self I felt Thy hand.

## IX.

When Thou dost Man for sin chastise,  
And with Thy judgments on him fall;  
No beauty in his own, left in Thine eyes,  
Is left of that, which he did beauty call:  
But like a garment, which the Moth has fret,  
Just such a thing is Man, though ne're so high and great.

## X.

Remove Thy hand, for, Lord, I faint!  
Thy wrath I can no longer bear;  
From Heav'n bow down, and hear my sad complaint;  
Speak, Lord, that I may know I have Thine ear!  
O from my tears turn not Thy face away,  
They on Thee call, and be not Thou more dumb than  
(they.

## XI.

Thou know'st I have no resting place,  
I, nor my Fathers here below;  
They're gone, and I must follow them apace,  
Spare me, before I that great Journey go;  
Lord spare me, who e're long shall be no more,  
Forgot by mine, as I have those, who went before!

## Pſalm XL.

*Expectans expectavi, &c.*

## I.

**I**N my great Trouble, when all hopes did fail,  
I patiently for God did wait,  
And found my Prayer then to prevail,  
When all means else, or useleſs prov'd, or came too late.

## II.

The Lord unto my voice inclin'd His ear,  
And from the pit deliver'd me ;  
A pit, whoſe fight ſtrook me with fear,  
And, only as my dungeon, could more dreadful be.

## III.

There ſtuck my feet, and thence He brought me out,  
And on a Rock to fall no more,  
But to view Him, and look about,  
As high He rais'd me, as I was caſt down before.

## IV.

Where as I ſtood I ſang with chearful Voice  
His praifes who deliver'd me ;  
Whil'ſt thoſe who fear'd before, rejoyce  
A certain Providence in all events to ſee.

## V.

Bleſt is that Man, who makes the Lord his truſt,  
His firmeſt ſtay, and confidence ;  
Unbyaſ'd by anothers luſt,  
And keeps his own from having any influence !

VI. Many

## VI.

Many and fearful things Thy hand has done ;  
And whole can with Thy works compare ?  
But could Thy thoughts to us be known,  
Numberless, Lord, and like Thee infinite they are.

## VII.

I heard Thee say Thou dost not blood desire,  
No Off'erings, or Burnt-Sacrifice ;  
That Altars smook with daily fire, (skies :  
And with the clouds they upward send, obscure the

## VIII.

Instead of them my self I bring to Thee,  
And in Thy Roll, if Thou but look,  
'Tis written there concerning me,  
Nor is my Name alone, but Office in Thy Book.

## IX.

'Tis entred there what my delights have been ;  
And that I more to Thee might draw,  
How I Thy Righteousness have seen,  
And what I knew and kept, to others preach'd Thy Law.

## X.

Thou know'st, O God, my tongue has not been still,  
And that Thy Word I ne're conceal'd ;  
But as I knew what was Thy Will,  
Its Truth and Faithfulness have in Thy Church reveal'd.

## XI. Thy

## XI.

Thy wonted Grace, ah ! do not then withhold !  
But in Thy Mercies, Lord, draw near,  
Those Mercies, which have been of old,  
And in my help with greater lustre will appear.

## XII.

For thousand evils have begirt me round,  
And all my sins upon me seize ;  
With pensive eyes fixt on the ground,  
I dare not upward look, their numbers so encrease.

## XIII.

If to the skie, I in the skie behold  
Stars, which one yet may sooner count ;  
My hairs, could every hair be told,  
Compar'd with them, are lost, and to no sum amount.

## XIV.

Wherefore, my God, be pleas'd to come away,  
And to my rescue make more haste !  
*Verse.* My troubles call, O, do not stay,  
Nor let Thy help be slow, when they come on-so fast !

## XV.

Now come, and with Thy Prefence, Lord, confound  
My proud, and cruel Enemy :  
Level his greatness with the ground,  
And when he surely thought to conquer, let him fly !

## XVI. Let



## XVI.

Let him be backward forc'd, and for the scorn  
His curst malice threw on me,  
Let on his head that scorn return,  
And be himself as low as he wisht I should be !

## XVII.

Whil'st those who on th' Almighty's Arm do trust,  
In Thee, who their Salvation art,  
Alway rejoyce that Thou art Just,  
And have their mouths as full of praises, as their heart.

## XVIII.

May I, my God, one of that number be ;  
For though at present I am low,  
Thou know'st I still belong to Thee,  
And only for my sins, till they are purg'd, am so !

## XIX.

Then help me, Lord, O do not ever stay,  
But to my rescue come at last ;  
My troubles call Thee now away,  
Let not Thy help be slow, when they come on so fast !

*Versus.*

## Psalm XLI.

*Beatus Vir qui intelligit, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

**B**lest is that man, who do's the poor relieve,  
 And feels the mis'eries, which he sees them bear ;  
 The Lord will sure deliverance to him give,  
 And daily to his Prayers incline His ear :  
     Will set him from his troubles free,  
 And his past griefs with pleasure let him see.

## II.

God will preserve him from the rotting grave,  
 And crown his hoary head with happiness ;  
 His threatned life will from his En'mies save,  
 And give his just endeavours large success :  
     His En'mies Wills shall stoop to His,  
 And here he shall begin his endless bliss.

## III.

When on the bed of sickness he shall lie,  
 His bed that God, which holds him up, will make ;  
 Will give him strength, though able scarce to cry,  
 And faithful hands, which Heav'n by force shall take :  
     That Mercy then, which he has shown,  
 And all he gave, shall truly be his own.

## IV.

Dear God, said I, on whom all things depend,  
 Though I have thus by Thy commandment, done,  
 I merit nothing, Lord, for I have sinn'd,  
 And what I gave Thee, was before Thine own ;

Yet

Yet grant it mine; Lord, heal my Soul!  
For Silver streams cleanse not, what Sin makes foul.

V.

My Enemies, Thou know'st, assault my Fame;  
"When will he die, say they, and leave behind,  
"That, which we'll look shall not bide long, his Name,  
"But to it given, be quickly turn'd to wind?

And when one comes to visit me,  
Instead of Comfort, he speaks Vanitie.

VI.

Notice of every groan he seems to take,  
And turn'd officious, weeps for companie,  
But gone, a sport of all my grief do's make,  
And laughs to think how he impos'd on me:

Abroad he tells where he has been,  
And lies invents of what he there has seen:

VII.

"A base disease, sayes he, to him cleaves fast,  
(Thus, Lord, Thou know'st they still against me speak)

"This sickness cannot choose but be his last,  
"With his sore pains his heart will doubtless break:

"He cannot scape as heretofore,  
"But this time fallen, he shall rise no more.

VIII.

Then to encrease these miseries, my Friend,  
Whom I, till then more than my self could trust,  
Who of my bread did eat, new cares did send,  
And then most fail'd, when he was wanted most:

Against

Against me has lift up his heel,  
And for my love made me his malice feel.

## IX.

But Thou, O God, to me be merciful,  
And succour him whom Thou hast cast thus low !  
So shall I vengeance on my En'mies pull,  
And up to Heav'en my self more freely grow !  
Be of thy certain love assur'd,  
When by thy hands from theirs I'm thus secur'd.

## X.

'Tis done, my God, and I am now secure,  
Founded on Thee, my'integrity stands fast :  
And if a little while I can endure,  
Thy blessed Face I shall behold at last.  
To *Israel's* God let all sing praise,  
And high as Heav'en Triumphal Arches raise.

*Amen and Amen.*

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*The End of the First Book  
of P S A L M S.*

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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
PSALMS.

---

Psalm XLII.

*Quemadmodum desiderat, &c.*

I.

**L**ook as the Hart by dogs and men pursu'd,  
 (Seeing his heels betray their flight,  
 When he of both had lost the light)  
 Pants for the streams, and takes at last the flood,  
 With hopes by changing thus the Element,  
 To cool his heat, and in its streams to drown the scent :

*A Psalm for  
the Sons of  
Korah.*

II.

After my God so pants my chafed Soul,  
 My Soul so thirsts for Thee, my King ;  
 When wilt Thou me to *Sion* bring,  
 Where I may serve Thee, Lord, without controll ?  
 Thou know'st my grief, how tears have been my food,  
 When my insulting Foes have cry'd, " Now where's  
 (your God ?

I

III. I grieve,

## III.

I grieve, but when I think the time will come  
 That I shall to Thy Temple go,  
 And on my Harp Thy wonders show,  
 How I again in triumph shall ride home,  
 These happy thoughts dispel my darkest fears,  
 And what grief did before, my joy dissolves in tears.

## IV.

*Jer. lxx.*

Why art Thou troubled, Soul, and restless grown,  
 Full of wild thoughts and sad despair,  
 Fearful Thy God has left his care;  
 Much lower than thou need'st to be, cast down?  
 Trust in Him still, for Thou His Name shalt praise,  
 Who with one gracious look thy buried hopes can raise

## V.

Down to the Earth my troubled Soul is cast,  
 Yet will I Lord remember Thee;  
 The whole World is Thy Royaltie,  
*Missar*, and *Hermon* part of *Zions* Waste;  
 Whither from thence my eyes delight to stray,  
 And though they cannot see it, love to gaze that way.

## VI.

Deep upon Deep in lowder tempests call,  
 The Seas above to them below,  
 Together o're my head they go,  
 And on they bid the conquering billows fall,  
 In troops they come, as to divide the prey,  
 And hollow to their fellow waves to hast away.

VII. Fa

## VII.

Fall on proud waves, on me spend all your rage,  
I can withstand your roughest shock,  
Fall on, and break against this Rock,  
Which dares your pride, and for me do's engage !  
My God will still your noise, your fury lay,  
And change this dismal night into a glorious day.

## VIII.

But where's my God, that I to him may sing ?  
Let me not ever suffer thus,  
But to me be propitious,  
Break forth, O Sun, and healing with Thee bring !  
Pierc'd to the heart, Thou know'st I could weep blood,  
When my insulting foes say daily, " Where's your God.

## IX.

Why art Thou troubled, Soul, and restless grown, *Persus.*  
Full of wild thoughts and sad despair,  
Fearful Thy God has left his care ;  
Much lower than thou need'st to be, cast down ?  
Trust in Him still, for Thou His Name shalt praise,  
Who with one gracious look, thy buried hopes can raise.

---

## Pſalm XLIII.

*Judica me Deus & diſcerne, &c.*

## I.

**T**Hou who art Judge of all the World, be mine  
 Be both my Judge, and Advocate  
 My Cauſe both ſentence, and debate,  
 And let the iſſue prove that I am Thine :  
 From the deceitful Man deliver me,  
 Others he may deceive, but ne're impoſe on Thee !

## II.

Thou art my ſtrength, and on Thee I relie ;  
 Why do's my God this diſtance keep,  
 Whil'ſt I lie buried in the deep,  
 And only with my ſighs can upward fly ?  
 Pity my Darkneſs, Lord, diſpel this night,  
 And from Thy ſacred Hill ſend forth Thy Truth and  
 (Light)

## III.

That glorious Light, which may direct my way,  
 And where Thou art enjoy'd, bring me ;  
 That we may ſtill together be,  
 In *Sion* where Thy Preſence makes it day :  
 Then with my Harp I'll to Thy Altar go,  
 And, what above ſhall never ceaſe, begin below.

## IV.

*Versus.*

Why art Thou troubled, Soul, and reſtleſs grown  
 Full of wild thoughts and ſad deſpair,  
 Fearful Thy God has left his care,  
 Much lower than thou need'ſt to be, caſt down ?  
 Trust in Him ſtill, for Thou His Name ſhalt praiſe :  
 Who with one gracious look thy buried hopes can raiſe

Pſ



## Psalm XLIV.

*Deus auribus nostris audivimus, &c.*

## I.

Great God, we oft have heard our Fathers tell  
 The Mighty works which Thou of old hast done, *A Psalm for the Sons of Korah.*  
 When to make room for them, where they might dwell,  
 And in a Land of thine own choice sit down,  
 The Natives by Thy hand were overthrown;  
 How Egypt at Thy Signs admiring stood,  
 And thinking to pursue, were drown'd i'th' flood.

## II.

'Twas not their Bow or Sword, which forc'd their way, *Versus.*  
 Nor the weak aids their helpless arms could bring;  
 But Thou, whose Word the Sacred Hosts obey,  
 Made'st certain Victory attend their string,  
 And as their arrows flew, direct her wing:  
 Thy Light and Favour was their Arms and Guide,  
 And when they fought, to conquer Thou did'st ride,

## III.

May'st Thou again do thus, who art Our King!  
 And new deliv'rance for their Seed command;  
 Thou only canst such great Salvation bring,  
 As may again return us to Our Land,  
 And make us on our En'emies necks to stand:  
 And when Thy Power Thou on our side shalt show,  
 And beat them down, through Thee wee'll keep them so.

## IV.

*Persius.*

" 'Twas not our Bow, or Sword that helpt, wee'll say  
 " Nor those weak aids our useles Arms did bring;  
 " But He whose Word the Sacred Hosts obey,  
 " Made certain Victory attend our string,  
 " And as our arrows flew, direct her wing:  
 " He put our Enemies to flight, and shame,  
 " And His great Praise for ever wee'll proclaim.

## V.

But we, alas, not they, are forc'd to fly,  
 Since Thou, who lead'st our Armies out of old,  
 Art now become Thy self an Enemy,  
 And make'st them more successful grow, and bold,  
 That what with wrong they got, by force they hold:  
 Like one great flock of Sheep, we scatt'ered are,  
 And wolves devour those, whom the Shambles spare.

## VI.

We openly are sold, but 'tis for nought;  
 Nor do's Thy treasure by our sale encrease;  
 By those, who hate us, we for slaves are bought,  
 Nor by our mis'eries do's their fury cease,  
 But we in War less suff'ered than in Peace:  
 A shame, reproach, and proverb, we are made,  
 In scorn to hands, which were of ours afraid.

## VII.

'Tis not our disappointments, and disgrace  
 That are the only causes of our shame;  
 Not these alone with blushes fill our face,  
 But the sad thoughts that Thou should'st bear our blame  
 And be confus'd with us Thy Sacred Name;

For what's our own we can with Patience bear,  
But Blasphemies 'gainst Thee 'tis death to hear.

## VIII.

Vet these we've heard, beside what else we've born,  
But in our suff'erings not forgotten Thee,  
Resolv'd our steps from Thy Laws ne're to turn,  
How rough, and hard soe're the way might be,  
Or in Thy Oath to deal perfidiouſlie :  
Though for our Masters we fierce Dragons have,  
And all our ſervice is in ſight o'th' grave.

## IX.

Had we forgotten His, or to ſtrange Names  
Of Idol-gods ſtretch'd out our ſuppliant hands,  
Should not God know, and viſit this in flames,  
Who the vaſt Empire of all hearts commands,  
And thoughts, more than we actions, underſtands?  
But for His ſake alone all day we're ſlain,  
Like Sheep, and where we fed, have dy'd the Plain.

## X.

Awake, why ſleep'ſt Thou, Lord, awake, and riſe !  
And turn nor us, nor Thy bright face away ;  
Let our diſtreſs find pity in Thine eyes ;  
Which ſee the weights they on our ſhoulders lay,  
And how we proſtrate for Thy ſuccour pray !  
Ah, cauſe Thy face for Thy loves ſake to ſhine,  
And for our help ariſe, who ſtill are Thine.

## Pſalm XLV.

*Eruſtavit Cor meum verbum, &c.*

## I.

*A Song of  
Loves.*

A Thousand fancies from my heart the Spring,  
 (Like a ſwoln ſtream which banks canne're cor  
 Increasing ſtill as it along do's roll, (tro  
 And grown impetuous, ſcorns to be kept in)  
 Too great and violent in my Soul to ſtay,  
 Out I ſee'll burſt, and by my tongue,  
 Flow in a ſwift, and numerous Song;  
 Will there, or find, or force their way,  
 And make my hand, which cannot ſtop, to run as faſt a  
 (they

## II.

Dread Sov'reign, when the Argument is Thine,  
 And Thou art pleas'd to give me leave to ſing  
 Of all that grandeur, which enthrones my King,  
 No wonder if my Verſe be gay and fine;  
 Thy beauty, not my ſkill do's make it ſo,  
 Thou, who in beauty doſt excel  
 The faireſt Soul, which beſt do's dwell,  
 From whoſe ſoft lips there ever flow  
 That Grace, and Bleſſing Heav'en till now on Man did  
 (ne're beſtow

## III.

Go on then, Valiant Prince, and gird Thy Sword,  
 Wherewith Thou haſt ſo often Conquerour been;  
 Appear more glorious than Thou e're wert ſeen,  
 And let the whole world own Thee for their Lord!  
 Ther

Then mount Thy Chariot, and in triumph ride,  
 With Meekness, Truth, and Equity,  
 And all the Virtues running by,  
 Whil'st Vict'ory do's Thy journeys guide,  
 And flies before new Conquests, and fresh Laurels to pro-  
 (vide!

**IV.**

Then shall Thy arm for slaughter be made bare,  
 And Thy proud Enemies receive the darts  
 Which Thou shalt throw, and bury in their hearts,  
 Whil'st those that yield, Thou dost as freely spare;  
 Nor Time, nor place shall Thy Dominion bound,  
 The Justice of Thy Righteous sway,  
 Shall make all Lands, all men obey,  
 And wheresoe're Thy Name shall sound,  
 Amids Thy foes, new Subjects of Thy Kingdom shall be  
 (found.

**V.**

That Righteousness Thou lov'st shall be Thy Crown,  
 And at Thy Feet Envy and Hate shall lie;  
 The Mighty God, who rais'd Thee up so high,  
 Above Thy Fellows, pour His Unction down,  
 With greater lustre make Thy Face to shine,  
 When He the Sacred Oyl shall shed,  
 Himself, upon Thy Royal Head,  
 And, to express the Love Divine,  
 Meekness with Majesty, and to Thy Joys, Thy Peoples  
 (joyn!

**VI.**

They shall rejoyce, when from the Iv'ory Throne,  
 Clad in Thy Robes of State, Thou shalt appear,  
 When all the perfumes, which the East do's bear,  
 And the bright Sun or makes, or looks upon,

To

To Thine their Spirits and richest Odours add,  
 And breathing out their Souls shall say,  
 Thou hast more Sweets, more Charms than they;  
 Thus near Thee to have come, are glad,  
 That they may higher Scents receive thence, than at first  
 (they had.

## VII.

Daughters of Kings make Thy illustrious train,  
 To do what Thy just pleasure shall command;  
 And force our eyes, but that at Thy right hand  
 The Queen with hers remands them back again;  
 Next Thee she stands, Her Pall with Gold all wrought,  
 Where curious Art and Nature strive  
 Which greater Ornament shall give,  
 Beyond Inventions barren thought,  
 Made of the richest Spoils were e're from *Ophirs* trea-  
 (sure brought.

## VIII.

And Thou O Queen, incline Thy willing ear,  
 Forget Thy Father, and Thy Countrey too;  
 What was theirs once, is now a Sov'reigns due,  
 Who merits all Thy honour, love, and fear.  
 The Kings, who shall no less make Thee to reign,  
 And to Thy Rule Himself submit,  
 To th'Empire of Thy Eyes, and Wit,  
 Become their slave, and take the Chain,  
 And what Thy hands presented Him, to them resign a  
 (gain.

## IX.

Tyre with a Present shall her daughters send,  
 To seek thy favour, and thy love entreat,  
 'Tis thy Alliance, which shall make them great,  
 And not their own wealth, though it knows no end;  
 Not

Not that their gifts and store can add to Thine,  
The rich embroidery of Thy Vest,  
Where all the Needles art's exprest,  
To Beauties which are more Divine,  
And all within, unseen by mortal eye, far brighter shine.

## X.

Thus shalt Thou be conducted to the King,  
Whil'st all the Virgins, who Thy Pomp attend,  
In shouts to Heav'n their acclamations send,  
And as they follow to the Palace, sing,  
“Hail Fairest Queen, forget Thy Fathers Land,  
“Nor let His Cares disturb thy mind,  
“For Thou instead of them shalt find  
“Children, who with the Sov'eraign Wand  
“More Empires than He Cities govern'd, shall the world  
(command.

## XI.

My Verse shall praise Thee too, and Thy great Name  
While Verse is read, shall in its numbers live:  
More it could wish, but more it cannot give,  
And begs to be the Record of Thy Fame:  
So when the Age to come by that shall know  
These Wonders, and renew Thy Praise  
In Altars, which their Zeal shall raise,  
Thy Name shall make my Verse to grow,  
And what to Thee it wisht, eternity on that bestow.

## Pſalm XLVI.

*Dens noſter Refugium, &c.*

## I.

*A Song for  
the Sons of  
Korah.*

**T**O Armies ſome for refuge fly,  
Others to Walls, which they muſt firſt defend;  
But God's our help, and when to Him we cry,  
Or He our troubles ſoon will end,  
Or us to 'a City they dare not attack, will ſend.

## II.

Shall we fear then, tho' tempeſts roar,  
And one ſtorm mingle Sea, and Earth, and all,  
Though real Mountains, torn from the looſe ſhoar,  
To Heav'n be toſt, and Heav'n quite fall?  
The ruine rather wee'll out-brave, and louder call.

## III.

Fly ye ſwift winds, tempeſts be gone,  
Be ſtill proud Seas, there is no need of you,  
We have a ſtream, which though it ſoftly run,  
Can more than all your billows do,  
Both cleanſe the Holy City, and reſreſh it too.

## IV.

Slow *Siloah*, which ſo gently glides,  
It ſeems as unrevolv'd to go away,  
And paſſing where the Moſt High God reſides,  
To view the place ſo long do's ſtay,  
Th' enamour'd River one would gueſs forgot its way.

V. !



## V.

It *Sion* views, where God do's dwell,  
*Sion* His Throne, which like the Earth remains;  
Heav'en is her guard, and all the Powers of Hell  
Shall ne're move her, for there He reigns,  
Who is the God o'th' Hills, & lays on Vales His Chairs.

## VI.

The Heathen Kings began to rage,  
And all their strength against her did command;  
But God Himself to save her did engage,  
Utt'cred His Voice, and shew'd His hand,  
And though the Earth did melt, *Sion* unmov'd did stand.

## VII.

The God of Battles fights for us, *Victus.*  
On whom the Hosts of Heav'en and Earth attend;  
Through Him our arms shall be Victorious,  
And when our Prayers to Him ascend,  
He that is *Jacobs* God, His *Israel* will defend.

## VIII.

Come, and behold, what He has done,  
The mighty works w<sup>ch</sup> His right hand has wrought,  
How on their Foes He turn'd destruction,  
But to His own deliverance brought,  
And made them mighty Conque'rours, when He for them  
(fought!

## IX.

All the World o're He ends all Wars,  
And in their room brings plenty, mirth, and ease;  
With Laurel covers the Triumphers scars,  
And all, but in their Poms, makes cease  
The Trumpets noise, and burns the broken arms to  
(Peace

## X.

"Be still, said He, and see my Power,  
"Only be still, that's all you need to do,  
"For on your Enemies I'll vengeance shower,  
"Exalt your heads, but lay theirs low,  
"That they, as well as you, my Sovereignty may know

## XI.

*Verses.*

The God of Battles fights for us,  
On whom the Hosts of Heaven and Earth attend:  
Through Him our Arms shall be Victorious,  
And when our Prayers to Him ascend,  
He that is *Jacobs* God, His *Israel* will defend.

---

Psalm

## Psalm XLVII.

*Omnes gentes plaudite manibus, &c.*

## I.

**R**ejoyce O World and you, who dwell therein,  
This Solemn day your mirth commands !  
Rejoyce, for the great Show will now begin,  
And lift your voice up with your hands !  
Let them both joyn, whiles you His Praises sing,  
Who only is the Universal King.

*'A Psalm for  
the Sons of  
Korah.**Verses;*

## II.

Mighty, and terrible, the Lord of all,  
His entrance those who will not meet,  
Too proud to kiss his hands, shall lower fall,  
And yield their necks unto His feet ;  
So *Jacobs* Seed He will make glorious,  
And what Himself has done, ascribe to Us.

## III.

God is gone up, ascended with a shout,  
With sound of Trumpets ris'en on high ;  
And having put His Enemies to the rout,  
Upon their Trophies up did fly :  
Sing Praise to God, your Praises to Him sing,  
Who only is the Universal King !

*Verses.*

## IV.

God only is the Universal King ;  
His Name with understanding praise !  
To his Name sing lustily, and in all you sing  
Let that inspirit your chearful lays !

The

The World around His just Commands shall own,  
For Hol'iness is the Throne He sits upon.

V.

See how the Tributary Kings croud in, .  
And one United People make,  
See how their Crowns to'adorn his Courts they bring,  
And from His hands all new ones take :  
Each in His Temple Homage to Him yields,  
And there hang up their Consecrated Shields.

---

Pfalt

---

## Psalm XLVIII.

*Magnus Dominus, &c.*

## I.

Great is our God, and greatly to be prais'd,  
 Upon that Hill, which He himself has rais'd;  
*Sion*, which He His City made,  
 Beautiful *Sion*, whom the World obey'd, (pray'd;  
 And for whose Peace as for their own all Countries  
 Which on the North *Jerusalem* do's guard,  
 Safer than Gates most strongly barr'd;  
 Which on the North do's on *Jerusalem* shine,  
 So that around it has the Sun, or Natural, or Divine.

*A Psalm for  
 the Sons of  
 Korah.*

## II.

Within her Palaces the Lord is known,  
 For not hers more He counts them, than His own:  
 The Kings perceiv'd it, marching by,  
 But thither they no sooner cast their eye; (fly;  
 But from the conquering sight, as soon they strove to  
 Away they hasted thence, but all in vain;  
 Their fears pursu'd them with fresh pain;  
 Like Child-bed throes till there is born a Son,  
 A greater pang succeeds, as soon as e're the present's  
 (gone.

## III.

In Ships they thought their Spoils to carry home,  
 But Thou at Sea their Navy didst o'come;  
 All this, O Lord, we heard before,  
 And now believe, because we see Thy Power,  
 But who that had seen half so much, would not do more?

K

God

God will establish *Sion*, and command  
 The Sacred Pile unmov'd to stand ;  
 Thither wee'll come for help, in our distress,  
 And in the place where we bless him, beg that He us  
 (would bless)

## IV.

Lord, as Thy Name is, so shall be Thy Praise,  
 And to adorn it wee'll invent new ways :  
 To the wide Earths extreamest end,  
 From East it shall unto the West extend,  
 And when it has fill'd all below, to Heav'en ascend ;  
 That goodness which Thy hand around do's throw,  
 Like fruitful Seed, shall upward grow ;  
*Solyra* to Thy Courts her gifts shall bring,  
 And all her Daughters shout forth Acclamations to thei  
 (King)

## V.

Walk about *Sion*, all her Bulwarks count,  
 The humble Vallies, and the Holy Mount,  
 Her lofty Tow'ers, up to the Skie,  
 To which the Heav'ens desire to be more nigh,  
 And their own heights, to kiss her sacred Spires, deny  
 Round it again, and her great Wonders see,  
 To tell the Age which is to be :  
 And that Her God will Ours to'the death abide,  
 And through the Graves dark way to'Himself and  
 (Heav'en our passage guide)

## Pſalm XLIX.

*Andite hæc omnes gentes auribus, &c.*

## I.

**A**Ttend, O World, and bid thy Nations hear,  
 Those, who lie furthest off, and those more near,  
 Both rich, and poor, and high, and low,  
 My Song no difference makes, and none do's know,  
 But those who serve, and those who rule,  
 The Souldier, Statesman, and the Fool,  
 The young, the old, the great, the small,  
 It do's without distinction call,  
**And** like the grave, alike concerns, and equals All.

*A Psalm for  
 the Sons of  
 Korah.*

## II.

With God my Song : His Wisdom moves the Lyre,  
 And makes the chords in lofty sounds conspire :  
 With Him will I begin my Song,  
 His Wisdom shall conduct the strains along,  
 Shall life, and breath, and motion give,  
 Make them, and they my Voice to live ;  
 Then the stops chang'd, on the same string,  
 I will in mighty Numbers sing  
**Triumphant Death,** w<sup>ch</sup> next Him is the greatest King.

## III.

What profit 's it to hoard up endless store  
 Of wealth for others, and my self be Poor ?  
 Prevent my evil day with Cares,  
 To leave a Curse, and sorrow to my Heirs ?

Since he who has most chains of Gold,  
 The Pris'oner life can never hold;  
 Can never pay a ransom down  
 For the fleet Soul, in haste to be gon,  
 And from the grave redeem his Brother's, or his own.

## IV.

Death throws an heavier Chain than that o're all,  
 And proudest Tyrants at His Footstool fall;  
 Look how the Wife, the Brutish die,  
 And in one Urn their lots and ashes lie:  
 The longest livers only have  
 A tedious voyage to the grave;  
 Whil't most a short reach thither find,  
 And have their Pass-ports sooner sign'd,  
 Whither all come at last, and leave their wealth behind

## V.

In vain by Monuments men hope to live,  
 And their fond Names to Lands and Houses give;  
 In vain they huge foundations lay  
 For Tombs, which have their Fate, as well as they;  
 No Honours bayl in this arrest,  
 But the same death waits Man, and Beast:  
 And Children, tho' enough they know  
 Their Fathers folly, choose to go  
 With them, and count those greater fools, who do not

## VI.

They follow close their steps, their sayings hold,  
 Like Sheep they follow to th'Eternal fold;  
 Where till the Morning they are penn'd,  
 The Morning of that day, which ne're shall end;  
 Whil



Which Titles shall again renew,  
 And differences the Grave ne're knew;  
 From some all beauty take away,  
 In greater lustre some display,  
 Raising them Gold, who buried were but only Clay.

VII.

Then shall I rise too, and with glory shine,  
 From the Graves power, kept by the power Divine,  
 It shall no longer trouble me,  
 Nor know I why the Wise should troubled be,  
 To see anothers stores encrease,  
 Since they disturb His present ease,  
 And must be left all, when he dies;  
 Then heavy Gold begins to rise,  
 And with his breath, away an empty Honour flies.

VIII.

His former pleasures then avail him not,  
 But are by him, as he's by his forgot:  
 Nothing remains of all he did,  
 When with his Fathers, he in night lies hid:  
 That Wisdom only do's abide,  
 Which for the future did provide:  
 Wisdom which sets the Man on high,  
 Wisdom the badge to know him by,  
 Without which like a Beast he lives, and all must die.

## Psalm L.

*Deus Deorum Dominus, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
Asaph.*

'Tis past, and by irrevocable doom  
 Decreed that all the World to Judgment come  
 Out from the East let the great summons go,  
 Swifter than Morning light,  
 In its first undisturb'd, and lusty flight,  
 When on the Western Hills it hastes to show  
 Its Conquests, and drives thence the Captive Night  
 Then let the West to th' voice give ear,  
 And all the scatt'ered winds, which lie between,  
 Be ready on the wing,  
 And o're the Earth the dreadful Message bear!  
 Make the deaf North, and South to hear!  
 Proclaim it in the open Skie,  
 That the last day is nigh;  
 A day which none e're yet did see,  
 And which but few, till't comes, believe will be,  
 When God the hearts of all shall open lay,  
 And bid the world to make room for the Session, haste a  
 (way

## II.

When *Sion* was the Residence Divine,  
 God empti'd all his Glories there;  
*Sion* did with refulgent beauty shine,  
 And only what was lovely durst appear:  
 The Air was calm, Heav'n seem'd more bright,  
 And thence reflected all around a purer light;

Before

Before-hand would officiously come down,  
 And take the forward Sacrifice,  
 E're it began to rise,  
 And with a sacred flame the Victim crown :  
 Or if it gath'ered in a Cloud,  
 'Twas but some greater Majesty to shroud.  
 No cries were heard there, or sad groans,  
 Nothing that could disturb the quiet of the place,  
 But joy and mirth were seen in every Face,  
 And left their traces on the stones.  
 The very walls were glad,  
 Mourn'd not in breaches, nor in clefts lookt sad,  
 But the bright Liveries of Peace did wear ;  
 The Walls look'd gay, the Altars fair,  
 And with perpetual throngs  
 Of those who came to worship there,  
 The Courts were ever fill'd with Incense, or with Songs.  
 Nay God Himself attention seem'd to give,  
 And held His own the Homage of their Voices to re-  
 ceive.

## III.

But now that time is past, nor as before,  
 Will he in love draw near,  
 But all in Flames appear,  
 Will in the charming murmurs be no more,  
 But up Hee'll lift His voice, and roar, (devour.  
 And those flames which the Victim burnt, the Altar shall  
 A tempest shall before Him ride,  
 And forward post the sluggish wind,  
 With thousand Captives running by His side,  
 Of Lands which he has empty made,  
 Clearing the way for Plagues which come behind,  
 And of the following Thunder be it self afraid.  
 Along the Heav'en the Thunder like a Sea shall roll,  
 And make its noise be heard to either Pole :

With all the Fears, which horror can invent,  
 With lightnings, not to purge the Air,  
 And its decays repair,  
 But to make greater, and disturb it, sent.  
 To riot there without controll, (Scrol  
 And synge what it e're long shall burn, that beauteous

## IV.

Then shall God come, and with a dreadful voice,  
 Which lays those storms, & checks that Thunders noise  
 Making the Dead who heard not them awake,  
 And Heav'n and Earth, and Sea affrighted quake;  
 When thus He cites them to appear,  
 And bids them to the Bar draw near,  
 His Pleasure, and their Charge to hear,  
 "Return, Hee'l to them say, Return your dead,  
 "To meet the Souls which from them fled,  
 "And both be sentenc'd, for what both together did!  
 "Unto my great Exchequers Inquest bring  
 "The Debtors, whose accounts long since are given in,  
 "And who so many Ages have your Prisoners been!  
 "Resign O Earth, and Skie, and Sea your trust,  
 "Be sure no guilty Criminal you hide,  
 "But that all come, and all be try'd,  
 "You long enough have unaccounted for their dust;  
 "But first bring in my Saints, who to my bar appeal,  
 "To me their several Names are known,  
 "And in my Book their labours are set down,  
 "How they to my just Law did Seal,  
 "Or with their Sacrifices blood, or with their own.

## V.

See how they trembling stand,  
 Receive the charge, and finish the Command,  
 And to the great Tribunal bring the pinnion'd band?  
 Th

The Prison-gates are open thrown,  
 And not till now to their Eternal home,  
 Those who mistook the grave for it, are truly come ;  
 The Grave, w<sup>ch</sup> like an house forsook, it self falls down.  
     With their own bodies all arise,  
     The active dust begins to heave,  
     And ask its fellow if it live,  
 Scarce daring to believe its ears or eyes ;  
     A hollow Voice is heard around,  
     Of Souls, which to the Bodies call,  
     Yet with that neither might be found,      (fall ;  
 And till they come, would have the Mountains on them  
     The Mountains frighted worst of all,  
     Would for themselves find shelter under ground.  
 The Sea returns her dead, and her's the Skie,  
 Which now again from thence like Lightning flie,  
 But down to Hell, and in eternal flames to lie.  
     The whole World is one mighty Street,  
     Where Old acquaintance meet,  
 And though against their Wills are forc'd to greet,  
         Whilst up on high,  
 The Judges equal Sentence to declare,  
 The Saints are to the Bench call'd from the Bar,  
 And guilty Souls, by their own Witness cast,  
     Expect to have confirm'd at last,      (had past.  
 That Sentence, which they long before upon themselves

## VI.

“ Attend, O *Israel*, to thy God give ear,  
 (’Tis He who speaks, and Him thou ought’st to hear)  
 “ I charge thee not for Thy unfrequent Sacrifice,  
 “ Thy seldom Off’erings, and Thy bloodless Vowes,  
     “ That perfumes do so rarely rise,  
 “ And with their clouds meet, and obscure the Skies :  
     “ I’ll take no Bullock from Thine house,

“ Nor

- " Nor from Thy fold a rank He-Goat,  
 " For every Forest, and all beasts of note,  
 " The great who rule, the lesser who obey,  
 " The beasts of Pleasure, Service, and of Prey,  
     " Alike are mine,  
 " And all the Hills whercon they feed, as well as they ;  
 " When Thou by a false Title fondly call'st them Thine.  
     " They no subjection to thee owe,  
     " But what my pleasure gave at first :  
     " And when unto Thy Yoak they bow,      (it so,  
 " 'Tis not from any Power of Thine, but that I'll have  
 " Whothem to serve a while for Thy first sin have curst.  
     " Fowle too I curst so, but withal,  
 " To shew 'tis Mine they obey, and not thy call,  
     " Gave them large wings, at once to fly  
     " Thy lawless Tyranny,  
 " And the same homage beasts below, yield me on high.

## VII.

- " If I were hungry, why should I tell Thee,  
 " When the Earth's fulness all belongs to Me ?  
 " Or if I eat, must Thou needs with't acquainted be ?  
 " Think'st Thou that such gross meats as these,  
     " Bulls blood, or flesh my taste do please,  
 " And are fit things a De'ity to appease ?  
 " No, Wretched Mortal, to the God most High  
     " First pay thy vows, then send thy praise,  
     " In thy distress unto Him cry,  
 " And, where it may be always warm, an Altar raise ;  
     " Within thy heart, where groans, and sighs,  
     " May be the daily Sacrifice !  
     " For in such Off'erings He delights,  
 " These are His solemn and accepted Rites,  
     " Flames, which to Heav'n will surely come,  
 " And both thy passage thither clear, and for thee there  
     (make room!  
     VIII. But

## VIII.

- But to the Wicked the Almighty sayes,  
 "What hast thou, wretch, to do with my just Ways?  
 "To take my Word into thy mouth?  
 "Expound my Statutes, or declare my Truth?  
 "As if an Enemy would Trophies to his Conqueror raise,  
 "Or I from thee get any Praise;  
 "Who Counsel, which thou dost another give,  
 "Wilt not thy self receive,  
 "And what thou teachest, dost or slight, or not believe;  
 "Who when thou saw'st a Thief, didst with him steal,  
 "His theft didst or partake in, or conceal;  
 "With base Adulterers wert so,  
 "Didst never use thy tongue a wound to heal,  
 "But with it made'st a light one two;  
 "Most Enemy to them, who never did thee any wrong,  
 "And whom thou ought'st to bless, hast murder'd with  
 "I saw all this, and held my peace, (thy tongue.  
 "Expecting when thou would'st repent,  
 "But silence thou didst falsely judge consent, (these,  
 "Thoughtst me just like thy self, and that such ways as  
 "Since they escap'd unpunish'd, needs must please;  
 "But I'll reprove thee, and they all  
 "Shall be my Witnesses, when I to Judgment call;  
 "Then thou too late shalt know,  
 "This patience from my love did flow, (too.  
 "And dearly pay both for thy sin, and my forbearance

## IX.

- "Consider this, you who the Lord forget,  
 "And yet at last, if you are wise, return, (burn,  
 "Tempt not those flames, which will break out and  
 "And make your Judgment like my Patience great!  
 "Return,

- “Return, e’re yet it be too late,  
“See how I call, see how I wait,  
“There’s no repenting in a future state;  
Deliv’erance then you shall expect in vain,  
“And fruitlessly complain, (pain  
“When all your grief shall serve but to encrease you  
“Return now, whil’st you may, and now receive  
“Those Mercies, which I freely offer, freely give,  
“And that you may be ever so, Now happy live!  
“He honours me, who offers praise,  
“For he exalts mine, and I’ll blefs his Wayes;  
“Will be his refuge, till the storm is past,  
“And make him on a Rock stand fast,  
“Secure him here, and to my self will bring him home  
(at last.
- 

Psalm

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## Psalm LI.

*Miserere mei Deus secundum, &c.*

## I.

**T**Hou, who art full of bounty, and of love;  
 The Just, and yet the Gracious God,  
 Whose Mercy has nor bound, nor Period,  
 Let my distress Thy pity move;  
 Lord, for Thy Mercies sake blot out my sin,  
 Whose sum less infinite than that has only been !

*The IV. Penitential  
 Psalm of  
 David,  
 when Na-  
 than the  
 Prophet  
 came to  
 Him, after  
 he had gone  
 in to Bath-  
 sheba.*

## II.

To Thee I come, O cleanse and purge away  
 That filth, which do's Thy sight offend,  
 Receive with favour those requests I send,  
 And give Thy answer when I pray !  
 Wash my foul Soul, that's stain'd all o're with sin,  
 Without I should be clean, if I were so within !

## III.

'Tis great, I must confess, and wondrous foul,  
 So ugly that its shape affrights;  
 All day it haunts me, with me stays whole nights,  
 And with new horrors fills my Soul :  
 On me it stares, and when I turn aside,  
 To shun the Fiend, I meet it where I thought to hide.

## IV.

Against Thee only have I done this thing,  
 And to Thy just award must stand ;  
 If now upon me Thou shouldst lay Thy hand,  
 'Twill scarce be heavier than my sin :

Whate're

Whate're the Sentence be I must confefs, (no lefs  
Though sharp that, Lord, in Juſtice Thou could'ſt do

## V.

For I in ſin was born, in ſin conceiv'd,  
Full grown in that, when but a Child;  
My Nature, and my Life are both defil'd,  
And Thee by both, Lord, have I griev'd:  
Truth in the inward parts is Thy delight, (right  
To pleaſe my God make me firſt know, then do what!

## V I.

Purge me with Hyſſop, and I ſhall be clean,  
Let through my Soul Thy waters flow;  
My blackneſs ſhall be chang'd to pureſt Snow,  
And all my ſtains no more be ſeen:  
The Snow with me compar'd, ſhall ſeem leſs white,  
And look as faireſt colours do for want of light.

## VII.

No ſooner ſhalt Thou make me hear Thy voice,  
But all my pains ſhall flee away;  
The bones, which on the rack all broken lay,  
Then knit more firmly, ſhall rejoyce:  
Lord, as a Sinner look no more on me,  
Or if as ſuch, whom Love has reconcil'd to Thee!

## VIII.

Give me a heart Thou canſt ungriev'd behold,  
And a right Sp'irit in me renew;  
'Tis ſuil as eaſie, Lord, for Thee to do,  
As undertake to mend the old:

Cast me not from Thy Gracious sight away,  
But let Thy Sp'irit, with mine renew'd thus, ever stay!

I X.

Make it my Comforter, with me to'abide,  
And all my joys again restore;  
And that I ne're from Thee may wander more,  
As I to others, be my Guide!  
Who shall by my example learn Thy wayes,  
And chang'd, like me, in Songs recount Thy wondrous  
(Praise.

X.

Let not the guiltless blood, which I have shed,  
And all its waves upon me roll;  
But when thy sprinkling shall make clean my Soul,  
Let thy Salvation crown my head:  
Then shall my Harp of all thy love reherse,  
And with the Ground Divine, exalt my humble Verse.

X I.

Open my mouth, Thy praise I'll speak aloud,  
For didst Thou Bulls or Rams desire,  
A cruel Off'ering, and perpetual fire,  
I blood would exp'iate then with blood:  
But God for that no Sacrifice commands,  
Save that a bleeding heart attone for bloody hands.

X II.

Be good to *Sion*, build her Cities wall,  
That all the Vows, which she has made,  
With mine, may be upon thy Altar laid,  
And Hecatombs before it fall!

No cloudy darkness then shall veil the Skies,  
But day all night break from th'accepted Sacrifice.

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Pfalm LII.

*Quid gloriaris in malitia, &c.*

I.

*A Psalm of David. when Doeg the Edomite came and told Saul, and said unto him, David is come to the house of Achimelech.*

**I** Inhumane Beast, more treacherous, than strong;  
For Treason only makes thee so,  
And by perfidiousness Thy Power does grow,  
Why boast'st Thou thus in doing wrong,  
And arm'st weak hands with a malicious tongue?  
The' Almighty Goodness ever does remain,  
More firm, and stable than thy threats are vain.

II.

Sharp as a Lancet, which is newly whet,  
Thy tongue does pierce, and touch the quick,  
Wounds mortally, before 'tis felt to prick,  
Discovers plots, fram'd by deceit,  
In thy designs, and malice only great,  
Who sin before the chiefest Good dost love,  
And lyes more than the Truth, that's from above.

III.

Bitter, and cruel Words are thy delight,  
And all the joy of thy base tongue,  
But could'st Thou hope to go unpunisht long?  
See God the injury will requite,  
Destroy thee from this Land, and His own sight;  
And in reward for all your bitter fruit,  
Both cast Thee out, and pluck that up by th'root.

IV. The

## IV.

The Righteous shall behold it, and afraid,  
Shrink at thy plagues, but laugh at thee,  
And say, when They thy suddain ruine see,  
“Lo this Man on his riches staid,  
“And sought help from the Gods his gold had made;  
“Neglecting Him, who should have been his Trust;  
“For them, who thus deceiving him are just.

## V.

But like an Olive-tree still fresh, and green,  
I In Gods House shall ever stand,  
Planted and wat'ered there by His own hand,  
And on my boughs have fruit be seen,  
Where He may shine, and no cloud come between:  
On Him I'll wait, whose Mercies have no end,  
And from His Altar make my Praise ascend.

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L

Another

## Another Version of the same:

By M. M. B.

## I.

Monster of Men, who canst such mischiefs act,  
 And proudly triumph in the bloody fact,  
 Must this thy Pow' er declare,  
 That they, who at *Jehovah's* Altar stood, (blood  
 The Priests themselves, all stain'd with their own  
 The guiltless Victims of thy Fury were?  
 Yet not even this was able to assuage  
 Thy own curst malice, or thy wicked Masters rage.

## II.

But though my ruine thou didst most design,  
 And that no blood should quench thy thirst but mine  
 Know, wretch, that God is good,  
 And has been alwayes so in ages past;  
 Nor shall Eternity His Love exhaust;  
 Wherefore 'tis not thy force, though like a flood,  
 Nor all thy secret Plots, which shall avail,  
 Unless thou canst against th' Almighty first prevail.

## III.

Within thy heart lie hid those poisonous seeds  
 Of treason, which thy tongue provokes to deeds:  
 So piercing are thy words  
 They seem the Razours dulness to upbraid,  
 As if unfit for action, or afraid,  
 And have more edge than all my En'emies Swords:  
 By these thou dost the just ensnare, and slay,  
 And low as earth, their hopes, and lives together lay.

## IV. But

## IV.

But who, think'st thou, these actions will admire,  
Since thou'art inspir'd by an infernal fire?

A flame, which strongly moves  
To lying mischiefs, and unjust deceit,  
And all the false delights, which on them wait,  
Or sin presents to excite and raise new loves!  
Hence 'tis that Justice seems so mean, and low,  
Nor longer fit for great men, than to make them so.

## V.

Devouring words do thy best love command,  
And to them thou hast joyn'd a bloody hand:  
But the Almighty God  
In thy destruction shall His Power make known,  
Which in eternal torments thou shalt own,  
When he makes bare His Arm, and shakes His Rod,  
Removing thee from thy beloved place,  
And from the Earth roots out thy trayterous Name and  
(Race.

## VI.

The Righteous, when they see the overthrow,  
Shall fear His Pow' er, who has brought thee so low,  
And shouting at thy fall,  
Cry out, "Lo, where's the man, who fixt his trust,  
"Not in our God, but his own glittering dust,  
"Which, uselefs now, can yield no help at all:  
"Look how that strength, which he in fraud once  
Is by the breath of the Eternal Word defac'd! (plac'd,

## VII.

But whil'st this wretch deplores his dolorous state,  
My God, who on him threw the mighty weight,  
Will me assign a place  
Within His Courts, where, like an Olive-tree,  
With fruit and blossoms I shall loaded be,  
And feel the kindest Influ'ence of His Grace :  
'Tis in His Mercies I'll for ever trust,  
Whose Love, and Wrath thus shown, declare that He  
(ju

## VIII.

Then will I of some nobler subject sing,  
And to exalt my God fresh praises bring ;  
Then, like my Sacrifice,  
In flames of purest Love I'll mount on high,  
To Him, who sav'd me from my Enemy,  
And in my passage perfume all the Skies  
To Heav'en ; nor short of His dread Presence stay  
Whil'st the admiring Saints rise up to make me way.

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Pla.

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## Psalm LIII.

*Dixit insipiens in Corde, &c.*

## I.

“**T**Here is no God, the Fool in’s heart do’s say,  
 And that his life may not his heart betray,  
 He like one, that believes it, lives;  
 Dares not with impious mouth deny  
 The Happy being of the Deity,  
 Yet in his works, that ly  
 Which he to Man dares not, to Heaven prophanely  
 (gives.

*A Psalm of David.*

## II.

From Heav’*en* th’ Almighty God came down to view  
 What He there saw, and there could punish too;  
 Yet down He came, and look’d around,  
 He searcht, if He might any see,  
 Any of His, lest they should numbred be,  
 To th’ Common Miserie,  
 He search’t, but not a Just Man in the number found.

## III.

Are they all thus, O God, all gone aside,  
 Hoping they can from Thee their follies hide?  
 Are all thus greedy to devour,  
 And eat Thy People up, like Bread,  
 Thankless for that, and not some Judgment dread,  
 Like those by Quails once fed  
 Tempting that Heav’*en*, which Manna down before did  
 (showre,  
 L 3 IV. Amidst

## IV.

Amidst their jollity in fears they were,  
Though all around appear'd no cause of fear ;  
For unawares God smote them all,  
Scat' red them by His Mighty hand ;  
And as He there Invisible did stand,  
Their Plots did countermand,  
And made them by their own designs in scorn to fall.

## V.

From *Zion*, Lord, may *Israels* help appear,  
Thence come, since all His Confidence is there !  
Bring back their long Captivitie,  
That *Israel* may adore Thy wayes,  
And *Jacob* to Thy Name give all the praise ;  
Thine honour strive to raise,  
And both as is their duty, bow and worship Thee !

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Psalms

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## Psalm LIV.

*Deus in nomine tuo, &c.*

**O** Thou, who ~~Israel's~~ Saviour art, be mine,  
 Be both my Judge, and Advocate,  
 Appear, e're yet it be too late,  
 Now make Thy Name, and Glory shine,  
 And not preserve me only Lord, but make me Thine.

*A Psalm of  
 David,  
 when the  
 Ziphims  
 came to  
 Saul, and  
 said, "Do's  
 not David  
 hide him-  
 self with  
 us?"*

Incline Thine ear to my complaint, and prayer,  
 And since Thou hast commanded me  
 In my distress to cry to Thee,  
 Let not me cry, and Thou not hear,  
 Then farthest off, when Thou hast promis'd to be near.

## III.

Strangers, my God, such as Thy Law despise,  
 And would both That, and me o'rethrow,  
 Who nor Thee, nor Thy Judgments know,  
 Oppressors in great Numbers rise,  
 And shall Thy aids be fewer, than my Enemies?

## IV.

But see how gracious the Eternal is,  
 Who not my Life alone defends,  
 But to my Helpers succour sends,  
 And truly is a God in this,  
 Both my swift prayers to answer, and prevent my Wish.

## V.

Nor shall my Enemies unpunish'd be,  
Their own designs shall vengeance call ;  
Mischief they fram'd shall on them fall,  
And in their ruine I shall see  
My eyes delight ; thy Wrath on them, and Love to me

## VI.

My God has scat'ed them, and heard my cry ;  
To Him my Songs and spoils I'll bring,  
To Him my chearful praises sing,  
For tho' mine is the Victory,  
'Twas He alone who gain'd it for me, and not I.

---

Psal.

## Psalm LV.

*Exaudi Deus Orationem, &c.*

## I.

**L**ord, to my Prayer incline Thine ear,  
And turn nor that, nor Thy bright Face away !  
Behold the miseries, which I bear,  
When those, who are its guards, my Crown betray :  
In my destruction they rejoyce,  
Their wrath on me, to Heav'n have sent their noise,  
May mine be heard above the tumults of their voice.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

## II.

Seis'd by this fright, my heart do's quake,  
And all the terrors of the Grave appear ;  
Hope, and my Trust their holds forsake,  
And yield the fortress to usurping Fear :  
Around I look, but in mine eye  
Only despair, and grisly horror lie,  
And none but Heav'ens great road is clear, if I could flee.

## III.

And then I wish, that I had wings,  
And like a Dove could 'scape, and be at rest,  
Beyond the Cares, which trouble Kings,  
And have that ease they find not, in my breast ;  
How to the Woods then would I flee,  
And as I there secure, and hidden lie,  
See unconcern'd the Winds, and Thunders marching  
(by.

## IV. Divide

## IV.

Divide their Counsels with their tongues ;  
 Theirs, who Thy City fill with violence,  
 And publish on its Walls the wrongs,  
 Not which they bear, but do just Innocence :  
 Both night and day they it surround,  
 Murders, and Rapes in every street are found,  
 And with th' Oppressors mixt cries of th' Oppress'd re  
 (found.

## V.

Had all this by an Enemy,  
 Or one, who only hated me, been done,  
 I could have born it, and defie  
 The Treason, when the Traytor once is known :  
 My force to his I would oppose,  
 And to decide our right in battle close,  
 Or had he been too strong, have fled, and Umpires chose.

## VI.

But it was Thou, my Friend, my Guide,  
 The happy Partner of my Cares, and Throne,  
 In whose breast I could safely hide  
 Those secrets I scarce trusted in my own ;  
 Who with me to Gods House would go,  
 And Zeal for that, which I most honour'd, show,  
 And like my self, but better, all my thoughts did know.

## VII.

But may he now no journey go,  
 But what's to Hell, and by no hand be staid,  
 Let Sin, which fills his dwelling now,  
 His bones, and heart with thousand plagues invade ;  
 For

For God himself shall guide my Way,  
To Him at morning, noon, and night I'll pray,  
And He shall hear me, when I thus crown every day.

## VIII.

'Twas He preserv'd my Soul in Peace,  
And gave those Wars, which threatn'd it, an end;  
Made the shrill noise of Trumpets cease,  
And unexpected aids was pleas'd to send:  
He still shall hear me, and once more  
Make bare His Arm, and shew His mighty Power,  
Who is the same to save now, that He was before.

## IX.

But Him they fear not, and miscall  
Their Treasons, when they prosper, Loyalty;  
No cross event did ever fall,  
Which might the Justice of their Cause deny:  
And then afresh they Cov'nants make,  
And their Allegiance for new Oaths forsake,  
Which they with caution, only during pleasure, take.

## X.

Pride, Cruelty, Revenge, and War,  
Rebellion, and Injustice rage within;  
Though smooth as Oyl their Speeches are,  
No razour can with Oyl be made more keen;  
But, Soul, on God Thy burden cast,  
Only believe, and make not too much hast,  
He, who protects Thee Now, will Vict'ory give at last.

## XI. God

## XI.

God will the Righteous Man defend,  
 But down to Hell in wrath the Wicked throw;  
 Blood, and Deceit shall haste his end,  
 And clear the way, which he to death shall go:  
 His dayes shall evil be, and few,  
 And as they with his crimes to ripeness grew,  
 Both shall together fall: He said it, who is True.

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## Pſalm LVI.

*Miferere mei Deus quoniam, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of David, when the Philiftims took him in Gath.*  
**M**ercy, my God, on me Thy Mercy ſhow!  
 And if thy pleaſure do's, my need ſayes, Now.  
 Now, when my Foe is ready to devour,  
 Threatning to do it every hour,  
 And grows in malice, as he do's in Pow'er.

## II.

To ſwallow up my Soul they ready are,  
 And gape to do it, but I am Thy Care;  
 They needs muſt many be, O Thou Moſt High,  
 When I have no place where to flie,  
 But from one to a greater Enemy.

## III.

But when I fear, Thou ſhalt my Refuge be,  
 That fear ſhall give me wings to mount to Thee;

Or.



On Thee I'll trust, until my Title's try'd,  
Resolving ne're to be deny'd,  
Till Thou, who gav'st it me, my Right decide.

## IV.

On Gods Almighty Word will I depend ;  
On God I'll trust, who certain help will send :  
There will I rest, and if my God but smile,  
Or He these doubts will reconcile,  
Or make me scorn, what Flesh can do the while.

*Persuade.*

## V.

Me and my words to wrest they never cease,  
And make them most offend, when meant to please :  
Their thoughts for evil are against me set,  
And when they are in Counsel met,  
Contrive how by my fall they may be great.

## VI.

Shall they escape unpunish't in their ways,  
And in Prosperity spend all their days ?  
Lord, in Thine Anger let them be o'rethrown,  
Thou need'st but only on them frown,  
Lower than me, that look will cast them down !

## VII.

Thou all my wand'erings, every pace do'st know,  
And not'est how many steps I from Thee go ;  
See'st my tears too, what they were shed about,  
And in thy bottle they are put,  
Whence, with a Sponge, what's in Thy Book blot out.

## VIII. When

## VIII.

When to my God in my distress I cry,  
My very Pray'ers make all mine En'mies fly :  
My sighs shall backwards turn them, in the Rear  
They shall a greater Enemy fear,  
And in that still voice know that God draws near.

## IX.

*Versus.* On Gods Almighty Word I will depend,  
On God I'll trust, who certain help will send :  
There I will rest, and if my God but smile,  
Either these doubts he'll reconcile,  
Or make me scorn, what Flesh can do the while.

## X.

Thy Vows are on me, and I'll give Thee praise,  
The Field is Thine, and Thine shall be the Bayes :  
Thou hast preserv'd my Soul, wilt Thou not bless,  
My sliding feet with steadiness?  
The greater's done, wilt thou not do the less?

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## Psalm LVII.

*Miserere mei Deus, miserere, &c.*

## I.

O Thou on whom my Soul for help relies,  
 Let my distress find pity in Thine eyes!  
 Thou art my Trust, on Thee I stay,  
 Under Thy Wings, let me conceal'd abide,  
 There till these storms are past lie hid,  
 Under their shadow lie, or on them flee away!

*A Psalm of  
 David,  
 when he fled  
 from Saul  
 in the Cave.*

## II.

To my great Saviour, who above do's reign,  
 Whose Mighty Pow'r do's me, and All sustain,  
 To Him I'll cry, who down shall send  
 From Heav'n, and save me by His own right hand  
 From those, who Him, and me withstand;  
 His Truth shall slay them, and His Mercy me defend.

## III.

Among fierce Lions, Lord, hid in their den,  
 With Beasts more fierce than Lions, Cruel Men,  
 Whose teeth be arrows, and sharp Spears,  
 Their tongue a two edg'd Sword, their eyes all fire,  
 And who most trait'rously conspire,  
 By several Torments, to create me several fears.

## IV.

With these I live, among these men I lie,  
 And hardly for my thoughts gain libertie.

*Above*

*Versus.* Above the Clouds exalted be  
 Lord, set Thy Glory far above the Skies;  
 And though so high I cannot rise,  
 From Heav'n do Thou descend, when I look up to Thee.

## V.

I could not 'scape, they had so girt me round;  
 My very Soul lay prostrate on the ground;  
 But, as I look'd, I saw them fall,  
 And though for me they had prepar'd the net,  
 That I might stumble, digg'd the pit,  
 Into that pit they fell themselves, their snare and all.

## VI.

I am resolv'd, nor will I any more  
 Distrust my God, as I have done before;  
 No, I will praise Him, and my heart,  
 Which has so oft betray'd me into fear,  
 Its burden in the Song shall bear,  
 And when my Harp begins, shall take the highest part.

## VII.

Awake, my Harp, 'tis time for thee to 'awake;  
 Prevent the day, and thy great subject take;  
 Put all thy strings on, shew thy skill,  
 God, and my Soul are ready; be not slow,  
 For if we should before thee go,  
 Thy strings would never half way reach up Heav'ens  
 (high Hill!

## VIII.

We Come, O God, and with us up will raise  
 High as Thy Love and Truth, to Heaven Thy Praise;  
 The

The World shall hear, what Thou hast done,  
How signally Thou hast appear'd for me,  
By Thy great Power hast set me free,  
And for His Works praise Him, whose Name they have  
(not known.

## IX.

Then to the Clouds we will together flie,  
And take new wing to mount to the Most High ;  
Above the Clouds exalted be  
Lord, set Thy glory far above the Skies ;  
And if so high We cannot rise,  
Descend Thy self, and bear us up along with Thee !

**Pſalm LVIII.**

*Si vere utiq; justitiam, &c.*

## i.

**A**Re you, O Princes, as you ought to be,  
True Judges of the Poor Mans wrong?  
Or rather do you not his suit prolong?  
And still bind o're, when you should set him free?  
You would be thought both good, and just,  
And if not so, at least Just, though severe;  
But when you personate it most, (spare;  
Your mouth condemns that, which your heart would  
Bribes hold the Scale, and ev'ry lightest cause most  
(weight do's bear.

## iii.

The Wicked from the womb are gone astray,  
 Their wand'erings with their life begun,  
 And will no sorer than their life be done,  
 Nor seek they, what they know not, the right way:

M

Under

Under their tongues conceal'd, and close,  
 A deadlier poyson than the Serpents lies;  
 Adders less cautiously expose  
 Their ears to Charms, than they dare hear the W  
 As deaf to Counsel, as they greedy are of flatteries.

## III.

Break out the Lions teeth, which wound so sore,  
 Nor let them th' Inn'ocent proudly tear!  
 Let the young Lions, Lord, themselves in fear,  
 Not o're their prey, but torn with famine roar!  
 And as the rain, which Heav'en does pour  
 In plenteous streams upon the sandy plain,  
 Is drunk up and appears no more,  
 But sinks to th'bottom of the profound drein,  
 Like rain by sand drunk up, let them be never rais'd

(G)

## IV.

When against me they throw their poison'd darts  
 And in their rage their bows do bend,  
 Or let them be too weak the shafts to send!  
 Or turn the piles into the Shooters hearts!  
 And as a Snail, which leaves behind  
 A silver film, along the way she pass'd,  
 But if you follow it, you find  
 Both that, and her in slime conclude at last,  
 So let them perish, and from filthy slime, to Nothing

(wa)

## V.

Like an Abortive, which ne'r saw the Sun,  
 But di'd, e're it had any birth,  
 Born only that it might be thrown to th' Earth,  
 Let their Race end, e're it be well begun!

L

E're briars with the thorn can close,  
And in their clasping Arms each other take,  
Which grew acquainted as they rose,  
And forc't by fire as soon their Holds for sake,  
So be their ends, quick as embraces those, or quit, or  
(make.

## VI.

The Just shall see't, and at the sight rejoyce,  
And in their blood his Garments wash ;  
Without fear shall this Red Sea view, and pass,  
And with such Acclamations raise his voice,  
“ Lo, for the Just what Crown remains !  
“ And what Reward God do's for Him provide ;  
“ There is a King, who o're all reigns,  
“ And He with Justice shall each cause decide,  
By whose most Equal Lawes Judges themselves, and  
(Thrones are try'd.

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## Pſalm LIX.

*Eripe me de inimicis meis Deus, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David,  
when Saul  
sent, and  
they watcht  
the house to  
kill Him.*

**P**Reſerve me, Lord, and by Thy hand o'rethrow  
Let them, who ſeek my ruine, find their own!  
From envious Men my honour ſave,  
And to the cruel make me not a prey!  
I never cauſe of wrath, or malice gave,  
That to entrap me thus, they ſnares ſhould lay,  
And what for them I could have ſpent, my life, betray

## II.

*Verſes*

Awake, my help, and to my aid come down,  
To viſit, and deſtroy, Thou need'ſt but frown!  
Spare none of them, my God, that they,  
Like hungry Dogs which have no Carcaſs found,  
At night may, diſappointed of their prey,  
With howlings only fill the Streets around,  
And ſee the blood they hunted for, in their own wound

## III.

Look, how they belch out poiſon, mortal Words  
And how one death attends their tongues, & ſwors  
“Yet who, ſay they, What God do's hear?  
Even Thou, O Lord, who wilt their threats deride  
And having turn'd upon them their own fear,  
In their deſtruction for my Life provide,  
Who only on Thy ſtrength, and bounty have reli'd

## IV. II



## IV.

They shall prevent my wish, and let me see  
 It granted, e're my Prayers are made to Thee;  
 Yet at one blow destroy them not,  
 But let them wander, and feel how they die;  
 Lest by my self the Mercy be forgot,  
 And without Monument to touch mine eye,  
 A swift Oblivion follow a swift Victory.

## V.

Let their own Lips, and pride their ruine be;  
 And take them in the toils they laid for me!  
 Upon themselves their Curses turn,  
 And in Thy Wrath, my God, consume them all!  
 Under them may they see the Furnace burn,  
 Whil'st they in vain for help upon Thee call,  
 And from their heights into the flames but lower fall!

## VI.

Then shall they know how far Thy Rule extends,  
 From Thy Throne *Sion*, to th'Earth's utmost ends;  
 When they to shun the light, and day,  
 Like hungry Dogs, at midnight only found, *Verse 4.*  
 Beat up and down in vain to seise their prey,  
 With howlings filling all the streets around,  
 And have no blood but what they draw from their own  
 (wound.

## VII.

I the mean while will of Thy Pow'ér reherse,  
 And call the Morning up to hear my Verse;

Of Thee I'll sing, who heretofore  
 For my defence appear'dst both great, and strong,  
 And for my safety hast new aids in store ;  
 Nor shall Eternity it self seem long, (Song)  
 When all the while my Strength, and Saviour is my

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## Psalm LX.

*Deus repulisti nos, &c.*

### I.

*A Psalm of  
 David.  
 To teach  
 when he  
 strove with  
 Aram Na-  
 haraim and  
 Aram Zo-  
 bah, when  
 Joab re-  
 turned and  
 smote in the  
 Valley of  
 Salt of E-  
 dom*  
 XII. M.

**L**ord, Thou hast smote us, turn'd Thy Face aside,  
 And all thy Mercies dost in fury hide ;  
 Like us Our very Mountains quake,  
 Return, lest We, and They together fall ;  
 For if Thou com'st not to Our Call,  
 We shall Our Land, that its Foundations will forsake.

### II.

Low as the Earth, press'd down with miseries,  
 As little hope is in our heart, as eyes ;  
 And though, O God, we still are Thine,  
 And only of the Cup Thou giv'st us, drink,  
 We cannot of Thy Cov'enant think,  
 Instead of help, astonishment is in the Wine.

### III.

Low as we were, God did His Pow' er display,  
 And in a moment chas'd our fears away ;  
 Under His Banner *Isra'el* went,  
 The Lord of Hosts did on their side appear,  
 And though their Troops encamp'd in fear,  
 The God, who led them ou, deliv'rance to them sent.

IV. G. 1

## IV.

God did it, that His Glory might be known,  
 And with what ease He could defend His Own;  
 He bow'd His Ear, and heard my Cry,  
 His Promise past, and in it I rejoyce,  
 Gave me of all the World my Choice,  
 And on my Gods Almighty Promise I relie.

## V.

*Sechem* is Mine, I will divide its Plain,  
 And o're the Vale of *Succoth* throw my Chain;  
 The Tribes of *Isra'el* shall obey,  
 Those, which lie furthest off, or nearer stand,  
 Shall yield themselves to my Command,  
 Shall serve, while *Judah* gives them Laws, and holds the  
 (sway.

## VI.

*Moab's* my Wash-pot, and shall sue to be  
 A Vassal to my basest drudgerie;  
*Philistia* shall my Chariot meet,  
 Honour'd enough if she may bear that Yoke,  
 Proud *Edom* has so often broke;  
 And *Edom* shall submit her neck, and take my feet.

## VII.

" But who to *Edom* will direct my Course,  
 And entrance for me into *Bozra* force?  
 God shall direct me to the Town,  
 God, who of late has seem'd to disappear;  
 And when He's come, knowing who's there,  
 The Walls, to make Me way, shall open, or fall down.

## VIII.

Help Us, O God, for we in vain implore  
 A Foreign Aid, which wants our succour more ;  
 Thou art my help, through Thee my head  
 With Laurel shall be crown'd, and in my wayes,  
 Some En'emies necks the ground shall raise,  
 So that my feet shall triumph too, and on them tread.

## Psalm LXI.

*Exaudi Deus deprecationem, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
 David.*

**H**ear me, my Saviour, for to Thee I cry,  
 And let Thy answer shew that Thou art nigh !  
 Banish'd, forlorn ; and under deep suspense,  
 Lord, lead me to some higher Rock,  
 Where I these straits may overlook,  
 And though I come not thither, see Thy Temple thence

## II.

Thou hast my Refuge been, Thy Strength my Tower  
 And in my weakness I have seen Thy Power ;  
 And shall behold it still, and yet abide,  
 For all this absence, on Thy Hill,  
 And there my present Vows fulfill,  
 Brought on those wings, under whose shadow now I  
 (hide

## III.

I'm confident, for Thou hast heard my Vows,  
 And my experience speaks, but what it knows ;

For

For to the Throne my way Thou first did'st show,  
 To rule o're them, who fear Thy Name;  
 And since Thou always art the same,  
 Thou, who hast made Thy Servant King, wilt keep him  
 (fo.

## IV.

His Life Thou wilt prolong to many dayes,  
 His Seed in th' Age to come, Thy Name shall praise;  
 Preserve him, Lord, let Truth and Mercy be  
 The chief Supporters of his Throne,  
 By all the Graces waited on,  
 That he may pay, as well as make His Vows to Thee!

## Psalm LXII.

*Nonne Deo subjecta erit, &c.*

## I.

ON God alone my Soul depends,  
 From Him do's my Salvation come;  
 Himself is the Salvation, which He sends,  
 And for my Conquests His great Arm makes room;  
 He is my Rock, and sure Defence,  
 And all that I expect is thence;  
 There I unmov'd shall stand, when Tempests roar,  
 And Seas, which threaten me, are dash't against the  
 (shore.

*A Psalm of  
 David.*

*Versus.*

## II.

How long then will you plots devise,  
 Against a Man, who is upright?  
 Upon your selves shall fall your slanderous lies,  
 And your own arms against you turn the fight.

*By*

By your own mischiefs you shall fall,  
 Be like a great, but bowing wall, (grown,  
 Whose own weight, when too weak to stand 'tis  
 Do's but with greater vio'lence help to bear it down.

## III.

God has advanc'd me to the Throne,  
 Above the malice of their eye;  
 Thence, if they could, they strive to pull me down,  
 And undermine, what out of shot do's lie :  
 Deceit, and gall is in their hearts,  
 And there they dip their poison'd darts ;  
 Their hearts they think can by no eye be seen,  
 If once the Visor of base Flatt'ery come between.

## IV.

But Thou, my Soul, on God depend!  
 From Him must Thy Salvation come,  
 Himself is the Salvation, which Hee'l send,  
 And for Thy Conquest His great Arm makes room :  
*Varfas.* He is my Rock, and sure Defence,  
 And all that I expect is thence ;  
 There I unmov'd shall stand, when Tempests roar,  
 And Seas, which threaten me, are dash'd against the  
 (shore.

## V.

In God is all my Hope, and Stay,  
 The Rock of Ages is my Shield ;  
 By me, O World, to Him direct Thy way,  
 And like Thy Guide, seek Him, who help can yield !  
 He is Our Hope, when all means fail,  
 And when none else, His hands prevail ;  
 The Poor want help, the Rich are but a Lie,  
 And to be weigh'd, are lighter both than Vanitie.

## VI. Then

## VI.

Then in Oppression never trust,  
 Nor Riches though they be increas'd !  
 Soul, they'le deceive thee, for they are but dust,  
 And the worst Arms, though fondly judg'd the best :  
 'Twas once spoke, and the rousing Words  
 I twice did hear, *All Pow'ers* the Lords :  
 Mercy, O God, do's also spring from Thee,  
 And as each Mans Work is, so his reward shall be.

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## Psalm LXIII.

*Deus, Deus meus, ad te, &c.*

## I.

**E**arly my God, before 'tis Light,      (day, *A Psalm of*  
 And all the Stars are up, but that which makes the      *David,*  
     Whil'st Heav'en alone with flames is bright,      *when he*  
 And all below is hurl'd the sable veil of night,      *was in the*  
     Which they can neither draw, nor take away ;      *wilderness*  
     Early I'll worship, and one glance from Thee,      *of Judah.*  
 Ere 'tis with others day, shall make it noon with me.

## II.

And as this dry, and thirsty Land,  
 Where the ground ready to expire for want of rain,  
     Gaping, and out of breath do's stand,  
 And shews its very bowels shriv'eled like its sand,  
     And having drunk, gapes for more drink again,  
     The Wilderness and I in this agree,  
 For as that thirsts for rain, so Lord, I thirst for Thee.

III. I thirst

## III.

I thirst Thy glorious pow' to see,  
 As I have seen it in Thy Temple heretofore ;  
 When ravish't with Thy love to me,  
 To die I was content, could I but so love Thee,  
 And so to die, this life would choose no more ;  
 These thoughts so high my fainting Spi'rit do raise,  
 That through my lips they force their way in Songs of  
 (praise.

## IV.

For this I'll bless Thee, and on high  
 To Thy Great Name send up my praises, whilst I live ;  
 For since at present I enjoy  
 A mind content, it shall prepare for more supply,  
 Though Thou at present only that do'st give ;  
 Even that shall bring my famish't Soul more good,  
 Than what my Body has, from most delicious food.

## V.

Marrow, and Fatness it shall be, (strong,  
 And all the solid meats, which please, and feed the  
 For I shall come at last to Thee,  
 Who art the Blessed End of all Felicitie,  
 And the best subject of my humble Song :  
 And on my bed, when I revolve Thy might,  
 My Praises shall, instead of Watches, part the night.

## VI.

Exil'd, distress'd, and wond'rous low,  
 Under Thy wings secure I in my trouble lay ;  
 Since I so well their covert know,  
 Me follow hard, o'rtake, and never let Thee go,  
 Unless on them Thou bear me too away ;  
 Thee:



Then shall I be upheld by Thy Right hand,  
And on the empty Air, as on a Mountain stand.

VII.

Then shall my Enemies fall down,  
By their own swords, and hasting to th'untimely grave;  
Reap truly, what themselves have sown,  
And their vile Carcasses to Dogs, and Foxes thrown,  
Receive no better Buri'al than they gave;  
Such living Monuments, which shall decay,  
In other beasts entomb'd, and made their gorged prey.

VIII.

But I shall in my God rejoyce,  
Who hears my prayers, and greater blessings will be-  
For I am His, and He my Choice, (stow,  
And as my heart now praises Him, so shall my voice;  
And all who fear Him, and the Wonder know,  
In joyous shouts, shall their long silence break,  
Whil'st my Foes, burst with envy, want all pow' to  
(speak.

## Pſalm LXIV.

Exaudi Deus orationem, &c.

## I.

*A Pſalm of David.* **L**Ord to my voice incline Thine ear,  
And ſet me free from danger, and from fear!  
Hide me from thoſe, who wicked plots deviſe,  
Are my profefs'd, yet ſecret Enemies;  
Who whet their tongues, inſtead of Swords,  
And ſhoot for poiſon'd arrows, bitter Words.

## II.

They bend their bow, and out of ſight,  
Watch how they unperceiv'd may wound th' Upright;  
At him they fearleſs ſhoot, and plot, the while,  
If this diſpatch him not, what Engine will?  
“Through our diſguiſe what man can ſee,  
“Or how, ſay they, can we diſcover'd be?

## III.

No Art they leave untry'd, but round  
Seek, and ne'r reſt, till what they fought is found;  
Each has his ſeveral way, their heart's ſo deep,  
That each, though partners, their own counſel keep;  
And dare not one another truſt,  
Though all in this agreed againſt the Juſt.

## IV.

But God ſhall ſtrike them with a dart,  
That ſhall divide between the thoughts, and heart;  
Both

Both shall be wounded, both together fall,  
And their own tongues shall give like death to all :

To spare their lives no man shall pray,  
But frighted at their ruine flee away.

V.

By their destruction all shall fear,  
And dread the judgement; which they see so near ;  
Shall think, and speak of what the Lord has done,  
And joy in Him, whose Pow'er was thus made known ;  
The Righteous in Him shall rejoyce,  
And up to Heav'en in praises lift their voice.

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Psalm

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## Pſalm LXV.

*Te decet hymnus Deus !*

## I.

*A Pſalm of David.* PRAISES for Thee in *Sion*, Lord, attend,  
*Sion*, the faireſt Stage in Heav'ens great road,  
 Whence thouſand Praises daily do aſcend,  
 And come in troops to Thy Divine Aboard ;  
 There I my vows will pay,  
 And with the Convoy they find there, direct my Way.

## II.

O Thou, who all times do'ſt th'afflicted hear,  
 From the World's ends all Fleſh ſhall come to Thee !  
 My ſins I know may juſtly ſtop Thine ear,  
 And make a greater breach 'twixt Thee and me ;  
 But purge them, Lord, and I  
 Shall never pray in vain, and Thou be ever nigh.

## III.

Thrice happy man, on whom Thou wilt beſtow,  
 That Grace, which of a Slave, ſhall make him Thine ;  
 Thy Friend, who in Thy Houſe Thy love ſhall know,  
 And ſee Thy Glory as it there do's ſhine ;  
 When He ſhall to thee pray, (way.  
 Nor Thine own Face, nor his Pray'ers wilt Thou turn a-

## IV.

By fearful things in Truth, Lord, answer us,  
 Who ſav'ſt Thy People, and do'ſt take their part !  
 And not theirs only, but propitious (art :  
 Th' Earth's ends have found Thee, and their help Thou  
 The

Th' Earths ends to Thee are near,  
And on rough Seas, through storms and clouds, Thou  
(pray'ers dost hear.

## V.

God by His strength the Mountains has set fast;  
Mountains, whose heads are rais'd above the Skie;  
His Word, not their Foundations, makes them last,  
Though they as low, as the World's Center lie:  
Their tops no storm can shake,  
Yet at His presence, like the little Hills they quake.

## VI.

The Sea, when up to Heav'n its billows swell,  
By him is forc'd in its old bounds to stay,  
Who with his girdle binds the mighty Well,  
With charge the sandy Jaylor to obey;  
Who, when it heaves, and roars,  
Its fury checks, and makes it keep within its shores.

## VII.

And as tempestuous Seas His Word obey,  
And at His louder Call their voice hold still,  
The People, 'a more tempest'uous Sea than they,  
In all their tumults hearken to His Will;  
His Thunder makes them fear,  
And those, who get most off, yet think they are too near.

## VIII.

From the bright East Thou mak'st Thy Sun to go,  
Before him creeps in Chains the Captive night;  
And in the West, when he from us draws low,  
'Tis but to spread his Conquells, with his Light:  
N Who

Who till he comes again,  
Bids the Moon fill his place, and in his stead to reign

## IX.

Thou visitest the Earth, and giv'st it rain,  
On Thy rich blessing it do's freely spend;  
The Earth returns its thanks to Heav'en again,  
In flowers, which thither their sweet Odours send  
As Customs, which they pay  
To Thy dread Throne, who dost their Mothers heat  
(11

## X.

The Flood of God, whose Spring-head's in the clou  
When on the weary ground it show'ers distills,  
The softned ridge down to its furrow crowds,  
And all its clots the quick'ning moisture fills;  
Thou by degrees dost bring  
The Tillage on, and Harvest to succeed the Spring.

## XI.

Plenty with ev'ry show'er from Heav'en pours down  
The Earth do's by thy constant bounty grow;  
Thy goodness do's the year with blessings crown,  
And all Thy steps drop fatness where they go:  
They on the Deserts drop,  
Whose parched Sands drink deep, of Thy o'reflowing  
(C.

## XII.

So drink the hillocks too, and look more fair,  
The Valleys pledge, till they can drink no more;  
The Shepherds, and their flocks both merry are,  
And all the Plains with Corn are cover'd o're:  
With Peace, and fruits abound, (four  
And make the distant Mountains with their Songs re-  
Ple

## Psalm LXVI.

*Jubilate Deo omnis terra, &c.*

## I.

**R**ejoyce, O World, and to Thy God sing praise!  
 Let Seas, and Isles, and Lands His Name resound;  
 Together with His Sun your voices raise,  
 And in Eternal Jubilees go round!  
 For if that rise His mighty Pow' er to show,  
 Much more should you, on whom it shines, do so.

*A Psalm of  
 Song.  
 Versus.*

## II.

Say to the Lord, "How mighty is Thy Power,  
 "Which ev' en Thy En'emies with forc't mouth confess!  
 "Toth' Earth they bow themselves, & would fall lower;  
 "At least feign so, their duty to express (Fame.  
 "The' whole Earth, Lord, worships Thee, and its loud  
 "Shall fill her Trumpet only with Thy Name.

## III.

See what He did to raise it, how His hand  
 At once declar'd Him Terrible, and Good!  
 When raging Seas were turn'd to firm dry land,  
 And *Isra'el* past through the admiring Flood;  
 Then 'twas we view'd, and trod His secret Wayes;  
 And roaring Deeps stood list'ning to His Praise.

## IV.

He rules o're all, Him Heav' en and Earth obey,  
 The Universal and Eternal King;  
 His eyes the Wicked, and the Good survey,  
 And under chains His Hand the Proud do's bring:

Raise not Thy self too high, proud dust, for fear  
The wind which rais'd, Thy Name away should bear.

## V.

*Versus.* Rejoyce ye Nations, and to God sing praise!  
Let Seas, and Isles, and Lands his Name resound;  
Together with His Sun your voices raise,  
And in Eternal Jubilees go round!  
For He from falls our sliding feet do's save,  
And with new Life returns us from the grave.

## VI.

Like Silver in the Furnace, we were try'd,  
And felt unusual flames rage all about;  
But thence, as Silver, throughly purifi'd,  
We only left our dross, when we came out;  
The purer metal had no base alloy,  
And all our griefs made way for greater joy.

## VII.

Low were we brought, the net upon us cast,  
And on our loyns prodigious weights were laid;  
Through Water tryal, and through fire we past,  
And a derision to our foes were made:  
But He, who there upheld us by His hand,  
Brought us Himself, at last, to'th' Promis'd Land.

## VIII.

With praises to Thy House, my King, I'll go,  
And make my thanks in clouds of Incense rise;  
There solemnly I'll pay the willing Vow,  
Which my lips off'ered in my Miseries:

Bulk.



Bullocks and Rams I'le on Thy Altar lay,  
And thence with Flames renew the wasted day.

## IX.

You, who have known th' Almighty, Love, draw near,  
And to my Speech your ready minds incline ;  
Attend to that just witness, which I bear,  
And to your own experiences take Mine !  
“ When I in sighs to God my voice did raise,  
“ And pray'd in groans, He turn'd them into praise.

## X.

Had I kept some reserve within my Heart,  
In hope to hide it, He had stop't His Ear ;  
But I unbowel'd my most secret part,  
And then He did not only see, but hear ;  
Praise Him, who thus His Glory did display,  
Nor turn'd His own Face nor my Pray'ers away !

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## Pſalm LXVII.

*Deus misereatur nostri, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm or  
Song.*

SAVE us O God, Thy Servants ſave and bleſs ;  
 Goodneſs at once and pow' er declare !  
 In Mercy help us, in Our great diſtreſs,  
 And We no more will doubt Thy Love or Care !

*Versiculus.*

Let through the World Thy Mighty Name be known,  
 And what We praife, may the whole Earth with  
 (Rev' erence own !)

## II.

Rejoyce, ye Nations, for your God is here,  
 Who by His Wiſdom rules o' re all !  
 He Kings, and Kingdoms governs, and that fear,  
 They ſtrike in you, makes on themſelves to fall !

*Versiculus.*

Let through the World His Mighty Name be known,  
 And what we praife, may the whole Earth with  
 (Rev' erence own !)

## III.

Then ſhall the Lord our Land both ſave and bleſs,  
 His Goodneſs, and His Pow' er declare ;  
 Our fields too then ſhall give their full increaſe,  
 And with His bleſſing look more gay and fair :

*Versiculus.*

The Lord ſhall bleſs us, and His Name make known,  
 That what we praife, the whole Earth may with  
 (Rev' erence own.)

Pſalm

## Psalm LXVIII.

*Exurgat Deus, & dissipentur, &c.*

## I.

Great Leader of the Sacred Hosts, arise,  
 And scatte'ring Thy Proud Enemies,  
 Encrease Our Triumphs with Thy Victories!  
 Let those, who hate Thy Name, before it flie,  
 Like Clouds of Smoak, chas'd by the Wind,  
 Which vanish as they mount on high,  
 And undistinguish't from the Common Skie,  
 Leave not the smallest stain behind,  
 That in the air, one may their empty traces find:  
 Let their destruction suddain be,  
 Sooner than Wax do's melt,  
 When once the flames are felt, (see!)  
 And in Thine eye may they the fire, which burns them  
 But let the Righteous in Thy Pow'ér rejoyce,  
 With Flutes, and Trumpets make a chearful noise,  
 And the whole Confort joyn, and perfect with their  
 (voice!)

*A Psalm of  
David.*

## II.

Make God your Song, Ye Just, and from His Wayes,  
 Which are in Heav'en, take theme your Verse to raise!  
 In Heav'en, where He in Glory rides,  
 And with His rein the Winds, w<sup>ch</sup> bear him, guides;  
 And by His Name *Jehovah* celebrate His Praise!  
 Above He Rules, but His great Pow'ér extends  
 To what soe're is done below,  
 The Cares of all His Creatures He do's know,  
 And visits the wide Earth's extreamest ends:



Still guiding them by Thine own hand,  
Till by safe Conduct Thou had'st brought them to the  
(Promis'd Land.

## IV.

Before the Camp God march't, and Victory  
Follow'd Him close, in view of all,  
Our Wives, who saw the En'my fall,  
To meet our triumphs laid their distaffs by,  
And took the Cymbal, and the Lute,  
And sang to them that praise we shouted to the Flute.  
They sang of Armies, and of Kings,  
How soon their troops were put to flight,  
E're they had well resolv'd to fight,  
With all the Mirth, which certain conquest brings:  
How God abroad did overcome,  
And they divided the rich spoil at home;  
And though amongst the Pots they long had lain,  
Condemn'd to Brickilns, and the Mine,  
How all the flames did but their Ore refine,  
And made them with more lustre shine,  
When all their former beauties it had first restor'd again.  
Like spotless Doves in their most glorious flight,  
Reflecting from their wings the trembling light,  
In thousand colours, w<sup>ch</sup> the eye both dazle, and invite.

## V.

And so look'd *Palestine*, when th' Heathen fell,  
And spoils of Kings were scatt'ered there;  
The Land, which was before as dark as Hell,  
Receiv'd fresh verdure; and became with Trophies fair:  
On high its head did bear,  
As if with snowy *Salmon*, 'twould compare:  
*Basán's* high Hill God did with blessings crown,  
And on it show'rd such plenty down, (own.  
One would have thought that God had chose it for His  
But

But hold, O Hill, raise not Thy self too high,  
 For *Sion* yet shall o're Thee reign,  
 With Her compar'd, Thou must fall down again,  
 And flat as Thine own Vallies lie ;  
 For God in *Sion* to reside intends,  
 There must His House, and Altar be ;  
 His dwelling place to all Eternitie,  
 And the whole World to Her shall bow,  
 And yield their necks as well as Thou ;  
 To *Sion*, whose vast sway all bounds transcends,  
 Beyond the boundless space, where furthest Nature ends.

## VI.

On Her th'Eternal will erect His Throne,  
 God, whom the Pow'ers of Heav'en, and Earth obey,  
 At whose dread Presence *Sinai* fled away,  
 When thither He to *Ifr'ael*, all in fire, came down.}]  
 Smoak and thick Light'ning did the Mountain bound,  
 With twenty thousand flaming Chariots girt around,  
 The Guard Divine, whose wheels in Thunder did re-  
 And when He thence arose, and up on high (sound.  
 Ascended with His glorious trains,  
 He led Captivity in Chains,  
 And gifts on men bestow'd, as well as liberty :  
 To Traytors pardon granted, and a Land,  
 Which was the purchase of His Own right hand ;  
 And if no more they would rebel,  
 With promise, there to make His Court, and ever dwell.  
 To Him alone be all the Praise,  
 Who thus His Name, and Us can raise,  
 And with ten thousand Blessings crowns Our dayes !

## VII. 'Tis

## VII.

'Tis He, who saves Us, and to Him belong,  
 The keyes of th' Adamantine Gates of Death :  
 He opens, and none shuts, gives, & recalls our breath,  
 Whose Name is, *Our Salvation, Great and Strong* :  
 Who will the Wicked tumble to the ground,  
 And make for 'his Soul a passage through His wound.  
 But to His People sayes, I will again  
 " Repeat the Wonders, which I heretofore have shown ;  
 " And greater do, than e're I yet have done,  
 " On *Basan* get my self a Name, (quid Plain :  
 " Bow down His neck, and raise again in Mounts the li-  
 " The Sea once more divide, to make you way,  
 " Now truly Red with purple streams, which flow  
 " From your fierce En'emies veins, & my great blow,  
 " That Sea, as well as *Egypt's*, trembling shall obey,  
 " And there you shall securely pass,  
 " And there your feet, and garments wash ;  
 " Your very dogs shall drink the blood,  
 " And gorg'd, with humane flesh, shall sport alone the  
 (scarlet Flood.

## VIII.

And so they did, and then Thy paths, O God, were seen,  
 And all Thy goings, nothing came between ;  
 How Thou didst both their way, and Armies lead,  
 Before the Singers went, and then the Flutes,  
 The Maidens follow'd with their Lutes,  
 And fearful women heard shril Trumpets without dread.  
 " Bless ye, said they, the Mighty God !  
 " Ye streams, which from Old *Jacob's* spring proceed,  
 " The Faithfull *Jacob's* happy Seed,  
 " And with you stablish His Divine Abode !  
 " Let little *Benjamin* be there, and there  
 " The Governours of *Judah*, fam'd for War,  
 " Whil'st

" Whil'st Learn'd *Naphtali*, and *Zabulon*  
 " For the great day, and solemn pomp, compose a Song,  
 " And with their Numbers all the Tribes conduct along!  
 " Let God Himself new strength command,  
 " And since He has such wonders done,  
 " Perfect what is so well begun,  
 " And as we all before His Temple stand,  
 " Those heads, which he has sav'd, exalt with His own  
 (hand!

## IX.

There, Lord, Our spoils to Thee we'll consecrate,  
 And Princes thither shall their Tribute bring;  
 And swear Alleg'eance to Thee as their King,  
 Thy Peace, and Friendship supplicate,  
 And on their knees receive new Titles to their State;  
 Those who refuse, and think their Pow'ér so great,  
 That it or can resist, or vie with Thine,  
 And Heav'n with open blasphemies dare threat,  
 Against their spears, Lord, make Thy Light'ning shine,  
 And or o'rethrow, or force them to a base retreat!  
 And to those roaring Bulls presumptuous noise,  
 And bleating of their Calves, oppose the thunder of Thy  
 Till they for pardon sue, and all submit, (voice!  
 And as Thou on Thy Throne do'st sit,  
 Their necks and gifts lay humbly at Thy Feet!  
 Till *Egypt*, and the *Libyan* Nations come,  
 And leaving all the Gods they had at home,  
 In *Sion* only seek the True, and Holy One!

## X.

Praise Him all Kingdoms, and all Lands,  
 That God, who has in Heav'n set fast His Throne,  
 And all its Armies with His voice commands,  
 And makes them trembling His Dominion own!

His



His Mighty Voice abroad He sends,  
That Voice, which tallest Cedars rends,  
And makes His Thunder heard, to th' Worlds utmost  
Wisdom, and Strength, and Majesty,     (ends!  
To *Isra'els* Strength and Wisdom give,  
Honour, and Praise to the Most High,  
And endless Rule to Him, who doth for ever Live!  
To Thee, O God most Worthy to be prais'd,  
And in Thy Temple to be fear'd of all;  
Who *Jacob* from the dust hast rais'd,  
And so uphold'st, that He shall never fall:  
Whose Sacred, and Eternal Name,  
That for Him conquer'd thus, thus overcame,  
Can only sounded be by an Immortal Fame.

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## Pſalm LXIX.

*Saluum me fac Deus quoniam, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
David.  
Verſus.*

SAVE me, O God, for thouſand billows roul,  
 And mighty Floods come tumbling o're my Soul:  
 Th' unſtable Wave, no certain footing yields,  
 And when within my depth I reach the ground,  
 The Quick-fands draw, and in thoſe wat'ry fields,  
 Where Mounts of Seas are caſt up, there's no ſtanding  
 (found.

## II.

So tir'd I am that I no more can cry,  
 My Throat i'th' miſt of all theſe Seas is dry;  
 My eyes, and heart with expectation fail,  
 Whil'ſt all around I am with foes beſet,  
 Which daily grow, and as they grow prevail,  
 More num'rous than my hairs, like their own Numbers  
 (great

## III.

Uninjur'd, Lord, they are my Enemies,  
 And cauſeleſſly for my deſtruction riſe;  
 For though from them I never ought did take,  
 And what I had, was all my own before,  
 For wrongs ne're done, I ſatisfaction make,  
 And, as a Thief convict, they force me to reſtore.

## IV.

All this Thou know'ſt, for what is hid from Thee,  
 Who doſt my ſecret Sins and Follies ſee?

But

But with them too my Innocence is known;  
For my sake then let those receive no shame,  
Who have beside the guards, which are their own,  
(A guiltless mind) for their defence Thy Mighty Name!

## V.

'Tis true, for that Affection, which I've born  
To Thee, I'm made my self the common scorn;  
My Brethren as a stranger on me look,  
And though one blood alike fills all our veins,  
And all our streams we from one Fountain took,  
Like streams divided once, we never meet again.

## VI.

Yet neither this shall make me from Thee turn,  
But in a Sacred Flame my Zeal shall burn:  
I'll slight the Scorns, which they have on me thrown,  
Though all the tempest break upon my head,  
And in a thousand deaths comes pouring down,  
For 'tis no more than what against Thee first was said.

## VII.

I wept, and with an holy Discipline  
Chast'ned that Soul, which abstinence did pine;  
In mournful Sackcloth did my beauties hide,  
Which from reproach could not secure me long,  
But those, who saw it did my grief deride,  
I was the Aged's By-word, and the Drunkard's Song.

## VIII.

But all the while to Thee I made my Prayers,  
Which ev'ën then found admittance to Thine Ears:  
Lord,

Lord, as Thou heard'st me then, defend me now !  
 Now, for Thy Mercy sake deliver me,  
 Thou could'st not in a fitter time bestow  
 Thy Favours, nor could they, I think, more welcome be !

## IX.

*Versus.*

Save me, My God, for thousand billows roul,  
 And mighty Floods come tumbling o're my Soul ;  
 Th' unstable Wave no certain footing yields,  
 And, where within my depth I touch the ground,  
 The Quickfands draw, and in those wat'ry fields,  
 Where Mounts of Seas are cast up, there's no standing  
 (found.

## X.

From my insulting Foes deliver me, (be !  
 Who worse than all these Floods and Quick-fands  
 Let not their Waves my ship wrack't Soul o'reflow,  
 Nor in their deep Abyfs convey me down ;  
 Let not the silent grave Thy anger show,  
 Nor shut me up, My God, where Thy great Name's un-  
 (known !

## XI.

But for Thy mercy sake incline Thine ear,  
 And Thine own Pity, and compassions hear !  
 Hear me betimes, nor from Thy servant hide  
 Thy glorious sight, or take Thy hand away,  
 But save Thou Him from his Oppressors pride,  
 Who know'st them all, and all the snares they for him  
 (lay.

## XII.

Reproach and shame have torn my very heart,  
 When none of all that saw me took my Part,

For

For some kind Soul I look'd, but all in vain,  
No Comforter, or pity could be found ;  
But such, who striving to encrease my pain,  
Gall with my meat, my drink with Vinegar compound.

## XIII.

May their own Table, Lord, be made a snare !  
A trap their dainty and luxurious fare ;  
With constant trembling make their loins to shake !  
And let them see no more the joyful light,  
But may Thy wrath sure vengeance on them take,  
And close attended be with an Eternal night !

## XIV.

Let utter desolation on them seize !  
And savage Beasts defile their Palaces !  
No more for men let them possessions be,  
But dark retreats of solitude and fears ;  
For as if all, which I had born from Thee,  
Was not enough, to Thy sharp stroke they added theirs.

## XV.

Let in repeated Sin their age be spent !  
And make their crime become their punishment !  
Let them th' effects of Mercy never feel !  
But in Thy Book draw o're their Names a blot !  
And when they suddenly descend to Hell,  
Let their Memorial by the Righteous be forgot !

## XVI.

But I am poor, my God, and prostrate lie,  
By Thy Salvation to be born on high :

That in my Songs I may Thy Name reherſe,  
And up to Heav'en in grateful Anthems riſe;  
To Thee, who doſt more kindly take a Verſe,  
Than a young Bullocks blood, or horn-hoof'd Sacrifice.

## XVII.

The humble ſhall behold it, and rejoyce;  
To Thee incline their hearts, and raiſe their voice:  
For to the Poor God do's bend down His Ear,  
And their requests nor ſhuns, nor diſregards,  
But when to Him they cry, He ſtoops to hear,  
And to His Priſ'oners gives both freedom, and rewards.

## XVIII.

Let Heav'en, and Earth, and Sea to God ſing praiſe!  
And Angels on their Wings His honour raiſe!  
For He will *Sion* ſave, her walls rebuild,  
And *Iſrael* to their Land again reſtore;  
The waſted Cities ſhall with Men be fill'd,  
Confirm'd with Charters to their Seed for evermore!

## Psalm LXX.

*Dens in adjutorium meum, &c.*

I.

*A Psalm of  
David,  
To bring to  
Remem-  
brance.  
Versus*

**M**Y God, why do's my God thus ever stay,  
And to my rescue make no hast?  
My Trouble calls Thee now away,  
Let not my help be slow, when that comes on so fast!

II.

Now come, and with Thy Presence, Lord, confound  
My proud and cruel Enemy:  
Level his greatness with the ground,  
And when he surely thought to conquer, make him fly!

III.

Let him be backward forc't, and for the scorn,  
He in his malice threw on me,  
Let on his head that scorn return,  
And be Himself as low, as he wish't I should be!

IV.

Whil'st those, who in th'Almighties succours trust,  
In Thee, who their Salvation art,  
Rejoyce, because their God is just,  
And have their mouths as full of praises, as their heart.

V.

May I, my God, one of that Number be;  
For though I am at present low,  
Thou know'st I still belong to Thee,  
And only for my sins, till they are purg'd, am so.

O z

VI. Help

## VI.

*Verfus.*

Help me, my God, O do not ever ſtay;  
 But to my reſcue come at laſt!  
 My troubles call Thee now away,  
 Let not my help be ſlow, when they come on ſo faſt!

---

## Another Verſion of the ſame, by M. M. B.

## I.

**A**lmighty God, whoſe Pow'ér is infinite,  
 Who with a Word did'ſt all things make;  
 So great, that when Thou ſpeak'ſt, the Mountains  
 Let my deliv'rance alſo ſhew Thy might, (quake  
 And by its certain ſpeed make that appear more bright

## II.

The Proud, when he is from his greatneſs thrown,  
 And do's with ſhame, and horror find  
 Nothing of all his glory left behind,  
 Who when Thou, Lord, in wrath doſt on him frown  
 His very Soul is with the heavy weight preſs'd down:

## III.

Make his the Portion of my Enemies,  
 (Who in their curſed rage contrive  
 To ſlay my Soul, when Thou would'ſt have it live)  
 That they may ſee by this their ſad ſurpriſe,  
 It was not only me, but Thee they did deſpiſe!

## IV.



## IV.

Let those, who wish my hurt, and would rejoyce,  
As senseless of my misery,  
Be like to conquer'd troops, which scatt'ered fly,  
And with confusion tremble at the noise, (voice!  
That's rais'd by their own fear, and mighty En'mies

## V.

For a reward let such be driv'en away ;  
And quite astonish'd, may they find  
No hopes of comfort to relieve their mind,  
Who at my griefs in sport triumphing say,  
" This is as we would have it be, Aha ! Aha !

## VI.

But on Thy People make Thy Face to shine !  
Let them from fears be always free,  
(Except it be fears of offending Thee)  
The sacred Flame their heart shall so refine,  
That now their joy shall only be that they are Thine !

## VII.

Such as to Thy Salvation burn in love,  
Let them perpetual praises sing !  
And with rejoycing this their Off'ering bring,  
With such Expressions let them forward move,  
" Our God be magnify'd on Earth, and Heav'en above !

## VIII.

But I am poor, and needy, much distress'd ;  
Wherefore, O Lord, make hast to me !  
For all the Springs of Mercy are in Thee ;  
And can I want, while I upon Thee rest, (prest ?  
Whose Word alone commands deliv'rance to th'Op-  
Q 3 Thou,

## IX.

Thou, in whom all my confidence do's lie,  
My help and hope in my distress,  
Let not my Mis'ery make Thy Pow' er be less!  
On thee I wait, to Thee, O God, I flie,  
Make hast, and be Thou on the Wing as well as I!

---

## Psalm LXXI.

*In te Domine speravi non confundar ! &c.*

## I.

**T**Hou art my hope, O God, in whom I trust,  
Let not my Confidence procure me shame ;  
But save me in Thy Truth, for Thou art Just,  
And in my great escape consult Thy Name,  
Lest those, who know Thee not, its care should blame.  
To my Complaints, and cries incline Thine Ear,  
And by Thy Help make me assur'd that Thou dost hear !

## II.

Be Thou my Rock, where till the Storm is past,  
Above the Floods I may securely stand !  
Thy promis'd aids for me send out at last,  
Who art my Rock at Sea, my Fort at Land,  
And by Thine save me from my En'emies hand !  
The bloody hands of fierce and cruel Men,  
And all their shafts on their own heads return again !

## III. For

## III.

For Thou, O Lord, my ancient hope hast been,  
 And from my youth I have Thy Mercies known;  
 Thy Pow' er was in my first conception seen,  
 When from the womb Thou did'st Thy Servant own;  
 And thence He into Thy great arms was thrown.  
 Praise is the least that I can offer Thee  
 For all the care, which then, and since Thou took'st of  
 (me.

## IV.

But, Lord, despis'd I'm made the scorn of all,  
 A greater Wonder Now than heretofore;  
 Yet still Thou art my God, on whom I call,  
 My Magazen, where's laid up all my store:  
 Nor till Thou sav'st me, will I give Thee o're:  
 And then my Song shall glory in Thy Praise,  
 And I'll both honour, and admire Thee all my dayes.

## V.

Now that I'm Old, my God, and feeble grown,  
 And both my eyes, and strength together fail,  
 Leave me not now, by them to be o'rethrown,  
 Who with continual plots my life assail,  
 And or to die resolve, or to prevail!  
 Who say, " Wee'll fight, o'recome, pursue, and take,  
 " And him, whom God has left, Our Slave and Captive  
 (make.

## VI.

Thou, who all this, and more than this dost hear,  
 Make hast to help me, and no longer stay!  
 Let those, who thought Thee far off, find Thee near,  
 When in consuming flames they melt away,  
 And to Eternal Wrath are made a prey!

Let shame, Reproach and Scorn their Portion be,  
And all the snares their malice had design'd for me!

## VII.

Then to Thy Name I'll make new Songs of Praise,  
By this experience taught to doubt no more;  
Recount of Thy great Wonders all my dayes,  
And of Thy Righteous Mercies, boundless store,  
Which I sufficiently can ne'r adore:  
By Thine own Pow'er, I'll of Thy Pow'er rehearse,  
And make Thy Righteousness the subject of my Verse.

## VIII.

Thou from my Infancy hast made me see  
Thy wond'rous Works, which I abroad have shewn;  
Now that I'm Old, my God, abide with me,  
That I may perfect what I have begun,  
And tell Posterity, what Thou hast done!  
How great Thy Bounty is, How great Thy Love,  
Like whom there's none below, like whom there's none  
(above)

## IX.

Great, and sore troubles, for Thy hand I've born;  
But know Thou wilt restore my joyes again:  
And when from death Thou shalt my Soul return,  
Thy Comforts shall exceed my present pain,  
And on my Throne I shall be fixt again;  
Shall to my Harp of all Thy Favours sing,  
Who art the Holy God, my Hope, and *Isra'el's* King.

## X. The

## X.

The joy that's in my heart, my mouth shall speak,  
And all my Life be one continu'd Song ;  
My Soul, whose wringing fetters Thou did'st break,  
Shall find, or make its passage by my tongue,  
And think no time for Thy great praise too long :  
For Thou to th'Earth my Enemies hast thrown,  
And in Thy Wrath on them, Thy Care of me made  
(known.

---

Psalm

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## Pſalm LXXII.

*Deus Judicium tuum Regi, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm for  
Solomon.*

**G**reat God, Thy Judgements to Our Sov'raign  
 And let His Throne like Thine abide ! (give,  
 May the Young Prince before Thee live,  
 And on His Ene'mies necks in Triumph ride !  
 Put on His head Thy Righteous Crown,  
 And to His Fathers Glories add Thy own !

## II.

Then shall He judge the People, and dispense  
 That Justice, which He has receiv'd ;  
 To Him the Poor shall look, and thence  
 Have both their mis'eries piti'd, and reliev'd ;  
 The Needies Cause He shall maintain,  
 And on their En'emies turn their wrongs again !

## III.

So shall the barren Clifts with shouts resound,  
 And all the little Hills rejoyce ;  
 The Vallies, and the lower ground,  
 Shall thence receive the Image of the Voice ;  
 Sweet Peace on every Hill shall reign,  
 And Justice once more guide the humble Plain.

## IV.

Whilst time can measure it, His Rule shall last,  
 And when even that shall be no more ;  
 When Time it self expir'd is cast  
 I'th' Urn, that had all dust but his before,

No Ages left to count it by,  
It shall be measur'd by Eternity.

## V.

And as soft rains on the mow'd grafs come down,  
And give the Meads a second Spring;  
As show'ers are to a Land new sown,  
Which swell the Seed, and help it forth to bring,  
Making the Fields all fresh and gay,  
Such shall his Gov'ernment do, but more than they.

## VI.

Peace, and Her fruits shall prosper in His dayes,  
And under His Auspicious Reign,  
The Palm shall flourish, and the Bayes,  
And Justice to the Earth return'd again,  
To Heav'en no more be forc't to go,  
But with Him keep Her Residence below.

## VII.

His far stretch'd sway Nature alone can bound,  
Which shall from Sea to Sea extend,  
As far as there is any ground,  
And only where the World finds her's, have end;  
Then up to Heav'en His Fame shall lie,  
And fill the Mighty Circle of the Skie.

## VIII.

Black *Ethiopia* at His Feet shall bow  
Her neck, for Him to tread upon,  
Honour'd enough, if thus He show  
Acceptance of the Footstool for His Throne;

Down

Down in the dust His Foes shall lie,  
With heads more low, than once their thoughts were  
(high

## IX.

The Western Continent and farthest Isles,  
And both the *Indies* gifts shall bring,  
To Him they shall present the spoils  
Of Sea and Land, as Universal King ;  
All Kings before Him shall bow down,  
And do for Theirs, Just Homage to His Crown.

## X.

Kingdoms Opprest, shall His Protection crave,  
And humbled States his Alli'ance sue :  
Th'Opprest He with His Arms shall save,  
And with the humble His Old League renew :  
Redeem their Slaves, defend their Right,  
And shew their blood was precious in His fight !

## XI.

Thus shall He live and reign, and thus receive  
The Tributes which to Him are paid ;  
Some Myrrh, some Frankincense shall give,  
And Gold, which shall like Stones be Common made  
And the due Service of each day  
Shall be to praise that King, for whom we pray.

## XII.

Then shall the Earth produce her richest store,  
And Mountain tops be safely plough'd ;  
Which, though they barren were before,  
With *Libanus* shall vie, and shout as loud ;



Nor shall the City flourish less  
Than Her parch'd Hills, but like the fields encrease.

XIII.

And when to God he shall resign His breath,  
Yet in His Name He still shall live :  
Above the Pow' er of Grave, or Death,  
And to Immortal Verse a Subject give :  
Which of His Happy Reign shall sing,  
And happy call that Land, which 'had such a King.

XIV.

Bless Him, whose Word these Miracles obey,  
And who must all these gifts bestow !  
To *Isra'el's* God, let *Isra'el* pray,  
That from His Spring such streams may ever flow !  
For ever bless His Holy Name,  
Nor bound with less than Heav' en His Mighty Fame !

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The Prayers of *David* the Son of  
*Jesse* are ended.

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*The End of the second Book of Psalms.*



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THE  
THIRD BOOK  
OF  
PSALMS.

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Psalm LXXIII.

*Quam bonus Israel Deus his, &c.*

I.

**I**T is enough, nor will I more distrust,  
As I have done, th' Almighty Love;  
I know He's kind, as well as Just,  
And by my self this certain Truth can prove,  
How cross so e're His Wayes may go,  
At least seem cross to Us below,  
Nor Him, nor Them have *Isra'el*, or the Just found so.

*A Psalm of  
Asaph.*

II.

But e're I learnt this Lesson it was long;  
And many a weary Stage I went;  
My sliding feet were often gone,  
And I at last could hardly yield assent:

Whilst

Whilst with these narrow steps of mine,  
 I thought to pace the wayes Divine,  
 Slipp'ery as glâss they were, and did with horror shine.

## III.

For when I saw the Wicked's Prosperous State,  
 And thousand Blessings He enjoyes,  
 Maintain'd by that, which God do's hate,  
 In the Worlds glory, and its greatest noise,  
 My heart did at His honours rise,  
 And though I did the Beast despise,  
 In all his Trappings, on him look'd with envious eyes.

## IV.

Lusty and strong he laughs at those weak bands,  
 Which Death on all the World do's lay;  
 And when the rest of Mankind stands  
 With fear appall'd, he dares the evil day;  
 Troubles, which other Mortals fright,  
 He boldly challenges to fight,  
 And makes devouring plagues before him'scape by flight.

## V.

Hence springs his pride, with which the Violent  
 Adorns his neck, as with a Chain,  
 'Tis both his Badge and Ornament,  
 And suited to his garments bloody stain;  
 Plump as the grape his face do's shine,  
 With eyes more sparkling than his Wine,  
 And to vast Wealth he do's unequal wishes joyn.

## VI.

Disdainfully he looks on all below,  
 As worthier of his scorn, than fear ;  
 Him and themselves Hee'll make them know,  
 And high as his proud mind his head do's bear ;  
 But not content his mouth to spend,  
 Making it heard to the Worlds end,  
 He up on High to Heav'en his blasphemies do's send:

## VII.

This as the Righteous see, and thence return  
 Their sev'eral Ways to think upon,  
 In bitterness of heart they mourn,  
 And the Lords Counsels measure by their own:  
 " How is it possible, say they,  
 " That Justice thus provok'd can stay  
 " Her hands, and the known Criminal forbear to slay?

## VIII.

These are the Men, yet being so they thrive,  
 Grow rich and wealthy, dwell at ease,  
 Drones of repute, i'th' Worlds great hive,  
 And feed on the indultrous Bees increase ;  
 Secure they live from grief, and care,  
 Calmy, and smooth their faces are,  
 And could you see their hearts, no storm canie ever  
 (there.

## IX.

In vain, my heart, to cleanse Thee have I strove ;  
 And guiltless hands have wash'd in vain ;  
 My Innocence nor can remove,  
 Nor tell how long I must endure my pain :

Then Fare-well, helpless Innocence,  
 With such a Friend I can dispence,  
 Who makes me suffer only with the greater sense.

## X.

But hold, fond Tongue, consider who do's hear,  
 And whom Thy babling do's offend ;  
 A Seed, who are th' Almighty's Care,  
 And whom in love He do's afflictions send :  
 Therefore to search the Point again,  
 And how I might the cause maintain,  
 A-new to study I resolv'd, but all in vain.

## XI.

In vain I try'd, for I ne're found it out,  
 Till to Thy Temple, Lord, I went ;  
 Though I sought for it round about,  
 Till thither come, I knew not what it meant :  
 There first I understood their end,  
 And what was Thine, thus to contend,  
 And poison'd shafts of blessings through their hearts to  
 (send.)

## XII.

Surely for ruine they were set on high,  
 As men condemn'd, in view of all ;  
 And though the Scaffold touch the skie,  
 'Tis but that thence they may be seen to fall :  
 Down they are fallen, fled away,  
 As Phantasms at th' approach of day,  
 Like their own dreams, but more ridiculous are they.

## XIII. What:

## XIII.

What a beast was I then, Lord, to repine?  
A very fool to grieve my heart,  
When all this while I have been Thine,  
And though unknown secur'd my better part:  
Thy Right hand has upholden me,  
Thy Counsel shall my Convoy be  
Unto that rest, which I can only have with Thee.

## XIV.

Thou art my Portion, and from Thee alone  
My Peace, and Happiness do flow;  
In Heav'n besides Thee I have none,  
And Heav'n it self Thy Presence, Lord, makes so:  
And could I hoard up endless store  
Of what the World as God adore,  
Without thy fulness, I should empty be, and poor.

## XV.

Dry up then, when you please, Ye failing Springs,  
Or seek some other to deceive,  
Who rest on such unstable things,  
With you can quench their flames, and on you live!  
For I am only sick of Love,  
Nor can your streams my thirst remove,  
For still my flesh and heart pant for the streams above.

## XVI.

Confounded be all those, whose sottish lust  
To senseless Idols bows them down!  
For when they most upon them trust,  
Then they most surely shall be overthrown:

For my part, I'll to God draw near,  
 Make Him my hope, who is my Fear,  
 Happy I shall hereafter be, contented here.

---

Psalm LXXIV.

*Ut quid repulisti in finem, &c.*

I.

*A Psalm of Asaph.* **S**hall We for ever then be cast off thus,  
 And will Our God no more remember us?  
 Shall then His flock no longer be His Care,  
 But more His rage, than once His love they were?  
 Forget not, Lord, Thy Purchase, and Thy Choice,  
*Sion*, which Thou hast made Thine own,  
 The Wonders Thou for Her, and Us hast done,  
 And let our Prayers be heard amidst our Enemies noise!

II.

Arise, and to their great destruction come,  
 Who to Thy Temple Gates have brought it home;  
 Thy Holy Place, and its Divine Recels,  
 Instead of stopping, do's their rage encrease:  
 Thither they break, and thence profanely bear  
 The Sacred Treasures of Thy House,  
 Its Vessels set apart from Common Use,  
 And on thy Captive Altars their proud Trophies rear.

III.

Our sad complaints, Axes, and Hammers drown,  
 (With no less noise was *Libanus* hew'en down)  
 And all th' Adornments of Thy Dwelling place,  
 They or to powder bear, or else deface:



And to compleat Our ruine, when no more  
The Ax, or weary hand can do,  
They fire into Thy Sanctuary throw,  
And what Thou so did'st consecrate, with fire devour.

## IV.

“ Them, and their Seed, let Us destroy, they say,  
“ And in one ruine with their Temple lay !  
“ What more accepted Flame to Heav'en can rise,  
“ Than a whole Synagogue for Sacrifice ?  
“ And they shall follow—This We see, and hear ;  
But have no Signs or Prophet more  
To tell us when this Tempest will blow o're  
Or How long, what too long already, we must bear.

## V.

How long, Dear God, shall Our Proud Enemy  
Not us alone, but Thy Great Pow'er defie ?  
Shall his vile mouth for ever thus defame  
Thy Sacred, and Unutterable Name ?  
Or wilt Thou alway thus Thy hand recall,  
That Hand where all Our succours lie,  
And only lift it from our sight on high ?  
Let it return at length, and heavier on them fall !

## VI.

Thou heretofore hast made Thy Strength be known,  
And Wonders, which none else could do, hast done ;  
Dividing by th' Almighty Wand the Flood,  
And mad'st it truly a Red Sea with blood :  
When there the *Chamian* King by Thy Right Hand,  
That great Levi'athan of the Main,  
Sunk in the deep, which cast Him up again,  
That what its gluttred Hosts had left, might scalt the land.

## VII.

'Twas Thou, who mad'st the Rock in streams to flow,  
And Floods stand still, to let Thy *Isra'el* go;  
The day, and night with all its lamps are Thine,  
Light from that Sun, which Thou mad'st first to shine;  
By Thee the bounds of the Round World are cast,  
Both where they shall begin, and end,  
Summer, and Winter, on Thy Word attend,  
All for Thy Pleasure made, and during it shall last.

## VIII.

Thou, who hast done all this to raise Thy Name,  
Guard it from those, whose lips would blast its Fame!  
Let not Thy mourning Dove become a prey  
To Vulturs, but take wing, and fly away!  
Deliver her, and mind Thy ancient Care,  
Thy Cov'enant with Our Fathers made,  
For th' Enemy Our very Graves invade,  
And where we thought to lie retir'd, their Counsels are!

## IX.

Some answer to Our Prayers at length return,  
Lest shame confound Us, and we ever mourn!  
Arise, and Thine Own Cause Thy self defend,  
And let Thy En'emies Malice have an end!  
Forget them not, their blasphemies, and pride,  
Now that their Sin for vengeance cries;  
For they their heads have rais'd above the skies,  
And Heav'en, with all its Thunders, to th' Assault des'd.

## Psalm LXXV.

*Confitebimur Tibi Deus, &c.*

## I.

**L**ord We will praise Thee, and Our chearful Song *A Psalm of*  
 Shall of Thy mighty Name rehearse ; *Asaph.*  
 For all the Wonders, which to it belong,  
 Are truly great, and so shall make Our Verse :  
     To it Wee'll fly, and rest us there,  
     Adore its Power, and beg its care,  
 And make it both the Subject of Our Song, and Prayer.

## II.

“ When the Time comes, sayes God, that I shall call *God,*  
     “ The World to Judgement, my Right hand  
     “ Alike its Justice shall dispence to all,  
     “ And none its equal sentence shall withstand :  
     “ It shall reward, it shall chastise,  
     “ Some lower cast, and make some rise,  
 “ And as my Hand's impartial, so shall be my eyes.

## III.

“ The Earth shall melt, and all that in it dwell  
     “ To their first nothing turn again ;  
     “ By its own weight it long e're this had fell,  
     “ But that its mighty Pillars I sustain :  
     “ Fond Man, then said I, what mean'st Thou !  
     “ No more in vain Just Heav'en pursue, *The Psalmist,*  
 “ Too great to be oppos'd, to be gainsaid too true !

## IV.

"For shame desist, and your weak plots give o're!  
 "They cannot take, Heav'n is so High!  
 "Against your maker vilely speak no more,  
 "For though His Face you see not, He stands by:  
 "His breath it is whereby you speak,  
 "He with one frown your pride can check,  
 "And though you hold it ne're so stiff, bow down your  
 (neck.

## V.

The Sun, which ev'ry day the World surrounds,  
 (Father of all the Mines below,)  
 And with a careful eye surveys his grounds,  
 Cannot the Riches, which he makes, bestow:  
 Though he in purple set, and rise,  
 And rides in Triumph o're the skies,  
 Can give nor wealth, nor honour to his Votaries.

## VI.

His God at will disposes of his gold,  
 And all his honours gives away;  
 Whilst his chief Work is only to behold,  
 And brightest shine on them, who share his prey:  
 The Poor he raises to the Throne,  
 And from it throws the Mighty down,  
 Is Judge of all, and knows no pleasure, but His Own.

## VII.

For in His hand there is a dreadful Cup,  
 Whose sparkling Wine is red with gore;  
 'Tis large, and fill'd with mixture to the top,  
 So full the active liquor do's run o're;

Of it all drink, and when 'tis done,  
The dregs are for the Wicked wrung,  
But ne'r shall quench their thirst, nor ever cool their  
(tongue.

## VIII.

But I to future Ages will declare  
The praises of th'Eternal King ;  
And since so Wonderful His Glories are,  
Of none but *Jacob's* God the Praises sing :  
The Wicked down to Hell Hee'll throw,  
The Righteous up to Heav'en shall grow,  
And Heav'en to his exalted head shall seem but low.

---

Psalm

## Pſalm LXXVL

*Notus in Judæa Dominus.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
Aſaph.*

THE True, the Only God in *Judah* reigns,  
 There is His Temple, there His Court,  
 To *Salem* all the Tribes reſort,  
 And learn to ſing His Name in lofty ſtrains :  
 No place ſuch tokens of His love do's bear,  
 His Chariot He has ſet up there,  
 There broke the Arrows, and there burnt the ſhield and  
 (Spear.

## II.

*Sion*, more glorious than the Hills of *Prey*  
 How excellent doſt Thou appear ?  
 How full of Majeſty, and Fear,  
 When from them the Beſiegers ſteal away ?  
 Away the valiant ran, but knew not why,  
 Till a dead ſleep ſaid Death was nigh,  
 And chaining up their hands, ſcarce left them heels to  
 (ſlie.

## III.

At Thy rebuke, O God, aſleep they fell,  
 The Horſe and Chariot were o'retook,  
 The Rider ſtopt at Thy Rebuke,  
 And bow'd adown to the All-conquering ſpell :  
 Thou art indeed to be ador'd in fight,  
 Who thus canſt arm Thy ſelf with light,  
 But, Lord, what are Thy Hands, if thus Thou kill'ſt at  
 (fight ?  
 IV. When

## IV.

When from above Thou mak'st Thy voice be heard,  
The Sea stands still, and Earth do's shake;  
Even Heav'en it self unloos'd do's quake,  
God thundred from above, and they all fear'd:  
The Clouds to make Him way afunder rent,  
An hideous shriek the Mountains sent,  
When God, to judge the Meek by them in person went.

## V.

Nor do these only, Lord, Thy Power declare,  
But the fierce wrath of Wicked Man,  
Which Thou dost punish, or restrain,  
Whence to get praise amongst thy Wonders are:  
Vow to the Lord, and what you vow see paid!  
For Vows are debts, when once they're made,  
And none deserves your praise like Him to whom you  
(prai'd.

## VI.

Adore Him, all ye Lands, and Tongues around,  
And to Our God your praises sing!  
To Him alone your presents bring,  
And thus with fear seek Him, whom We have found!  
With God the greatest Kings cannot compare,  
Who Crowns but at His pleasure wear,  
And when He Frowns, they and their Honours turn to  
(air.

Psalm LXXVII.

*Voce mea ad Dominum, &c.*

I.

*A Psalm of  
Asaph.*

**I**N my great trouble to the Lord I cri'd,  
I cri'd aloud, And He was pleas'd to hear,  
And when the night His Face did hide,  
With stretch'd out hands I felt if He was near :  
I prai'd, and was resolv'd to pray,  
Refus'd all Comfort but my tears,  
Whose streams I thought my Feavour might allay,  
And as they forc't my heart for passage, move His Ears.

II.

Sometimes in groans, sometimes in Words I pray'd,  
And fluent as my griefs my sorrows spake ;  
But suddenly my speech was stay'd,  
And interrupting sighs its order brake :  
And then I could nor speak, nor sleep,  
Thou Lord didst hold my eyes, and tongue ;  
Only my mind its even frame did keep, (strong.  
And with weak hands, and trembling lips became more

III.

Then of Thy Wonders did I meditate,  
Our Fathers dayes, and what their Age did see ;  
How Thou upheld'st the Tottering State,  
And in their troubles mad'st them trust in Thee :  
Fresh to my mind then came a Song,  
Which heretofore I did rehearse,  
An Anthem which had been forgotten long,  
Where my Soul with me joyn'd, & thus began the Verse.

I V. " And



## IV.

" And can it be that God will thus reject,  
 " Be alwayes angry, and ne'r pleas'd again,  
 " Will He His Flock no more protect,  
 " But let us ever, as this day, complain?  
 " Has He forgotten to be good,  
 " Or shall His Promise ever cease,  
 " Who has His Pleasure, or His Pow' er withstood,  
 " That where He shuts up Warr, He should imprison  
 (Peace?

*The Turn.*

## V.

" Hold, hold, my Soul, 'tis Thy infirmity  
 " Makes Thee thus judge of God, whose Will shall  
 " Immoveable, as it is High, (stand  
 " Where Thou Thy wings should'st guide, to his right  
 " Of that think with me, and His Power, (Hand!  
 " The wondrous Works which He has done,  
 " They shall my talk and study be each hour,  
 " To shew Our Children, what Our Fathers Us have  
 (shown.

*The Counter-turn.*

## VI.

" Thy Wayes, O God, are far above my sight,  
 " And where Thou hid'st Thy self in Heav'en, lie hid;  
 There's none like Thee so full of might,  
 " Whose Pow' er I fear, by what Thy hand once did:  
 " When from above Thou mad'st it bare,  
 " Isra'el, and Joseph's Seed to save,  
 " When their Redemption did Thy strength declare,  
 " And Egypt took the Chain to be her Captives slave.

*The Stand.*

## VII. The

## VII.

The Waters saw Thee, and the Waters fled,  
The Depths were troubled, and ran back for fear ;  
The Clouds rain'd Seas, Heav'en Darkneſs ſpread,  
From whence there came a voice, w<sup>ch</sup> rocks did tear ;  
Th' Earth trembled, and the Mountains ſhook,  
*Egypt* it ſelf abhor'd the light,  
Which from the ſaſhes came, and horror ſtrook  
More terrible, than when three days they felt their night.

## VIII.

Thou for Thy People didſt prepare the way,  
And through thoſe Floods a ſafe retreat they have,  
Which Thou Thy Glory to diſplay,  
Reſolv'd'ſt ſhould after be proud *Pharaohs* grave ;  
Along they went, by Thy Command,  
Who of the Sacred Flock took'ſt Care ;  
*Moses* and *Aaron* only ſhew'd Thy Hand,  
For the Great Shepherd Thou, and they Thy Heards-men  
(were.

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## Psalm LXXVIII.

*Attendite Populus meus, &c.*

## I.

- I** *Sra'el*, Gods own Inheritance, draw near,  
 And what He did to make Thee so, now hear!  
 Of Ages long since past, and Armes I sing,  
 And to Thy dayes their ancient Glories bring:  
 5 Acts, which with sound belief would never stand,  
 But that all done by the Almighty Hand;  
 Our Fathers witness to their Truth did bear,  
 And what we hear with wonder, saw with fear.  
 They told them Us, that we might publish down,  
 10 To Childrens Children, how His Pow' er was known.  
 Such was His charge, that late Posteritie,  
 And Generations, which should after be,  
 People as yet unborn, might know His wayes,  
 And what they learnt, their children teach His praise:  
 15 That they in Him their Hope might ever place;  
 His Statutes keep, and alway seek His Face:  
 Never forget His Works, but still improve  
 His former Favours, and His present Love:  
 That like their Fathers they rebel no more,  
 20 Unless they'd feel the Wrath their Fathers bore:  
 Base stubborn Nation, who their God withstood,  
 Most cross to Him, who alway did them good!  
 His Wrath this kindled first, then made it burn,  
 His enraged fire on *Ephra'ims* Tribe did turn,  
 25 *Iphr'aim*, (which durst the stoutest Foe assail,  
 And never of the certain Conquest fail,  
 But us'd to Come, and See, and so Prevail,  
 So terrible His bow, so sure his hand,  
 Th' unerring shaft did death at will command)

- 30 *Ephra'im* turn'd back, but strove in vain to flee,  
 By His own shafts o'retook, did wounded lie,  
 Worthy thus signally in warr to fall,  
 Whom Peace with all her charms could ne'r recall!  
 The Law they brake, that Cov'enant w<sup>ch</sup> they took,  
 35 And without cause that, and their God forsook;  
 Forgot His works and their own worthy Stemm,  
 Their Fathers Trust, and what He did for them.

Marvellous things He did in *Pharaoh's* Land,  
*Zoan* still witness of His Plagues do's stand.

- 40 When *Isra'el* saw His Wonders all about,  
 How He preserv'd them there, & brought them out.  
 When He no Common Road did make them keep,  
 But like His Own, their wayes were in the Deep.  
 The Deep amaz'd stood up, as they pass'd o're,  
 45 Admir'd their suddain fix'dness, and new shore:  
 How in a moment they were rais'd so high,  
 And fell not when they saw no storm was nigh.  
 By day a Cloud did their great journies hide,  
 At night a Sacred Flame the Host did guide;  
 50 Before them pass'd, and where their passage lay,  
 Not only shew'd, but also made their way. (groan,  
 Hard Rocks, as they went by, pierc'd through did  
 That fire, which dri'd the Deep, did melt the stone,  
 Out gusht new streams, so constant, and so strong,  
 55 They made their Channels as they ran along.

Yet still they sinn'd, and tempted Him the more,  
 Lack'd meat, who only water begg'd before.

Nor did they closely think, but speak their Sins,  
 And with vile Mouth the Murmurer thus begins;

- 60 "Can He give Bread too? sure if He be God,  
 "That may as well as streams obey His Rod:  
 "Let him now strike more Rocks, and make them  
 "That we may hope our Armies shall be fed! (Bread,  
 "Nothing but Manna? Can He flesh provide?  
 65 "Here in the desert let His Pow'r be tri'd!

"And

- “ And if He do’s this, wee’ll distrust no more,  
“ But all Our murm’wings, answer’d thus, give o’re.  
God heard them from above, and in a flame,  
To see, and be reveng’d, upon them came.  
70 Down came the fire, and like that Mighty Power  
Which gave Commission, did uncheckt devottr :  
The trembling Camp could not but say ’twas just,  
And that no other flame could purge their lust.  
Thus were they punish’d for their unbelief,  
75 Who only in a plague knew Fear, or Grief.  
They would not trust Him, though they all had seen  
How constant to His Word, and them He’had been.  
Though from the Clouds, He did their bread com-  
And Heav’n did th’ Office of a fruitful land : (mand;  
80 Whole forty years, once a day, open stood,  
And at their doors they gath’red Angels food ;  
Made by an Angels hand for them to eat,  
But discontented still they would have meat.  
And so they shall——A strong East wind did blow;  
85 And o’re the East th’ Almighty Word did do :  
They heard the Summons, but without all fear,  
And never dreamt another plague was near.  
It blew all night, and at morning along with the day,  
Brought shoals of Quales, w<sup>ch</sup> round the Army lay :  
90 The Murm’urers saw them, but yet scarce believ’d  
The Miracle, and wisht they werē deceiv’d ;  
They saw them lie in heaps, the Camp around,  
So thick they seem’d a burthen to the ground :  
Enough a greater Host than theirs to feed,  
95 Would but th’ event like the beginning speed.  
But while the flesh was in their Mouths, that God,  
Who can of every Blessing make a Rod,  
Scourg’d them with this, and though they saw it not,  
In dressing, Death was truly in the Pot.  
100 And down their stomachs with the Quales it went,  
And thence unto the Heart its poisons sent ;

- So swift, they found it was in vain to flie,  
And still ate on, that they might sooner die.  
The Rebel Princes in that plague did fall,  
105 A Publick Victim for the sin of all.  
Yet still they sinn'd, still harder to believe,  
And only, when He slew them thus, would grieve.  
Wherefore in vanity their years He spent,  
Waiting to see, if yet they would repent ;  
110 For when He slew them they ador'd His wayes,  
Gave, at least seem'd to give, Him his just praise ;  
But 'twas all flattery, for still their heart  
Was only constant from Him to depart :  
Yet He forgave them, and destroy'd them not,  
115 And both His anger, and their Sins forgot,  
Knowing they were but flesh, a suddain Wind,  
Which passes by, and leaves no trace behind.  
How did they tempt Him in the Wilderness ?  
Many their plagues, their Sins were Numberless.  
120 When in strait bounds they would that God confine,  
Whose boundless Pow' er beyond all bounds do's  
And measuring by themselves the Holy One, (shine:  
Because they saw no help, thought there was none.  
How little did they mind His Mighty Hand,  
125 Then conquering, when He only bid them stand ?  
What signs in *Pharaohs* coast He for them wrought,  
And gave deliv'rance e're He scarce was sought ?  
When with deep gore He stain'd the wounded flood,  
And *Egypt* could not drink, though thirst for blood ;  
130 Infinite swarms of flies did fill the Air, (appear :  
Through whose thick clouds the Sun could scarce  
Armies of Frogs did the whole Land invade :  
And active Lice of nimble dust were made :  
Then martial Locusts came, and bore away,  
135 What the Hail left untoucht, for their rich prey ;  
For th' Hail before had torn the sturdie Oak,  
And what escap'd that fell by the Thunders stroak :  
Cattle

- Cattle and Flocks smote down together lay,  
And scatt'ered limbs of Men strew'd every way:  
140 No common Thunder, 'twas the Prince of th' Air,  
With all the pow'ers of Hell were ralli'd there,  
God let them loose, and bid them nothing spare:  
Murrain on beasts, Ulcers on men did rage,  
An hand unseen against them did engage;  
145 Darknefs upon their Palaces did rest,  
A too faint Emblem of that in their breast. (down,  
They would not see though God from Heav'n came  
And killing their First-born chose *Israels* for his own.  
Then like a Flock they were through *Kadesh* led,  
150 By *Moses* hand, but God himself their Head:  
Through Seas He led them, which more scar'd than  
Rose up in hast, and open'd them a way: (they,  
But when gone o're, they look'd upon the Main,  
*Pharaoh* lay drown'd, their way was Sea again.  
155 Through thousand dangers, thousand En'emies past;  
To th' Promis'd *Canaan* they were brought at last;  
The Heathen conquer'd, He gave them their Land;  
Houses and Towns stood ready built to hand.  
The Sacred lot did for each Tribe divide,  
160 And what that gave, was nor disputed nor deni'd.  
Yet here they sinn'd, and did their God provoke,  
And all His Laws and their Own Cov'enants broke:  
So hard it is to fix a crooked bow,  
And make that straight, which Nature made not so.  
165 High places now they seek, and shady Groves,  
And to foul Idols prostitute their loves.  
This when God heard, and saw His Laws abus'd  
By them, whom He so tenderly had us'd,  
He *Isra'el* hated, *Shilo* did forsake,  
170 And left that Ark, which made His Foes to quake;  
Left it his foes, in triumph to bear home,  
A spoil to th' Gods it had so oft o'recome.

- To them 'tis brought, whilst its guards murd' red fall,  
And one small fire gives troops a Funeral.
- 175 No Marriage Songs are heard in *Judah's* Coast,  
But Am'orous Harps are in shrill Trumpets lost:  
And every Virgin may before she die,  
Unsworn, bewail her sad Virginitie;  
Wives hear their husbands death without a groan,
- 180 And Priests unmourn'd for die, now th' Ark is gone.  
'Twas then God (like a Gyant rous'd from sleep,  
Whom Wine beyond His hour did Pris'oner keep,  
That shouts and fights) fell on and made them flie,  
And on their backs reveng'd their curious eye.
- 185 The Ark returns, but *Shilo* now no more  
Shall be its Resi'dence, as it was before;  
*Ephra'im* to *Judah*, *Shilo* to *Sion* yields,  
And to the Sacred Mount, their fruitful fields:  
So God would have't, who chose Himself the Place,
- 190 *Sion*, the Habitation of His Grace;  
'Tis there He's known, there He His Temple made,  
Whose groundwork stable as the Worlds was laid  
*David's* design, when from the Ewes with young,  
By Him he was anointed to the Throne.
- 195 His Fathers flocks he carefully did keep, (sheep;  
And therefore made Chief Heardsmen of Gods  
Where all his time he fed them, with such Care,  
They never were more strong, nor ever look't more fair
-



## Psalm LXXIX.

*Deus venerunt gentes in, &c.*

## I.

**L**ord see the Mis'ries, which we undergo,  
And how with us Thy Temple suffers too!

*A Psalm of  
Asaph.*

Thither at length the Enemy is come,  
And *Solyra* on heaps has laid,  
*Sion* is but one Mighty Tomb,  
And the Worlds glory, now the scorn of all is made.

## II.

Thy murd'ered Saints in th' fields unburied lie,  
A prey to beasts and fowl, which vengeance crie;  
Their blood before was round *Jerus'alem* shed,  
Increase its brooks, and wash't its stones,  
Yet death cannot secure the dead,  
But those who took their lives, again expose their bones.

## III.

Living, or dead one shame attends us all;  
Nor with less rage Our Neighbours on us fall:  
Their mirth do's only by our pains increase,  
And such deep wounds their mercies give,  
That death it self we think were ease,  
And our slain friends more happy count, than us who  
(live.

## IV.

When shall Thy wrath and jealousie expire,  
Quench'd by that blood, w<sup>ch</sup> now but feeds the fire?

Lord, on the Heathen pour the tempest down,  
 Whole Nations, which ne'r pray to Thee,  
 Kingdoms, where yet Thy Name's unknown,  
 And let not what's their due, Thy Servants Portion be !

## V.

And when their Sins to Thy remembrance come,  
 Let this be added to compleat the Summ,  
 That they have wasted *Jacob*, and Thy Land !  
 But let not Our iniquities,  
 Our former Sins new load Thy hand,  
 Lest when to rescue us, to ruine Thou arise !

## VI.

Prevent us, Lord, for we are very low,  
 And let us now Thy strong Salvation know !  
 Now save us, for the Glory of Thy Name,  
 And for its sake Our Sins blot out ;  
 Upon Our Foes return the shame,  
 That though in scorn they ask, none may Thy presence  
 (doubt !

## VII.

Appear, O God, and let us witness be  
 They know, and fear Thy Name as well as we !  
 Revenge the guiltless blood, which they have shed,  
 And hear Our chains, how loud they cry ;  
 Upon the living right the Dead,  
 And by Thine Arm save those, who sentenc'd are to dy.

## VIII.

Reproach, which they design'd to cast on Thee,  
 And its increase their just reward shall be ;

And

And then Thy People, Lord, Thy sacred Fold,  
 Shall make the Plains with joy to ring,  
 The Lambs shall all Thy Acts be told, (sing.  
 And their Great Shepherds praise, both learn, and ever

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## Psalm LXXX.

*Qui regis Israel intende, &c.*

## I.

Great Shepherd of the Hebrew Race, *A Psalm of Asaph.*  
 Whose num'rous Flock all *Isra'el* was,  
 For Thou didst guide them with Thy Hand,  
 They knew Thy Voice and follow'd Thee,  
 Th' Invisible between the Cherubim did see,  
 And thence receive th' Oraculous command ;  
 Between the Cherubim again appear,  
 And give Our chains Thine eye, and pray'ers Thine  
 (ear!

## II.

Shew Us Thy Glory, Lord, once more,  
 As thou didst *Ephra'im* heretofore ;  
 When, all the Tribes from bondage led,  
 Thy Presence chas'd their Enemies,  
 For if again Thou make Thy Ark, and strength to rise,  
 Ours shall flie too, as theirs before Thee fled :  
 Turn us again and cause Thy Face to shine, *Versiculus.*  
 We shall be sav'd, the Praise shall all be Thine.

## III.

How long wilt Thou be angry thus  
 Both with Our Pray'ers, Great God, and Us ?  
 Q. 4. Thou

Thou know'st how tears have been our food,  
 The mixture of Our meat and drink,  
 Whilst our insulting Neighbours laugh in scorn, to thin  
 That when those streams shall cease, the next is blood.  
*Verſicula.* But turn us, Lord, and cauſe Thy Face to ſhine,  
 We ſhall be ſav'd, the Praise ſhall all be Thine.

## IV.

A Vine God into *Cana'an* brought,  
 And having thrown the Heathen out,  
 A proper ſoil did for it find ;  
 From *Egypt* He the Plant did bring,  
 Where it was bruiz'd, and torn when it began to ſpring.  
 By men trod down, and broken by the wind :  
 But when it could not there ſecurely ſtand,  
 In *Cana'an* it took root, and fill'd the Land.

## V.

The Sun-burnt Hills it cloath'd around,  
 Their heads were with it cool'd, and crown'd ;  
 Above the Hills its branch did riſe,  
 And vy'd with tall'eſt Cedars there,  
 As gay it look't, and full as high its top did bear,  
 And its rich cluſters touch'd the neigh'ouring Skies  
 With one it laid hold of the Weſtern Strand,  
 And touch't the River with its other hand.

## VI.

But why haſt Thou her hedge broke down ?  
 And her encloſures open thrown ;  
 So that the ſtranger who rides by,  
 Though nothing there he has to do,  
 Comes rudely in, and tears both fruit, and branches too ?  
 Thither the Wild Bore from the Wood do's fly,  
 And

And after bids his fellow Beasts make haſt,  
To'a Vineyard, which they may more ſafely waſt.

## VII.

Return, O God, and on us ſhine,  
From Heav'en look down, and ſee Thy Vine !  
This Vineyard, which Thy right hand made,  
By thus tranſplanting fair, and ſtrong,  
And under which it ſpred, and flouriſh't has thus long,  
For if Thou frown 'twill be to th' Common laid :  
'Tis burn't already, but may yet bear fruit,  
If, though the branch be gone, Thou ſpare the root.

## VIII.

May Thy right hand preſerve Our King !  
And to an end His troubles bring !  
Let Him again be great, and ſtrong !  
As by Thy help He was before,  
And then nor He, nor we ſhall ever leave Thee more,  
But freely joyn in one Eternal Song !  
Turn us, O Lord, and cauſe Thy Face to ſhine,  
We ſhall be ſav'd, the praiſe ſhall all be Thine.

*Versiculus.*

## Psalm LXXXI.

*Exultate Deo Adjutori.*

## I.

A Psalm of  
Asaph.

**T**O God our strength let *Isra'el* sing,  
Triumphant Songs to Our Victorious King !  
Awake the Harp, the Pfaltery, and Flute,  
And fill the Air, with an harmonious noise,  
Call in the Sackbutt, Cornet, and the Lute,  
And as He rais'd His hand for you, t'Him lift your voice.

## II.

In the New Moon the Trumpets blow,  
His Ancient Law makes it your duty Now ;  
When He at first Ordain'd this Solemn Day,  
And bid Our Fathers keep the Pompous Feast ;  
*Isra'el*, and *Judah* did His Word obey,  
And thus His praises duly sang, who gave them Rest.

## III.

'Twas then when *Isra'el* left that Land,  
Whose Language they could never understand :  
A speech as barb'arous as its Nations were ;  
“ When from the weights and pots I set them free  
“ From cruel tasks, says God, no more to bear  
“ *Egyptian* burdens, but my light ones, and serve me.

## IV.

“ I saw their trouble, heard their Cry,  
“ And my quick Hand took Light'ning from my eye ;  
“ From

" From Heav'n I thund' red, made my voice be heard,  
" And there I prov'd, and there I *Isra'el* try'd;  
" But whom at thund'ring *Sinai Isra'el* fear'd,  
" *Isra'el* at *Meribah* with murmurings deni'd.

## V.

" Yet to my Law again give ear,  
" Once more I'll publish it if Thou wilt hear!  
" No other God but Me, shalt Thou adore,  
" For I alone am God, and none beside,  
" I broke the Chains, which you in *Egypt* bore,  
" And now can fill your mouths, though open'd ne're so  
(wide.

## VI.

" But all in vain, they would not hear,  
" And though I bow'd mine down, deny'd their Ear;  
" So up I gave them to their loose desires,  
" Their brutish Lusts, and no destruction sent,  
" No flames but what were kindled by those fires,  
" That what they made their choice, might be their pu-  
(nishment.

## VII.

" O had they heard Me! and been wise,  
" Those Wayes to follow, which they did despise;  
" To Victory their Armies I had led,  
" My Hand their Enemies should have o'rethrown,  
" And forc't to yield their necks, but on their head  
" Had put a never fading and Eternal Crown.

## VIII.

" Plenty and Peace should all Their dayes  
" Have grew'd fresh Palms, and Roses in their ways;  
" And

“ And open’d all the Treasures of the Field ;  
 “ Even I my self new Miracles would show,  
 “ Not water only the pierc’d Rock should yield,  
 “ But living Honey from the Flinty Hive should flow.

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## Psalm LXXXII.

*Deus stetit in Synagoga, &c.*

### I.

*A Psalm of Asaph.* **Y**OU Judges of the World, and Gods below,  
 Who at your pleasure sentence all,  
 And never think to whom that Pow’er you owe,  
 By whose Decree your selves must stand or fall,  
 The Mighty God do’s all your Counsels view,  
 And as you others judge, He judges you.

### II.

He sees how partially you sentence pass;  
 And will you always wrong your trust ?  
 By looking through a false, and flattering glass,  
 Acquit the Wicked, and condemn the Just ?  
 In your own scales those rise, and these sink low,  
 But whom their Virtue weighs down, you keep so.

### III.

Rather defend the Poor, and Fatherless,  
 And hearken to the Orphans cry,  
 Instead of helping, do not more oppress,  
 Lest God himself bestow what you deny !  
 Deliv’rance for the Needy Soul command;  
 And give them not your Ear alone, but hand

IV. But



IV.

But all in vain, their Duty they'll not know,  
 Nor what they might will understand ;  
 Hating the day, in darkness love to go,  
 And bring to ruine, with themselves, their Land ;  
 If its Foundations shake, and totter thus,  
 No wonder if the World be ruinous.

V.

Y'are Gods, I said, and Sons of the Most High ;  
 His Children, who in Heav'en do's reign ;  
 Who therefore cloath'd you thus with Majesty,  
 That, among Men, you should His Pow'er maintain :  
 Y'are Gods, but must to Death your Scepters bow,  
 Nor of your Titles will the grave allow.

VI.

Immortal only is the God above,  
 That equal Judge, and glorious King ;  
 Like whom none is so just, or full of Love,  
 Who to the Barr shall every secret bring :  
 Arise, O God, the World to Judgement call,  
 No Judge so fit as Thou, who'art Lord of All.

## Pſalm LXXXIII.

*Deus quis ſimilis erit tibi ? ne taceas, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm of  
Aſaph.*

ENOUGH, My God, Thou haſt been ſtill,  
Now give the Word, and raiſe Thy Voice ;  
Their Ears with the amazing Thunder fill,  
Who think they have o'recome Thine with their  
See how they riſe, and liſt their heads on high, (noiſe !  
Make tumults, and laid plots contrive,  
To ruine thoſe Thou hid'ſt to ſave alive,  
And not Heav'ens feed alone, but Heav'en it ſelf deſic !

## II.

“ Come, ſay they, on them let us fall,  
“ We are too eaſie thus to ſpare ;  
“ Let the whole Nation periſh, Name and all,  
“ And make Our purple with their blood more fair !  
The Motion all embrace, and to the Al-arm,  
With one conſent together come  
Some Troops from *Edom*, and from *Moab* ſome,  
All whom or rapine can perſwade, or malice arm.

## III.

With them are joyn'd the *Iſhmaelites*,  
*Ammon*, and *Amaleck*, and *Tyre*,  
The bold *Aſſyrian* in the Quarrel fights,  
And executes the Treasons they conſpire :  
But let them plot, and fight, and conquer'd fly,  
By their own fears like *Midian* fall ;  
Let *Jabyn's* Fate, and *Sifera's* wait them all,  
And by a Womans hand, firſt routed be, then dye !

## IV. At



## VII.

Be Thou that Wind, and make them fear !  
 Fill every Face, with dread, and shame ;  
 Till they to expiate their sin draw near,  
 And what before they curst, adore Thy Name !  
 That when the World their change, or ruine see,  
 It may look higher, and above,  
 Find the first Cause, whose Will all things do's move,  
 And know One God rules Heav'en and Earth, and Thou  
 (art He.

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## Psalm LXXXIV.

*Quàm dilecta Tabernacula tua, &c.*

## I.

*A Song for  
 the Sons of  
 Corah.  
 Versus.*

**T**Riumpant Gen'eral of the Sacred Host,  
 Whom all the strength of Heav'en and Earth obey ;  
 Who hast a Thund'ring Legion in each Coast,  
 And Mighty Armies list'd, and in pay ;  
 How fearful art Thou in their head above,  
 Yet in Thy Temple, Lord, how full of Love ?

## II.

So lovely is Thy Temple, and so fair,  
 So like Thy self, that with desire I faint ;  
 My heart and flesh cry out to see Thee there,  
 And could bear any thing but this restraint :  
 My Soul do's on its old Remembrance feed,  
 And fresh desires by my long absence breed.

## III. The

## III.

The Sparrows there have found themselves a nest,  
 And there their untun'd notes the Swallows sing;  
 A place where undisturb'd they all may rest,  
 And have some gift, which they to Thee may bring:  
 Their young ones, which they on Thy Altar lay;  
 And may not I as happy be as they?

## IV.

Thrice happy Man, who in Thy House resides!  
 For He Thy Glorious Name shall ever praise;  
 For whose necessities my God provides!  
 And is the Faithful Guide of all his Ways!  
 Though through the Vale of *Baca* he do's go,  
 My King, who guides his Way, will bless it too.

## V.

That thirsty Vale, where scorching drought do's reign,  
 Shall in New streams, and Rivers overflow,  
 Their tears shall help to water the sad Plain,  
 And make the Mulberries more fruitful grow:  
 See how in troops they march, till all at length  
 To *Sion* come, and there renew their strength!

## VI.

Triumphant Gen'eral of the Sacred Host, *Verses.*  
 Whom all the Pow'ers of Heav'n, and Earth obey,  
 Who hast a Thund'ring Legion in each Coast,  
 And mighty Armies-listed, and in pay,  
 Let not the noise of War so fill Thine Ear,  
 But that Thy Love through it my Pray'ers may hear!

## VII.

Great God of Battles, Thou who art my Shield,  
*Jacob's* strong God, on Thy Anointed shine !  
If Thou encamp'st, I'm sure to gain the field,  
And overcome, because the Vict'ory's Thine :  
I long to see Thy Glory as before,  
And by this Absence learn to prize it more.

## VIII.

For one day in Thy Temple to attend,  
Before an Age of Pleasure I prefer ;  
And might I in that Place my Life but spend,  
The meanest Office is advancement there :  
There should I count I had more honour won,  
Charg'd with a Door, than here to wear a Crown.

## IX.

My God would there upon his Servant shine,  
And when that Sun is or too hot, or bright,  
Become a shield against the rayes Divine,  
And on Himself reflect the glorious light :  
Himself would interpose, and be my Screen,  
And nothing but Himself should come between.

## X.

Grace Now, hereafter Glory will He give ;  
Nothing that's good, will He from His with-hold ;  
He only looks they should uprightly live,  
And for returns expect a thousand fold :  
Lord, since to Thine All for the Best shall be,  
Not only give, but choose what's fit for me !

## XI. Trin

## XI.

Triumphant Gen'eral of the Sacred Host,  
 Whom all the Pow'ers of Heav'en, and Earth obey,  
 Who hast a Thund'ring Legion in each Coast,  
 And Mighty Armies list'd, and in pay,  
 Blest is that Man, who on Thy Pow'cr do's trust,  
 Others may only conquer, but he must.

*Vigil.*

## Psalm LXXXV.

*Benedixisti Domine terram, &c.*

## I.

AT length, O God, Thy People are return'd,  
 And now Thy Land enjoys her Peace;  
 For emptiness before she mourn'd,  
 And that her rest produc'd no rich encrease:  
 Isra'el to His inheritance is come,  
 And Jacob from Captivity brought home.

*A Psalm for  
the Sons of  
Korah.*

## II.

Thou hast their sins forgiven, and past by;  
 Those sins with which they stain'd Thy Land,  
 And having hid them from Thine eye,  
 Unless it were to help, with-held'st Thy hand:  
 Thy wrath, whereby they were consum'd before,  
 Chang'd all to Love, has flames, but burns no more.

## III.

Great God, who hast been so propitious,  
 And made Thine anger thus to cease,  
 As Thou hast turn'd Thy self, turn us,  
 And let this Truce conclude in Happy Peace !  
 A Peace, which none may dare to violate,  
 And from this very day let it bear date !

## IV.

Will God be alwayes angry, ever chide  
 With them, who daily seek His Face ?  
 And though a while He turn aside,  
 Shall not one look revive us, and Our Race ?  
 Shew us Thy Love, and Thy Salvation grant,  
 • Our fulness shall exceed Our former want.

## V.

Attentively what God shall speak I'll hear,  
 And listen what Hee'll please to say ;  
 'Tis just His Saints incline their Ear,  
 To that which none can claim so much as They :  
 Peace to His People, and His Saints Hee'll speak,  
 If they by Sin do not their Cov'enants break.

## VI.

To such His help is nigh, and pow'er's at hand,  
 And those, who fear Him, He will love :  
 His Glory shall o'reflow Our Land,  
 And Truth and Mercy kifs here, as above ;  
 Mercy and Truth never to part shall meet,  
 And Peace Her old friend Equity shall greet.

## VII. True



## VII.

Truth from the Earth shall spring (the best increase  
Our Land e're hop'd for, or did yield)  
And as it grows up, Righteousness,  
The fruit of Heav'en, shall meet that of the Field;  
Justice, which has the Earth so long forsook,  
Shall dwell, where she of late durst hardly look.

## VIII.

A thousand Blessings God to these shall joyn,  
And only of All Goods the Best;  
The gen'rous Olive, and the Vine,  
And recompence with fruit their former rest;  
Righteousness here shall make her constant stay,  
Nor go to Heav'en, till she prepare Our Way.

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## Pſalm LXXXVI.

*Inclina Domine aurem tuam, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

O Thou, who doſt th' Afflicted hear,  
 From Heav'en, O God, bow down Thine Ear!  
 Never ſuch need as Now,  
 Never was I ſo low,  
 Or Thou, though never out of call, leſs near!

## II.

Preſerve the Soul, which Thee adores,  
 And out it ſelf unto Thee poures!  
 Thy Servant truſts in Thee,  
 In vain let it not be,  
 But let Thy Sun, O God, break through theſe ſhowers!

## III.

Be Merciful to Me, O Lord,  
 For I depend upon Thy Word;  
 To Thee alone I cry,  
 To Thee for help I fly,  
 Rejoyce Thy Servants Soul, and help afford!

## IV.

I know, O Lord, that Thou art Good,  
 Thy Mercy is a plenteous Flood;  
 The dead Thou mak'ſt to live,  
 And ſinners doſt forgive,  
 May not Thy Pow' er be by my Sin withſtood!

V. But

## V.

But to that Pray'er, O God, attend,  
Which from unfeigned lips I send !  
When troubles compass me,  
Then will I call on Thee,  
For Thou wilt to those troubles put an end.

## VI.

I know, Lord, Thou wilt answer Me,  
And that, none else can do but Thee ;  
Amongst the Gods there's none,  
To be reli'd upon,  
Or whose acquits with Thine compar'd can be.

## VII.

Therefore to Thee all Lands shall come,  
And at Thy glorious Name fall down ;  
For Thou dost wondrous things,  
And art above their Kings,  
Art God alone, and all must wait thy doom.

## VIII.

Teach me the way, where I should go,  
The way of Truth unto me show !  
To that unite my heart,  
That it may never start  
From Thee, Lord, as 'tis wont with me to do !

## IX.

Then will I praises to Thee sing,  
My Glory shall its Anthem bring,  
Nor will I e're give o're  
Supply'd with sacred store  
Of Songs, from Thy great Name, when I once begin.

## X.

For Lord, tow'ards me Thy Mercy's great,  
And free from Hell it has me set ;  
That Hell, which lies so low,  
Whither I did haft to go,  
And didst not Thou restrain me should do yet.

## XI.

The Proud, O God, against me rise,  
And I have many Enemies ;  
But be not Thou my Foe,  
I'll dare what they can do,  
Who never have set Thee before their eyes !

## XII.

For of Compassion Thou art full,  
Though I am heartless, Lord, and dull,  
Gracious, Long-suffering,  
Whose Truth and Mercy Spring,  
And with their Streams o'reflow my very Soul.

## XIII.

Hither at length be pleas'd to turn,  
Look, how I for Thy absence mourn !  
Strengthen Thy Servant Lord,  
According to Thy Word,  
To Thy Hand-maid, and Thy Hand-maid's Son return !

## XIV.

Shew me some token of Thy Love,  
And all the shame I've born remove ;  
Both help and succour me,  
And let my En'mies see,  
That of Thy Servant, thus Thou dost approve !

## Psalm LXXXVII.

*Fundamenta ejus in montibus, &c.*

## I.

'T Was God himself the ground survey'd,  
 Compass'd the Mountains round about,  
 Among the Mountains chose This out,  
 In Holy *Sion* His Foundation lay'd,  
 And for His service took the Place His Pleasure made.

*A Psalm for  
 the Sons of  
 Korah.*

## II.

Glorious City, Sacred Place,  
 Where God Himself delights to be,  
 Glorious things are told of Thee,  
 How much Thou dost all Cities else surpass,  
 And how the Worlds Great God, Thy Mighty Founder  
 (was.

## III.

*Philistia* to the Lord is known,  
 He reckons up, who was born there;  
 But none with *Sion* may compare,  
 Nor *Ethiopia*, *Tyre*, nor *Babylon*,  
 For *Sion* God above all lov'd, and made His Own.

## IV.

God has establish'd *Sion* fast,  
 Himself is both Her Tow'ers, and Wall;  
 Such and so strong as ne're shall fall,  
 Such and so strong, as none shall ever wast, (last,  
 Till He, who was their Builder, throw them down at  
 V. And

## V.

And when the Grand Enrollment's made,  
And God shall write the Nations down,  
First beginning with His Own,  
" This was a *Sion Man* it shall be said,  
" And for a Bearing to His other Honours laid.

## VI.

" From *Sion* springs His Pedigree,  
" I both His Name and Office know,  
" What place He serv'd me in below,  
" But by His Birth-place He enroll'd shall be.  
Where e're mine was, let me, O Lord, belong to Thee

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Psalter

Psalm LXXXVIII.

*Domine Deus salutis meæ, &c.*

I.

Great God, whence my Salvation comes alone,  
And who that Great Salvation art,  
Thou day and night hast heard me groan,  
O, let Thine Ears at length affect Thine heart!  
To Thee I pray, let my Pray'ers, come to Thee,  
Or if that cannot reach so high, stoop Thou to me!

*A Psalm of  
Heman the  
Errabite.*

II.

Hear me, my God, for I am wondrous low,  
And to the grave my life draws nigh;  
Loaded with cares my Soul do's go,  
And in the Pit is readie down to lie:  
Already I am numbred with the Dead,  
And that small strength I had (Weakness at best) is fled.

III.

Free as the Dead, and like one long since slain,  
Who is forgotten in the Grave,  
And never shall return again,  
Or, but upon his Tomb, Memorial have;  
Low in the Pit I'm laid, down in the Deep,  
And its rough waves my head do under water keep.

IV.

Far from me Thou hast put my nearest Friends,  
Who as forsaken look on me;  
Because my God no succour sends,  
They think me hated, or unknown to Thee:

*As*

As in a Pest-house quite given o're I'm laid,  
And those, who pity me, are of my Sores afraid.

## V.

My eyes with tears o'recome, yet look to Thee,  
And for Thy help I daily cry :  
And when at night I cannot see,  
With stretcht out arms I feel if Thou art nigh ;  
“ Wilt Thou, say I, to th' Dead Thy wonders show,  
“ Let me but see them, Lord, and Thou do'st truly so "

## VI.

“ Shall the Dead rise, and praise Thee, or Thy love  
“ Be in the Land of Darknes seen ?  
“ Shall in the Grave thy Praise improve,  
“ Sung there, where silence has for ever been ?  
“ Where dark oblivion uncontroll'd do's reign,  
“ And dismal Horror riots o're the empty Plain ?

## VII.

And then again I new Petitions make,  
And would prevent Thee with my Prayer ;  
With Thee the Morning do's partake,  
And with my tears instead of dew looks fair :  
But thou withdraw'st Thy self, and out of sight,  
Hid'st in thick Clouds that Face, which gives me all my  
(light.

## VIII.

From my youth up I have Thy Terrors felt,  
Ready with grief and pain to die ;  
Thy Wrath like fire my Soul do's melt,  
And quite consumes, what it should purifie ;



Or like a troubled Sea do's o're me roll,  
And thus by sev'eral Deaths, or burns, or drowns my  
(Soul.

IX.

Far from me Thou hast put my Nearest Friend,  
Whom Thou at first to me didst give;  
(Though Death Our Friendship cannot end,  
For in the sad Survivour it shall live.)  
My Dear Acquaintance in the grave is laid,  
And Two, whom God made One, Death again Two has  
(made.

P. M. O. C.

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Psalm

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## Psalm LXX XIX.

*Misericordias Domini in eternum, &c.**A Psalm of  
Ethan the  
Ezyahite.*

- IN flowing Numbers I resolve to sing  
 The Truth, and Mercies of th' Eternal King:  
 That late posterity His Love may know,  
 Both what He did, and what He's sworn to do;  
 5 The Faithfulness, which He has said shall stand,  
 Like Heav'en first made, and stablish'd by His hand;  
 When thus He spake, "I have to *David* past  
 "My Word, and with an Oath have bound it fast,  
 "Saying, Thy Seed I'll bless, upon Thy Throne,  
 10 "And make its Rule Eternal like my own.  
 Angels for this Thy Wonders must declare,  
 Such praises too sublime for Mortals are,  
 Who only can below admire Thy Love,  
 Not joyn with, but attend the Quire above;  
 15 For who in Heav'en with Thee can be compar'd,  
 Whom all adore, as Thou by all art fear'd?  
 Or who among the mighty Sons of Earth,  
 Is like to Thee, who gav'st their Mother Birth?  
 Before whose Throne Blest Saints, and Angels bow,  
 20 And cast those Crowns, which to Thy hand they owe.  
 Whose great Commands the Heav'only Host obey,  
 And execute the charge, which Thou dost lay.  
 So Just, so True, so full of Majestie,  
 Lord, like Thy self Thou art, and none like Thee.  
 25 The Sea when it to Heav'en in storms do's rise,  
 At Thy Rebuke in Humble Vallies lies.  
 Asunder Thou didst break the threatning Wave,  
 And in its bowels mad'st Proud *Pharaoh's* grave.  
 The Heav'en with all its glorious Flames are Thine,  
 30 And with reflection from Thine eye they shine.

The

- The Earth, and all the stores the Earth contains,  
 Of Thy first fulness are the Mighty Dreins.  
 Thou bid'st it stand unmov'd above the Flood,  
 And saw'st, what e're Thy hand had done was good.
- 35 The North and South, and all its coasts around,  
 Thou for Thy Pleasure first didst make, and bound.  
*Tabor*, and *Hermion* in Thy Name rejoyce,  
 And up to Thee the Vallies raise their Voice.  
 No Pow'ér can Thy All-conqu'ring Arm with-stand,
- 40 So strong is that, so high is Thy Right Hand.  
 Justice, and Faithfulness uphold Thy Throne,  
 Mercy and Truth's the Base it rests upon.  
 A thousand Graces round about Thee flie,  
 And take new life and vigor from Thine eye.
- 45 Thrice happy Land, whose Sov'reign Lord Thou art,  
 Who hear Thy Law, and to it yield their heart!  
 Who in Thy gracious Presence ever dwell,  
 And all the Wonders of Thy Pow'ér can tell!  
 Who have Thee for the subject of their Verse,
- 50 And every day can of Thy Truth reherse! (Tow'er  
 Thine, Lord, who art their Strength, their Fort and  
 And on their heads th' Anointing Oyl dost pour.  
 Thou art Our God, and we Thy Praise will sing,  
 Who in Thy stead o're us mad'st *David* King.
- 55 (For thus His Will God to His Prophet told,  
 And in a Vision made Him it behold,  
 Saying,) "I searcht the People all around,  
 And now to my Own Heart a Man have found:  
*David*, on whom the Burden shall be laid,
- 60 "Of ruling *Isra'el*, and their King be made.  
 "I have anointed him, with Him my Hand  
 "Shall both to conquer be, and to command.  
 "I from Conspiracies his Crown will guard,  
 "And all his Gates shall be most surely barr'd.
- 65 "Before His Face his Enemies shall fall,  
 "And unto me in vain for succour call.

- "For down I'll tread them, but his head will raise  
 "And with my Truth & Love make plain His wayes  
 "His Empire to the River shall extend,  
 70 "And only where the Earth finds hers, have end.  
 "All Lands, and Seas to him shall tribute yield,  
 "And of his conquests be the fruitful field.  
 "By Name of Father to Him I'll be known,  
 "Of God, and Rock, and he shall be My Son.  
 75 "My First-born, higher than the Kings of th' Earth,  
 "With Rule, and Subjects worthy of his Birth.  
 "My Oath and Cov'enant shall with him stand fast,  
 "And I'll that Promise keep, which I have past.  
 "Nor shall it be confin'd to him alone,  
 80 "But his Seed too shall have their Fathers Throne.  
 "Which as the dayes of Heav'n shall constant be,  
 "And know no bounds but vast Eternitie.  
 "If they my Statutes, and my Laws forsake,  
 "And break the Cov'enant, which this day I make,  
 85 "Then I their Sins will visit with a Rod,  
 "But never cease to be their King, and God.  
 "My Mercy and my Truth will ne're remove,  
 "Nor take away, though I may hide, My Love.  
 "My Promise, and my Vow I'll never break,  
 90 "Nor change the Word, which once my Mouth did  
 "For by my self I once to *David* swore, (speak  
 "And by My Holiness confirme't once more.  
 "His Seed and Throne like Heav'n shall constant be,  
 "And know no bounds but Vast Eternitie.  
 95 "Witness ye Heav'ens, which in my sight remain,  
 "And you, bright stars, that in your Courses reign;  
 "Both Sun and Moon against Me Witness be,  
 "If Time it self endures so long as He!  
 This Thou hast said, O God, and thus hast sworn,  
 100 How comes it then His Kingdom's rent and torn?  
 That Thou hast cast off, and abhor'd Thy King,  
 As if he never had anointed been?

- Made void Thy Cov'enant, & to th' earth flung down  
(Snatcht from His Royal Head) the Sacred Crown?  
105 Destroy'd his Palace, and his ramparts broke,  
And on his neck and *Sions* laid the yoke?  
No more that *Sion*, which she was of old,  
Who in her hands the reins of th' Earth did hold;  
Queen of all Cities, Glory of the World,  
110 But in one ruine, with her Captives hurl'd;  
Dismantled, sack'd, with rubbish hid all o're,  
And now their scorn, whose fear she was before.  
Our Sov'reign too Himself is forc'd to fly,  
Despoil'd of all the Robes of Majesty.  
115 Whil'st his strong Enemies, by Thee made so,  
Load him with fetters, and in Triumph go.  
In vain He conquest from his Sword expects,  
When God the threat'ned head from harm protects.  
And when it should most execution do,  
20 Turns it on him, whose hand did make the blow:  
But back he yields, and all his Glories cease,  
And with Him, fall Prosperity, and Peace.  
P'rh' mid't of's dayes he do's untimely fall,  
By an inglorious Death has an inglorious Funeral.  
25 But shall it still be thus, and will Thine eyes,  
Those Mis'eries, which they see us bear, despise?  
For ever shall Thy Wrath devour like fire,  
And in its flames Thy ancient Love expire?  
Remember, Lord, the Number of our dayes,  
30 How few they are to celebrate Thy Praise!  
Nor let it be in vain Thou life did'st give,  
But whil'st we have it, let us truly Live!  
For no man long his ransom'd head can save  
From death, or the inexorable grave:  
35 Where then are all Thy former mercies, Lord,  
And Oaths, whereby Thou did'st confirm Thy word?  
Behold our wrongs, and that reproach we bear,  
For making Thee Our Trust, Thy Word Our care!

And what malignities men on Thee throw,  
140 Because *Messiah's* Coming is so slow!  
But We believe, and in His day rejoyce,  
And whom We look for hasten with our voice.

*Blessed be God, Amen, and Amen.*

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*The End of the Third Book  
of P S A L M S.*

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THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
PSALMS.

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Psalm XC.

*Domine Refugium factus es, &c.*

I.

Lord, We have been Thy Ancient Care,  
 And Thy experienc'd helps all times have known;  
 Though Time it self to Thee no Age do's bear,  
 And in comparifon, would feem but Young:  
 For e're Thy Fertile Word had made the Earth,  
 And the World travail'd with the Mountains birth,  
 Thy Dayes, Lord, with Thy Being firft begun,  
 With that which no Beginning had,  
 And when an end of all things fhall be made,  
 Only with that, which has no end, fhall they be done.

*A Prayer of  
 Moses the  
 Man of  
 God.*

## II.

Such is Thy Care, as such Thy Age,  
 Whil'st on Thy breath, poor Man hangs all his trust,  
 And soon has run his last, and longest stage,  
 If whence He rose Thou sentence him to Dust :  
 That fond thing Life, which he by years do's count,  
 (Should to a Thousand Suns the sum amount,  
 And all to come) to Thee as yesterday,  
 When it is past and gone, appears,  
 So looks the num'rous train of coming years,  
 Or as a Watch, which on Sleeps Wings has flown away.

## III.

In times swift torrent down they roll,  
 Whose stream no sluices spend, or banks can stay ;  
 In vain by Art, we would its course controll,  
 And stop that Flood, which shall bear all away :  
 Like a fleet airy dream, Our Age do's fly,  
 Which springs from Fancy, and deludes the eye :  
 Like Flow'ers, which in the Morning gay and fine,  
 Rise with the Sun and mount their heads,  
 But Noon once past, look down upon their Beds,  
 And tow'ards the Earth, their grave, with him at night  
 (decline

## IV.

Our very pleasures haste our end,  
 And with ten thousand snares beset us round ;  
 But when to these Thou dost Thy Armies send,  
 What scarce was felt, becomes a mortal wound :  
 Sicknes and pains, the dire effects of Sin,  
 (Which makes their way,) at the wide breach rush in  
 On



Our secret sins before Thee open lye,  
 And this just punishment we bear,  
 The Tale of Life is done, e're we're aware,  
 And those Thy wrath consum'd, in Thy displeasure die.

V.

Our Life to seventy years we count,  
 And that he's Old, who thither do's arrive ;  
 But if through strength it should to fourscore mount,  
 Age is a Sickness, and 'tis Death to live :  
 The swift wing'd years will soon be number'd o're,  
 And overtake their fellows gone before ;  
 Which though we see, and know, and each day hear,  
 As unconcern'd we still look on,  
 Till in the Common ruine we fall down,  
 And find too late Thy Wrath is equal to Our Fear.

VI.

May We at last True Wisdom gain !  
 And having seen how much of life is spent,  
 And how uncertain's all that do's remain,  
 Be on Eternity and Heav'en intent !  
 Return, O Lord, for we have born Thy hand,  
 And Now expecting the dread Sentence stand !  
 Repent Thee then, Lo, how Thy Servants bow,  
 And to Thee all their sins confess,  
 Which more by tears than Words they would exprefs;  
 And shall Thy Servants, Lord, repent, and wilt not Thou?

VII.

For all that we have undergone,  
 Those years of our few dayes in troubles past,  
 Now make Thy Mercy and Thy Pow' er be known,  
 And let the Joy we wait for come at last !

Let it proportion to our sorrows bear,  
As constant in its course, as e're they were!  
Let us behold the beams of Love, and Grace,  
Making our darkneſs diſappear,  
And having made Our Heav'en with glory clear,  
Their kindeſt Inſlu'ence, Lord, beſtow upon our Race!

## VIII.

Let us uninterrupted ſee  
On all Our wayes Thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhine!  
Make thoſe our guides to bring us up to Thee,  
And with Thy Holy Flame our droſs refine!  
To Thee we look, and Heav'en eſteem Our Home,  
But only through Thy Strength can thither come;  
Thy Hand alone Our journies muſt direct,  
First ſhew, then lead us in the Way,  
Uphold us that we never fall, or ſtray,  
And what Ours cannot, let Thy Hand for us effect.

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Pſalm

## Psalm XCI.

*Qui habitat in Adjutorio, &c.*

## I.

HE who do's with th' Almighty God reside,  
 And in His secret place abide,  
 Under those feathers safe shall lie,  
 With which he thither first did flie,  
 Where trouble dares not come, near the Most High.

A Psalm of  
 David. G.  
 'Avent-  
 - 72000,  
 apud Heb.

## II.

Thither I'll fly, my God, I'll thither come,  
 No other place shall be my Home;  
 Thy Pow' er I will my Bulwark call,  
 My Fortrefs, and my Brazen Wall,  
 Which shall unmov'd remain, though Heav'en should  
 (fall.

## III.

Then fear not, Soul, for Thou preserv'd shalt be,  
 From all the Snares design'd for Thee;  
 The Plague, that All-consuming ill,  
 Which do's the Air with Poisons fill,  
 Near Thee shall lose its force, and cease to kill.

## IV.

For as the Eagles wings protect her young,  
 Till they have pinnions of their own,  
 Under God's wings shalt Thou abide,  
 And either there securely hide,  
 Or from Thy Fears away upon them ride.

## V.

His Truth shall be Thy Battle-Ax, and Shield,  
Both to maintain, and get the field ;  
Neither the Terrors of the Night,  
Nor dangers of the mid-day light,  
Unseen shall touch, or seen shall thee affright.

## VI.

The Pestilence, which in thick darknefs walks,  
And in the empty City stalks,  
The Sword, which on whole Lands do's prey,  
And to bear witness calls the day,  
When Thou appear'st, shall turn another way.

## VII.

On Thy left hand it shall a thousand smite,  
And kill ten thousand on Thy right ;  
But nigher shall not come to Thee,  
Only Thine eyes with joy shall see,  
What the Rewards of all the wicked be.

## VIII.

Because Thou to my Rock for help did'st flie,  
Above Thy fears, to the Most High,  
There shall no Evil Thee befall,  
Near Thee shall come no Plague at all,  
Who art beyond their reach, and loudest call.

## IX.

Around in Bands His Angels shall attend,  
And guard Thee to Thy Journeys end ;

To lead Thee some, and some to strow  
 Those wayes with flow'ers, which others show,  
 And make the paths all smooth, where Thou shalt go.

X.

Thou on the *Basilisks* proud neck shalt tread,  
 The Lion shall bow down his head ;  
 With them shall conquer'd Dragons meet,  
 And humbly stooping at Thy Feet,  
 Their Captive Chains unto each other greet.

XI.

" To Me, sayes God, he look'd, and therefore I  
 Will where he look'd set him on high ;  
 " I was the Object of his Love,  
 " For as his Pray'ers did upward move,  
 " 'Twas that they founded in my ears above.

XII.

" To Me in all his troubles shall he cry,  
 " I'll answer him, and speedily :  
 " Will bring him out with songs of praise,  
 " Give him long life, and happy dayes,  
 " And after crown him with Eternal Bayes.

## Pſalm XCII.

*Bonum eſt confiteri Dominum, &c.*

## I.

*A Pſalm for  
the Sabbath  
Day.*

What Saints in Heav' en and Angels do,  
 I'll count my Duty, and my Honour too :  
 Morning and Night, Great God, to raiſe  
 My Song as high as Thou haſt ſet Thy Praise ;  
 With all the Numbers Muſick can invent,  
 My Voice, and Harp, and Ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument,  
 That what from Thee firſt came, may back to Thee be  
 (ſent.

## II.

Thou haſt deſerv'd it, and my Song  
 Shall tell abroad, what Thy great hand has done ;  
 Shall in Thy wondrous Works rejoyce,  
 And with the lofty ſubject fill my voice ;  
 But Lord, what Verſe can with Thy Pow' er compare,  
 And ſhew Thy thoughts, or what Thy Counſels are,  
 Which Fools deſpiſe, and none can as they ought de-  
 (clare ?

## III.

For when like Graſs the wicked ſpring,  
 And proſper for a ſeaſon in their ſin,  
 'Tis that like Graſs they may be mown,  
 And dung that Field, which they before did crown ;  
 Thou, who on high doſt all their malice ſee,  
 And that leſs mine, than they were foes to Thee,  
 Haſt thus deſign'd, that their eternal fall ſhould be.

## IV. But

## IV.

But Thou on high shalt raise my head,  
And on it make the Sacred Oyl be shed ;  
Shalt raise it as the Unicorn,  
To guard his Empire, lifts his Sov'reign Horn :  
And then upon my bloody Enemies  
My ears shall have their wish, and theirs my eyes.  
Without regret their misery see, and hear their cries.

## V.

Then like the Palm the Just shall grow,  
Palms under weights shall not more beauteous show ;  
Like Cedars shall be ever green,  
The World's renown, as they the Woods have been ;  
His hand, w<sup>ch</sup> planted them, shall make them thrive,  
The Sacred Earth new roots and sap shall give,  
Both in His Courts to flourish, and in His House to live.

## VI.

There shall they live, and have a Spring,  
As constant as the soil they're planted in ;  
Age shall but render them more fair,  
More gay and fruitful than in youth they were ;  
That all the World Thy Pow' er, O God, may know,  
And to Thy Kingdom's Righteous Scepter bow,  
Who mak'st the Green Tree wither, and the Dry to  
(grow.

## Psalm XCIII.

*Dominus regnavit, decorem, &c.*

## I.

Submit your Crowns, O Kings, for God do's reign,  
 And has Himself put on His Crown;  
 Throw at His Feet your Scepters down,  
 And pardon by your quick submission gain!  
 To' your selves, O Kings, ascribe His Pow' er no more,  
 But what He first gave you, to him again restore!

## II.

Girt round with Majesty the Lord do's reign,  
 His Kingdom is the World He made,  
 And on such sure Foundations laid,  
 That like his Word it shall unmov'd remain;  
 'Tis there he rules, but Heav'en is fit alone  
 For our best Wishes, since He there has set His Throne

## III.

There as He sits, the Floods would to Him rise,  
 Their threatening heads on high they bear;  
 But hopeless ever to come near,  
 Roar, and send up their clamours to the skies;  
 Above He hears, and checks them, stills their noise,  
 And in their loudest roaring, makes them hear His voice.

## IV.

All things obey His Will, whose Law's so sure,  
 That all things by it firmly stand;  
 From Nothing that did first command  
 Their Beings, and now makes them to endure:



Thy Pow' er, O God, do's reach us ev'ery where,  
But in Thy Temple do's Thy Holiness appear.

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## Psalm XCIV.

*Deus ultionum Dominus, &c.*

## I.

**J**udge of the Universe, Great Lord of All,  
Equal Disposer of Rewards, and Punishments,  
Arise, and to Thy Bar the Nations call,  
Both for their Actions to be judg'd, and their intents!  
Arise, Great Judge, that by Thy Just Decree,  
As are the Proud Man's Merits, his Reward may be!

## II.

How long, my God, shall He unpunisht go,  
And then most prosper, when he most do's Thee offend?  
Speaking hard things of what he do's not know,  
And make to patient Heav'en his blasphemies ascend?  
To Heav'en he raises his exalted Crown,  
And under-foot Heaven's Holy Seed the while treads  
(down.

## III.

A Widow now, and then a Stranger slayes,  
And with theirs drinks the blood of th'murder'd Father.  
Has several baits to throw for several preys, (less;  
And several snares, which he can unsuspected dress,  
So close, he saith, and from suspicion free,  
That *Jacob's* God, though He stood by, should never see.

## IV. Can't

## IV.

Can'st thou be then so brutish and unwise,  
Fond man to think that He or sees not, or not hears,  
Who made at first the light, and gave Thee eyes,  
And form'd for sounds the subtil windings of thy ears  
Or can the World's just Ruler partial be,  
Or God Himself know nothing, who at first taught thee

## V.

He knows the Heart, and the most secret thought,  
How vain are Our desires, Our hatred, love, and fears  
And happy He, who has the skill been taught,  
To know Himself, though he with chastening learn't, and  
In trouble God will give him rest, and peace, (tears  
And by the wicked's fall his glory shall increase.

## VI.

For the Wise God will not His choice forsake,  
Nor His inheritance to strangers ever leave;  
Justice, and Right again the Chair shall take,  
And injur'd Innocence then clear'd its Crown receive  
Never to be oppress'd, or suffer more,  
But have rewards above the wrongs it felt before.

## VII.

"But whence, said I, shall come my present aid,  
"Or who against my foes my Title will defend?  
Hadst not Thou, Lord, my help, and shield been made,  
The grave e're this had put to that, and me an end:  
But when I slept, Thy Mercies me sustain'd,  
And in the tumults of my thoughts Thy comforts reign'd.

VIII. "For

VIII.

“ For can God, said I, or the Holy One,  
“ Be joyn’d with them, who set up mischief by a Law?  
“ Shall Justice, and Oppression share the Throne?  
“ Or rapine to its party conquer’d virtue draw,  
“ Against the Just together to conspire,  
“ And doom the Innocent, and guilty to one fire?

IX.

But God’s my help; the Rock whereto I flie,  
My Fortrefs, and high Tow’er, where darts in vain are  
Their feathers cannot bear them up so high, (sent,  
But on the Caster they shall turn in punishment :  
And falling thus in wrath be so hurl’d down,  
That wounded, every man shall say, the Dart’s his Own.

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Psalm

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## Psalm XCV.

*Venite exultemus Domino, &c.*

## I.

Come ! let us sing unto the Lord,  
And all His deeds with thankfulness record !  
Unto Our God, Come, let us sing,  
And to His Courts with shouts Our Presents bring !  
He is Our Rock, to him Our Verse wee'll raise,  
And He, who heard Our Pray'ers, shall now attend Our  
(Praise.

## II.

Great is Our God, and rules o're all,  
Above all gods, who at His Footstool fall ;  
The Earth is His, and all its Deeps,  
His Word the Hills on their Foundation keeps ;  
He made the Sea, and bounded it with Sand,  
And bid the heavy Earth above the waters stand.

## III.

Come ! let us worship and fall down,  
And as we ought, Our Great Creator own !  
He is Our God, His Flock we are,  
The Sheep of's hand, the People of his Care ;  
Look, how He calls, look, how He bends His ear,  
Thus by inclining His, to see if We will hear !

## IV.

To day let's hear, nor be like them,  
Who in the desert did His Power contemn !

That

That hardened there did God provoke,  
 And though He still kept His, their Cov'enants broke!  
 " 'Twas then, saies God, they prov'd and tempted me,  
 When all around I had my Wonders made them see.

**V.**

" Forty years long their sins I bore,  
 " And from destroying them as long forbore;  
 " Fond People, said I, thus to stray,  
 " And when I shew'd it, not to know my way!  
 " Therefore in wrath I did against them swear,  
 Since they despis'd my Rest, they never should come  
 (there.

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**T**

**Psalm**

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## Pſalm XCVI.

*Cantate Domino Canticum, &c.*

## I.

**N**ew Songs of Praise to the Almighty ſing,  
 And to Him let the World their Offerings bring  
 Sing to Our God, and bleſs His Holy Name,  
 From day to day His Acts declare,  
 How wondrous, and how great they are,  
 And let the Nations join to celebrate His Fame.

## II.

Great is the Lord, and worthy of all Praise,  
 Above the Trophies we can to Him raiſe !  
 No Pow' er like His we can adore, or fear,  
 For thoſe to whom the Gentiles bow,  
 Are Idols, and an empty ſhow,  
 But He made Heav' en, and all the Hoſts, w<sup>ch</sup> ſerve Him  
 (thei

## III.

Honour and Majeſty attend His Throne,  
 Beauty, and Strength His Temple's built upon ;  
 Therefore to Him alone ye People bow,  
 His Praise with daily thanks renew,  
 Reſtore to Him, what is His due,  
 And at His Altar pay, what there you firſt did vow !

## IV.

Let the Earth tremble, and its Kingdoms fear,  
 And all unto the Mighty Word give ear ;

Anot

Among the Heathen say, *That God do's reign,*  
 Who made the World, and bid it stand,  
 Till He shall judge it, whose Command  
 To its first Nothing shall return it back again.

V.

Be glad, O Heav'ens, and Thou O Earth rejoyce,  
 And to your Comfort take the Seas deep Voice !  
 Let the huge Sea in dancing billows rise,  
 And though confin'd within its Shore,  
 By Sands, which bar the mighty Door,  
 bend up to Heav'en its shouts, and force the yielding  
 (Skies !

VI.

Let joyful Songs be heard in every Plain,  
 And Hills reflect the Voices Face again !  
 Then let the Trees, the Glories of the Wood,  
 In tuneful murmurs all conspire,  
 And joyn with Birds to fill the Quire,  
 And listning men blush that their Art is understood !

VII.

At their Own Numbers let them come away,  
 And where their God shall pass, lead on the way ;  
 He comes ! But who His Presence can abide,  
 His, who the Judge of all shall be,  
 Yet who would not His Entrance see,  
 When He with equal Justice, shall each cause decide ?

## Psalm XCVII.

*Dominus regnavit, exultet Terra, &c.*

- THE Lord do's reign, let the whole Earth rejoice  
 The Isles be glad, and lift on high their voice;  
 Louder than Seas, which all around them roar,  
 And with their shouts shake Heav'en, and rend th
- 5 In the thick darkness God His Glory shrouds, (shore  
 And o're His Brightness throws a veil of clouds :  
 Justice and Righteousness uphold His Throne,  
 And their firm Basis it do's rest upon.  
 In vain for Him their Toils His En'mies lay,
- 10 That Fire consumes them, which prepares His Way  
 For on the Nations He His Lightning threw,  
 And o're the World the swift-wing'd Terror flew  
 The Earth beheld it, and began to fear, (near  
 The Hills complain'd, that Heav'en approach'd to
- 15 And melted with the heat, like wax, flow'd down  
 Whil'st in the Plains ran streams of burning Stone  
 At the Almighty Presence they did flow,  
 Whose breath the Fire, His eye had made, did blo  
 The Heav'ens His Justice, and His Power declare
- 20 And to His Truth the Earth do's witness bear.  
 May then all perish, who to Idols bow,  
 And boast of Gods, which they make only so !  
 Worship Him, all ye Gods, Angels fall down,  
 And at His Feet cast ev'ery One His Crown !
- 25 *Sion* with joy shall hear, *Jerusalem*  
 Shall send her Daughters to improve the Theat  
 For He above all Gods is rais'd so high,  
 To Him we only by Our Praise can fly.  
 Praise Him, ye Righteous, who advanc't above,
- 30 Would have you thus express, and send your Lo  
 Y



- Your Love upon Himself alone bestow,  
 And Hatred only to what's evil show.  
 ♣ So with deliv'rance He shall surely come,  
 And having here preserv'd you, take you home  
 15 To Heav'en, in whose large fields refined Light,  
 Sown for the Just, looks against Harvest white.  
 Harvests, which as they reap, the Righteous sing,  
 And with Eternal shoutings carry in;  
 Be glad, ye Righteous, and in God rejoyce,  
 40 For what His hands have done deserves your Voice!

## Psalms XCVIII.

*Cantate Domino Canticum novum, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm.*

NEW Songs of Praise to the Almighty sing,  
 Triumphant Songs to our Victorious King :  
 Whose own right Hand has got Him Victory,  
 And for us mighty Wonders done,  
 Has mighty En'emies overthrown,  
 And by its Holiness has made the Wicked flee !

## II.

The Lord has sav'd us, and His Pow'ér display'd,  
 His Righteousness made all the World afraid ;  
 Th'amazed World stood, and admir'd His hand,  
 And when poor *Isra'el* seem'd to be  
 Hopeless of ever getting free,  
 Wondred how He could then such miracles command.

## III.

Praise Him, O World, and fear His Mighty Name,  
 From whence all that at which Thou wondrest came !  
 Call all Thy forces up the Song to raise,  
 With Trumpets, and with Harps rejoice,  
 The Sackbut, Clarion, and the voice,  
 And with shrill Cornets up to Heav'en send all Thy praise !

## IV.

Let the Sea roar, and all that dwells therein  
 Joyn in His praise, when thus the Shores begin !

Let the Floods too their parts in answering bear,  
Lift up their heads, and clap their hands,  
Rise, and look o're their bounding sands,  
And see what's done at Land, though they cannot come  
(there!

V.

Let them see how the Mountains, glad as they,  
Look from their tops, when God will come away!  
He comes! But who His Presence can abide,  
His who the Judge of all shall be;  
Yet who would not His entrance see,  
When He with equal Justice shall each cause decide?

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## Pſalm XCIX.

*Dominus regnavit, irascentur, &c.*

## I.

**T**He Lord do's reign, let the Earth fear,  
 And tremble, till its old Foundations shake!  
 For though Mount *Sion* He His Court do's make,  
 His Empire reaches every where;  
*Versiculus.* Let the whole World at his great Name fall low,  
 That's Holy, and most rais'd when We before it bow.

## II.

He Rightcouſneſs and Truth do's love,  
 Is the Kings ſtrength, as they His glory are;  
*Jacob* His Judgements had, and was His Care;  
 Exalt our God, who reigns above,  
*Verses.* The Holy God, and at His Footſtool bow,  
 For then you raiſe Him moſt, when there you fall moſt  
 (lou

## III.

*Moses*, and *Aaron*, and the Quire  
 Of Priests, which daily in His Court attend,  
*Samuel*, with thoſe whoſe praises there aſcend,  
 And from His Altar have their fire,  
 In their diſtreſs, when they did to Him ſlie,  
 He, who their troubles ſaw, as freely heard their cry

## IV.

He heard them, and that very Flame,  
 Which to His Preſence did their Prayers conveigh  
 No leſs for His return prepar'd the way,  
 Which through the Cloudy Pillar came;

He answer'd them, and as He heard forgave,  
And though reveng'd the sin, yet did the sinner save.

## V.

Thus He of old their Faith did prove,  
And unseen by them, through the darkness saw  
How they observ'd His Word, and kept His Law:  
Exalt our God, who reigns above,  
The Holy God, and in His Temple bow,  
For then you raise Him most, when there you fall most  
(low!

*Verses*

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Psalm

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## Psalm C.

*Jubilate Deo omnis terra !*

## I.

*A Psalm of Praise.* **Y**OU, who throughout the World that Pow'radore,  
Which first made it, and then made you,  
Give to the Lord, what is His due,  
And what Man has usurpt, His Praise restore !

## II.

'Tis God alone, who by His Word made all,  
And by His Word that All sustains ;  
And Nothing by the Wonder gains,  
Except to save and hear us when we call.

## III.

We are His People, He Our Maker is,  
Our Shepherd He, and we His sheep,  
Whom He secure do's ever keep,  
And Praise is all that He expects for this.

## IV.

Approach His Courts, and enter them with Praise,  
Of His Almighty Pow'er rehearse !  
Make that the subject of your Verse,  
And up to Heav'n with it His Goodness raise !

## V.

Who most shalt blest Him, let's together strive !  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
His Truth for ever shall endure,  
And he, who praise denies will nothing give.

## Psalm CI.

*Misericordiam & Justitiam, &c.*

## I.

**I** Will of Judgement, and of Mercy sing,  
The greatest Praises of the greatest King,  
And his own lauds, with my too small improvement,  
(bring.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

## II.

'Twas He discover'd to me first the Way,  
I'll follow where He shew'd the passage lay;  
O, come, and lead me, Lord, that I may never stray!

## III.

With my integrity I'll never part,  
But be my Seed's as Thou my Pattern art,  
And as Thy Way is perfect, so shall be my heart.

## IV.

No wicked thing will I with pleasure see,  
My innocent eyes no more shall guilty be,  
Or look so low, since they have once been rais'd to Thee.

## V.

I'll hate the work of him, who turns aside,  
His way from life, and happiness lies wide,  
And as he shuns Thee, from him I my face will hide.

VI. The

## VI.

The Privy slanderer I will o'rethrow,  
The Proud disown, nor with the froward go,  
And through his false disguise the baleful flatterer know.

## VII.

But he in mine shall be, as in Thy sight,  
Whose heart, and ways Thy Laws have made upright,  
To Thee a Servant, but my Friend and chief delight.

## VIII.

He in my house shall dwell, but never there  
The liar, or deceitful shall appear ;  
Destruction cannot be far off, when they are near.

## IX.

Early I will destroy them, and my hand  
Shall expiate with their blood a guilty Land,  
And on their spoils, Gods City shall triumphing stand !

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## Psalm CII.

*Domine exaudi orationem, &c.*

## I.

**M**Y dearest God, let my Pray'er come to Thee,  
 Nor at my sighes, and cry offended be!  
 Strike through these pitchy clouds one ray Divine,  
 And make Thy glorious Face appear;  
 If Thou art pleas'd again to shine,  
 I will no longer fear,  
 But hope that He, who sees my Pain, will bend His ear.

*The V. Penitential  
 Psalm.  
 A Prayer of  
 the Afflict-  
 ed when he  
 is over-  
 whelmed  
 and pourses  
 out his com-  
 plaint be-  
 fore the  
 Lord.*

## II.

But hear me then, and answer speedily  
 'Ere 'tis too late, and I no more can cry!  
 For as dry wood do's in the Furnace burn,  
 And vanishes in smoak away,  
 So all my strength to smoak do's turn,  
 And feels its own decay,  
 Whil't on my bones, and heart a fire unseen do's prey.

## III.

So fierce it rages, that I quite forget,  
 Through pain and grief, my very bread to eat;  
 The tears I shed do but the flame encrease,  
 My bones, and flesh become more dry;  
 And all the while I held my peace,  
 Less burnt, than now I cry;  
 And grafs the Sun has toucht, is not so scorch't as I.

IV. Look

## IV.

Look how the solitary Pelican,  
And widow'd Turtle for their mates complain ;  
Just like the Owle, which do's in desarts dwell,  
Hating, and hated of the light,  
That to the Rocks her moans do's tell,  
So shun I every fight  
By day, and weary with my mournful cryes the night.

## V.

Both night, and day I'm made the common scorn,  
And those, who hate me, are against me sworn ;  
Ashes and Tears have been my meat, and drink,  
Whil'st I continually did grieve,  
Of Thy Just wrath, and hand to think,  
What mortal wounds they give,  
Lifting me up a greater fall but to receive.

## VI.

And as the shadow with the Sun declines,  
And disappears, when that no longer shines :  
As with the Summer heat flow'ers pine away ;  
So pass my years e're well begun :  
But an Eternal Now do's stay  
On Thine, ne're to be done,  
When thousand Ages shall their sev'eral Race have run.

## VII.

The mis'eries of Thy *Sion* Thou hast seen,  
How great Her Sorrows, what her Cares have been ;  
To

To save Thy *Sion*, Lord, at length arise!  
Her mighty jubilee is come,  
And now her very dust we prize,  
Her rubbish and her lome,  
And humbly beg Thou would'st return her captives  
(home!

## VIII.

So shall the Heathen fear Thy Holy Name,  
And all their Kings Thy Kingdoms rule proclaim:  
When thus again Thou *Sion* shalt rebuild,  
And in Thy Glory there appear,  
When all her Courts with Vows are fill'd,  
And Thou inclin'st Thine Ear,  
The Pray'er of the Forsaken, and their groans to hear.

## IX.

For the next Age this story wee'll record,  
That they, as well as We, may praise the Lord,  
Who from the height of Heav'n, His Throne look'd  
And did from thence the Earth behold, (down,  
Thence heard the dying Pris'oners grone,  
Saw Justice chain'd with Gold,  
And sav'd both her, and them, for bribes unjustly sold.

## X.

He sav'd them, that they might His Pow'ër declare,  
And tell in *Sion*, what his Praises are;  
When all the Nations there shall gath'ered be,  
And to the Sacred Mount ascend;  
When the whole World His Pow'ër shall see,  
And all its Kings contend,  
Who shall the lowest stoop, or richest presents send.

## XI.

O might I live to see that happy day,  
And not be cut off in the middle way !  
“ My God, what are my years to Thee, said I ?  
“ Or what my age compar'd with Thine,  
“ If e're my Noon is reach't I die ?  
“ For Thee no Times confine,  
“ Nor ages measure out Thy dayes, as hours do mine.

## XII.

Of old Thou hast the Earth's Foundations laid,  
And on Thy Word the Heav'ens all times have staid;  
Thy Word shall make them both fall down again;  
Be like a Garment thrown aside,  
(A Vest with some great rent, or stain;)   
And all their Ancient pride  
Or shall destroy, or under Forms more glorious hide.

## XIII.

But Thou the same, which Thou hast alway been,  
Shalt never end, as Thou did'st ne're begin;  
When Time it self shall dye, and be no more:  
And as Thou art, O God, like Thee,  
(Excepting what Thou wert before)  
Thy Servants Seed shall be,  
And have for them and theirs an ævi'-eternity.

## Psalm CIII.

*Benedic anima mea Domino, &c.*

## I.

**A** Rise my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,  
 Sprightly, and chearful Hallelujahs sing!  
 Call all thy Forces up, thy Love, thy Fear,  
 And every part compleatly fill,  
 Be sure no Idle Passion, Soul, be there;  
 ut to them joyn thy Judgement, Fancy, and thy Will!  
 With every sense, and every pow' er rejoice,  
 And add to all a well tun'd voice;  
 Thus rise, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,  
 Sprightly, and chearful Hallelujahs sing!

*A Psalm of  
 David.  
 Versiculus.*

*Versiculus.*

## II.

Let thy Song be of what thy self has known,  
 And to the Worlds experience bring Thine own!  
 Sing of His Name, who cast thy sins away,  
 And made them all forgotten be,  
 And though His hand awhile upon thee lay,  
 'twas only that restor'd thou might'st His Bounty see;  
 Who beyond Hope thy life from death did save,  
 When all had doom'd it to the grave;  
 And for those thorny cares, which girt it round,  
 Thy head with love, and tender mercies, crown'd.

## III.

He Thy Old Age do's with new favours bless,  
 And as thy years, His kindnesses increase;

Thy years have not the Symptomes of decay ;  
 For as the Eagle still grows young,  
 And moulting her old plumes again looks gay,  
 As youthful as she ever was, and full as strong,  
 After her prey as lustily can flie  
 As e're she did, and soar as high,  
 He like the Eagle's do's Thy youth renew,  
 And gives Thee both its strength, and beauty too.

## IV.

Those whom the Wicked with oppression grieve,  
 The Lord do's or avenge, or else relieve.  
 Thus unto *Moses* He His Way made known,  
 And helpless *Isra'el* this did see,  
 When from the cruel chains, which kept them down  
 But far more cruel Masters, He first set them free :  
 'Tis not a little thing His wrath will move,  
 Inflame His rage, or quench His love ;  
 Nor for Our Sins will He for ever chide,  
 But seeks them rather, than his Face to hide.

## V.

Such are His Mercies, when we must confess  
 Our Sins might justly make their number less,  
 And him a sharper sentence to have past ;  
 But when to be put far from Thee,  
 Behind Thy back we fear'd, Lord, to be cast,  
 Our Sins were only set, where we deserv'd to be :  
 And this alone for Thy dear Mercies sake,  
 Without the least claim we could make,  
 To which Our good no more proportion bears,  
 Than the small point of Earth to Heav'n's vast  
 (Sphears

## VI.

How could it else be that they durst appear,  
 Whose guilt had added horror to their fear?  
 Love made Him break the chain, and set Our Sins  
 As far from us, but from Him more,  
 Than the bright East, where the young Sun begins  
 To take his journey, is from th' West where he gives  
 The most indulgent Father's tender Love (o're  
 Is hate, compar'd to His above;  
 For none so well as He, who made, can spare,  
 Who both knows whence we came, and what we are.

## VII.

From Earth Our mean Original we have,  
 A part of what must be e're long Our grave:  
 Frail Mortal Man, whose dayes are as the grass,  
 A short-liv'd flow' er, which stands a while,  
 But like those blust'ring storms, that o're it pass,  
 Flies with them, and is gon e're it began to smile:  
 But to Eternity Gods Love extends,  
 And all the blessings which He sends,  
 To Childrens Children, and their Seed endure,  
 To them, who keep it, like His Cov'enant sure.

## VIII.

Above the Heav'en God has prepar'd His Throne,  
 Heav'en's but the Pavement which he treads upon;  
 There do's He Rule, and Sov'reign Laws dispence,  
 And Kingdoms where He please, bestow,  
 Scepters, and Globes, and Diadems are thence,  
 And Kings to Him their Thrones, as well as Beings ow:  
 The Angels are his Ministers of State,  
 And to observe His Pleasure wait;

Bless Him ye Angels, who in strength excell,  
And what His Will is, you who do it, tell !

## I X.

You hear the Words, which from His Mouth do flow,  
And having heard, straight to perform them go,  
As swift, as you are ready at His call,  
Praise Him, who made your place so high,  
And let weak Mortals, who did lower fall,  
To whom you oft are sent, on your wings upward fly !  
Praise Him His Works, 'tis all that you can do  
For Him, who did so much for you !  
*Psalm.* Praise Him, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,  
Sprightly, and chearful Hallelujahs sing !

---

Psalm



## Psalm CIV.

*Benedic anima mea Domino; &c.*

## I.

**A** Rise, My Soul, and to th' Almighty King,  
 Sprightly, and chearful Hallelujahs sing!  
 To God, who o're all gods renown'd,  
 With Majesty, and Glory crown'd,  
 Lets Thee His praise resound;  
 And though Thy flame can never equal rise  
 Unto His height, accepts Thy Sacrifice!  
 'Tis He, who with Eternal Light  
 Obscures Himself, as we are hid in night;  
 Who in the clearest beams do's cover  
 A more sublime, and piercing ray,  
 Making Our Heav'en, and Common day,  
 But like a Curtain to be shifted-over;  
 Who, as He is, to Blessed Souls is seen,  
 In Glories far above the Skie,  
 Without the help of sight, or eye,  
 The only means we see Him by,  
 Who always see Him with the Veil of Heav'en between.

*Psalmist*

## II.

The Waters are to God as ground,  
 Who in their floods has His Foundations lai'd,  
 Has all their Ebbs, and Flowings stai'd,  
 And in their depth a bottom found;  
 Waters are solid, when He layes the Beams  
 Of His Chambers in their swiftest streams;  
 He makes the Clouds His Chariots, Clouds which are  
 Envy'd by Angels waiting there, (bear,  
 That when they go before, the Clouds their God should  
 Th'ambitious

Th'ambitious Winds aside their blust'ring lay,  
 And strew their downy Feathers in His way;  
 The Heav'only Host before Him run,  
 Swift as the Air they tread upon;  
 Flames of fire His way prepare,  
 So bright, and yet so terrible His Servants are.

## III.

Below the Centre of the Mighty Deep,  
 Where undisturb'd the Aged Waters keep,  
 And in Eternal Calms lie fast asleep,  
 There God the Piles for this huge World has laid,  
 And on their firm supporters bid it stand  
 Immoveable, unmov'd it rests at His command,  
 And one Vast Island of th' whole Earth is made.  
 The Sea about it hov'ring stood,  
 As though it knew not what to do,  
 Would have some shoar, yet would be wider too,  
 At last became a Mantle to the rising World,  
 And o're its shoulders hurl'd,  
 Let its head stand secure above the Flood:  
 Secure it stands by the Almighty Word,  
 By Him, who spake it, the Eternal Lord:  
 The Deep is to its service held,  
 Both to enrich, and to defend, (swel'd,  
 And though some times to Hills the struggling Billows  
 Higher than steepest hills, to Heav'en their rage extend,  
 Let Him but speak, away they flee,  
 Affrighted at his Thunders noise,  
 Roaring Seas hearken to a Louder voice,  
 And hush into a Calm with murm'ring die.

## IV. Thou

## IV.

Thou gates, and bars hast to the Ocean plac'd,  
Thus far to go, and at this bound,  
Since move it must, again go round,  
One foot beyond it cannot wash or waft;  
No, though it foam, and the next wave  
Press'd forward by a greater force,  
That by an inexhausted source,  
Threatning to make the Earth one watry grave;  
Let thousands then on one another croud,  
And of their Empire proud,  
Exalt their Thrones above the Land,  
When here Thy hand  
Moves a retreat, Hills into plains are tost,  
And mounts of Seas in humble Vallies lost:  
To their own place they go, their rage give o're,  
And silent as they were before,  
Only with trembling pay their Tribute to the shore.

## V.

The other springs, irriguous veins  
Which thou hast scatt'ered here, and there,  
Over the Earth fresh nutriment prepare,  
And in perpetual Circulation  
Into the Sea their mighty liver run,  
Whence they refunded are again,  
With new supply  
Always to flow, and ne're be dry;  
And in their streams have store of drink to give  
The Beasts, which in the desert live.  
There the wild Asses their hot thirst allay,  
By them the Fowles of Heav'n delighted stay,  
Making

Making by ev'ry Rivers side  
 Sure habitations for their young,  
 Where all the Quire intend their Song,  
 And tune their notes to th' bubbling of the tide;  
 The craggy rocks, which have not equal need,  
 Thou dost by other Conduits feed,  
 Raining down show'ers; and with his dew  
 God do's the dry'd up moisture of the Hills renew.

## VI.

He the whole Earth do's satisfie, and food  
 For all that live do's from its bowels bring,  
 Causing the herbs to grow, and grafs to spring,  
 (Roots of all sorts, which have the Name of Good)  
 And from this Common Parent gives us Life and Liveli-  
 No short allowance, and what may suffice (hoo-  
 Barely to keep up Life, but great Varieties;  
 Wine that makes glad the heart, and gives  
 New Spirits, and lost pow'ers retrieves;  
 The grape which with a nobler die  
 Stains all our cares, and makes them undistinguisht li-  
 And Oyl to make Our faces shine,  
 And be without as gay, as we are smooth within;  
 Bread, Wine, and Oyl without all measure  
 Th'Earth brings from her never failing Treasure.

## VII.

Such is Our Mother Earth, on whose fair brow  
 The Tall, and long-liv'd Cedars grow,  
 Trees which are full of Sap, whose heads defie  
 The Heav'ens, and near-approaching skie:  
 Cedars the glory of all Woods, and King of Trees;  
 In whose fair boughs the Eagle has her nest,  
 And undisturb'd can rest,  
 None but the Sun her Airy sees,

Whe

When in his purer flames she tries  
 How her young brood can dare the Light,  
 And had they wings, in' his beams directly rise,  
 Able to blind anothers sight,  
 And hazard more their plumes than eyes;  
 The Stork a Story Lower takes her place,  
 And for an house the Firr-tree has,  
 Till an appointed Time  
 Recall her to some other Clime;  
 Whil'st underneath the craggy clift  
 A Refuge for the Goat is left;  
 And weaker Conies by Gods Providence,  
 Have from strong rocks, more than their heels, a sure de-  
 (fence,

## VIII.

I'th' Skie above the Pow' er of God is seen,  
 Whether we view one single light,  
 The Empress of the silent night,  
 Or those innumerable flames between,  
 Which Heav' en in one continu' ed flame unite;  
 The Moon, whether a World, or Star,  
 Or only, as we judge the other Luminaries are,  
 For times and seasons set, to tell the day,  
 Now it must spring, now it must pass away;  
 The Sun no less the minute knows,  
 When to set, and when to rise,  
 When to withdraw, and when to cheer Our eyes,  
 Giving by his retreat the darkness way  
 To rule the Night, as he doth guide the day.  
 Then from their dens the Savage Beasts walk out,  
 Fierce Lions roar, and for their prey beat all about;  
 Till at Cock-crow,  
 Lions that than themselves none stronger know;  
 Lions that men, and weapons scorn,  
 Alarm'd at the approach of Morn,

Through

Through some undiscover'd Plain,  
Steal to their Caves again;  
And or for Work, or Pleasure leave the day to Man.

## IX.

Eternal Mind, should we each Act of Thine  
Recount, and mention every thing,  
At which of Thy Great works should we begin?  
Or what Almighty Numbers can confine  
The Love, and Providence Divine?  
Thy Works are like Thy Self sublime, and high,  
The Pow'ér and Wisdom of the Deity,  
More num'rous than the sand,  
Embracing in its Armes the Sea,  
Though every sand should reckoned be,  
And all in one long row like Cyphers stand,  
The Sea at head, for a great figure to command.  
I'th' Sea His mighty aids appear,  
In all the Armes and Armies there,  
The Gyant and the Pigmee fry,  
Which in the Sounds, and Shallows lie,  
And at His will or fight, or flie,  
Where Great Leviathan Leads up the Vann,  
Levi'athan whom He made to play  
In that great WASTE, in that great WASTE bear sway,  
Scorning the rage of silly Man,  
Leviathan, whom Seas, as He do's Thee obey.

## X.

There go the Ships those floating Isles,  
Proud with the Lands, and Oceans spoils,  
Advancing to Our Shore  
The Silver Mine, and Golden Oare,  
And in their passage through the deep their God adore.

On Him all Creatures wait,  
And at that common Table, which His hands have spread  
With Providence, and plenty, all are fed,  
A Table to which none can ever come too late.  
Thou feed'st the Wicked, and the Good,  
To Thee they look, Thou giv'st them food;  
From Thine Own self art full, and ne're made dry,  
Canst all alone, as thou dost all supply;  
Hide but Thy Face and then this World  
Has Horror and confusion o're it hurl'd;  
They die, and hasten to their dust,  
They die, and make one Common rust,  
In which when they have Ages buried lain,  
Thy Spirit bestows another birth,  
Breathes a new life, new stocks the Earth,  
And to the World, the World returns again,

## XI.

So shall alternate life, and death  
Make way for them, who must hereafter live;  
Leave one and give another breath,  
And from its Fate the Aged World reprieve:  
Till God enough have liv'd shall see,  
Till for His Glory God command an end to be.  
'Tis Come——See how the Earth do's shake,  
The Rocks bow down, and Mountains quake,  
See how the Hills, all set on fire,  
Are beacons to each other made,  
One Hill is of another Hill afraid,  
And melted in the All-consuming Flame expire.  
Where are they? Just so shall the Sinner die,  
Just so consum'd; ever consuming lie.

## XII. I the

## XII.

I the mean while will to my God sing praise,  
Unsearchable in all His Wayes ;  
My Meditation of Him shall be sweet,  
And with my Praise I will His Wonders meet :  
His who can Phœnixes from Our cold Ashes raise,  
'Tis God alone, whose Mighty Pow'er  
Shall, when the Wicked be no more,  
Refine His Chosen by these flames,  
Give them new and better Names,  
And make them far more glor'ious than they were be-  
(fore !

*Versculus.* Arise, my Soul, and to th' Almighty King,  
Sprightly, and Chearful Hallelujahs sing !

---

Psalm

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## Psalm CV.

*Confitemini Domino, & invoke, &c.*

- G**ive thanks unto Our God, and let your Verse  
 Both of His wondrous Acts and praise rehearse!  
 Let them give life, and Numbers to your Song,  
 And count the Glories, which to Him belong!
- 5 All you who fear His Name in it rejoice,  
 And shew your heart is chearful by your voice!  
 Seek ye the Lord, and seek His Mighty Pow'ér,  
 And never, till you see His Face, give o're!  
 Remember all the Wonders He has done,
- 10 The Words He spake, the Signs His hand has showna  
 You, who of *Abraham*, the Almighty's Friend,  
 And of His chosen *Jacobs* Seed descend!  
 He is the Lord, His Judgements are abroad,  
 And all the World by them shall fear Our God;
- 15 The Word he past is ever in His mind,  
 To thousand Ages, which are yet behind:  
 The Faithful Cov'enant He with *Abraham* made,  
 And unto *Isaac* with an Oath conveigh'd,  
 Confirm'd it then to *Jacob* for a Law,
- 20 From which now *Isra'el* their best Title draw,  
 Saying,  
 "To thee P'le *Canaan* give, that Happy land,  
 "And where Thou sojourn'st now, Thou shalt com-  
 He said it when they were in number few, (mand.  
 Hardly a Number, were but only two;
- 25 Two, who were one, and strangers, forc'd to flee  
 Those Kingdoms, which their own should after be.  
 Yet then He suffered none to do them wrong,  
 Reprov'd Kings for them as they pass'd along;  
 "No hurt to my Anointed, said He, do,
- 30 "Nor vile contempt upon my Prophets throw.

Them

- Then on the Land He for a dearth did call,  
 To break that staff, whose prop before was small.  
 The staff of bread that they again might hold,  
 He that must sell them bread, was by them sold.
- 35 Sold for a Slave, and that, in Prison cast,  
 Where his bruis'd feet in fetters were kept fast.  
 But that He bore; the smart t' his Soul did pass,  
 When he remembered by whose means it was.  
 Till the Word came, *Joseph*, good Word for Thee,
- 40 Which prov'd Thee guiltless and which made Thee  
 The King in hast to loose the Pris'ner sent, (free  
 And thought the Messengers too slowly went;  
 Made Him high Steward of his house with Pow' ex  
 Greater than ever Subject had before;
- 45 His Realms submitted to his ruling hand,  
 And that his will for Sov'reign Law should stand.  
 Whether his Princes he in Chains would lay,  
 Or teach his wife Men how they should obey;  
 Pull down, set up, controll things as he please,
- 50 Be King in all except the Name, and Ease.  
 'Twas then that *Isra'el* into *Egypt* came,  
 And *Jacob* sojourn'd in the Land of *Ham*,  
 Where He increas'd, and did a Nation grow,  
 More num'rous than the slaves, w<sup>ch</sup> kept them so.
- 55 And by Gods blessing did so propagate,  
 That whom their En'mies could not hurt, they hate,  
 New tasks impose, and harder bonds contrive,  
 And plot their death whom He had sworn should  
 Hence as Embassadors, before He went, (live
- 60 *Moses* and *Aaron* He to *Egypt* sent,  
 To make His wonders in their Land be known,  
 Who were, and had so many of their own,  
 To solid darkness turn'd their Noon-day Light,  
 And made them feel, as well as see their night.
- 65 The Rivers did with Purple Streams abound,  
 And the true dye in every Fish was found.

- The Land did princely Frogs unnumbered breed,  
Which lay with Nobles, and with Kings did feed.  
He spake the Word, and there came Hosts of Flies,  
70 Lice reign'd below, and they usurt the Skies :  
He gave them hail for rain, and fire for dew,  
Both to o'rethrow, and to consume them too :  
Smote all their Vines, and with a Fatal Stroke,  
What hail and lightning spar'd, the thunder broke :  
75 Then came up armed Locusts, and their train,  
In such great bands ne're to be seen again,  
And what was left by all the plagues before,  
Swept clean away and the whole Land ran o're.  
At last th' Almighty, when this would not do,  
80 Came down in person, and the first-born slew.  
And for the Time that *Isra'el* there did stay,  
They pay'd themselves, before they went away ;  
Took with them *Egypt's* Silver, and its Gold,  
By great, as it was giv'en them, and untold ;  
85 Away they went more Lusty and more Strong,  
Than when at first they came, Thousands for One.  
And when they went, *Egypt* rejoyc'd to hear  
Their parting, and new stops alone began to fear.  
Thus freed a Cloud did their great journey show,  
90 And in the Cloud which led their way, they go.  
A Cloud by day when all Heav'en else was bright,  
But that obscur'd, a Guardian Flame by night :  
And as they pass'd, and murm'ring pin'd for meat,  
He gave them Quails, and Angels bread to eat :  
95 Open'd the Rock which kept the Waters in,  
And turn'd its flinty bowels to a spring ;  
A spring whose streams in Rivers did run o're,  
And follow'd close the Camp which marcht before.  
His servant *Abraham* to His Mind did come,  
100 His Cov'enant, what it was, and made with whom ;  
So He their Hosts did out of Bondage bring,  
While by the Way they did His Praises sing ;

Brought

Brought them to Labours w<sup>ch</sup> were not their own,  
And Loaded Harvests, that they had not sown ;  
105 To *Canaan*, thence to be remov'd no more,  
But hold of Him, who was their Lord before ;  
Keeping such Laws, such services to do,  
As by His Cov'enants He had bound them to.

*Hallelujah.*

---

*Psalm*

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## Psalm CVI.

*Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.*

- Sing to the Lord, for He alone is Good, *Hallelujah.*  
 His Mercies sure, for ever so have stood!  
 But who their Verse can to His Glory raise,  
 Or as His Acts deserve, shew forth His Praise?  
 15 Thrice happy they, who His Commandments Love,  
 And by their Constancy their service prove!  
 On me, unworthy wretch, O God, look down,  
 And grant those favours, which Thou shew'st Thine  
 That I may taste how good 'tis to be Thine, (Own!  
 20 And in the Under-song to blest Thee join!

- Lord, we have sinn'd, we, and Our Fathers too,  
 And what they vilely did, as vilely do.  
 In Egypt they could not Thy Wonders see,  
 Excess of Light had drawn a veil o're Thee;  
 5 They minded not the signs Thou there didst show,  
 And thence but to provoke Thee more did go;  
 Provöke Thee at the sea, the Red sea, where (pear:  
 Thou brought'st them down, to make Thy hand ap-  
 Yet then God sav'd them for His own Names sake;  
 10 And of His Pow'ér a dreadful show did make.  
 He stroke the Sea, the Sea asunder broke,  
 Its Cryстал could not bear th' Almighty stroke.  
 And as it broken all in shivers lay,  
 Gods secret path was *Isra'el's* Great High Way.  
 15 Through w<sup>ch</sup>, as through the Wilderness they pass,  
 Only these sands were wall'd about with glass.  
 Thus from their Enemies He set them free,  
 Whilst the admiring waves stood up to see.  
 But when the sacred Army was gon o're,  
 20 The seas no longer own'd their new made shore;

- But o're it leapt, as friends return'd to greet  
 And in their old embraces haste to meet ;  
 Th'*Egyptian* Troops, which scatt'ered lay between,  
 And thought to tell at home what they had seen,  
 35 Swift as that thought were buried in the waves,  
 And not one left to shew their watry Graves.

- Then *Isra'el* fear'd His Word, and sang His Praise,  
 But soon forgot that, and His Wondrous ways.  
 Did in the WilderNESS His Pow' er distrust,  
 40 And for full Tables in the Desert lust.  
 He gave it them, but therewith leanness sent,  
 Into their very Souls the Poison went.

- Next against *Moses* they in tumults rise,  
 And *Aaron* the Almighty's choice despise :  
 45 But God Himself from heav' en His Choice approv'd,  
 And from His sight the Murmurers remov'd.  
 The Sea before, the Earth do's now obey,  
 And frighted at His presence ran away :  
 Loosned its hold, and as apart it fell,  
 50 Let *Dathan* and *Abiran* quick to Hell.  
 And those, who to the Priesthood did aspire,  
 And off'ered Incense, were consum'd by Fire.

- At *Horeb* they had griev'd him long before,  
 When there they did their molten god adore.  
 55 At *Horeb* where they that great Voice did hear,  
 Which fill'd the most rebellious breast with fear,  
 And strook the Soul, as it surpriz'd the Ear. }  
 Thus to an Ox their Glory they compare,  
 And these, cry they, " Thy Gods O *Isra'el* are.  
 60 Not because they the true one did not know,  
 But their old love to *Egypt* thus would show ;  
 Forgetting what in *Egypt* He had done,  
 Both for their Nations honour and His own.

Lib. IV.      upon the CVI. PSALM.

And all His Wonders in the Mighty Deep, (keep.  
 65 Making a Causey there, that they their way might  
 Wherefore about destroying them He spake,  
 And that He *Moses* a great Name would make;  
*Moses*, who in the breach before Him stood,  
 And would have given His Own to save their blood.

70 . That pass'd; the happy *Canaan* they condemn,  
 But more the God, who promis'd it to them.  
 To *Egypt* they again had rather go,  
 Than serve new Masters whom they did not know.  
 Therefore in wrath He rais'd His vengeful Hand,  
 15 To strike, and swear they should not see the Land;  
 And that all those, who fell not by His own,  
 Should by their En'emies swords be overthrow'n.

Sure they will try it, and to *Peor* turn'd,  
 Before dumb Idols ate, and Incense burn'd;  
 o Thus were they only constant in their sin,  
 And knew no measure till the Plague brake in.  
 Had some new folly to enflame His Ire,  
 And set the Mine He lay'd so deep on fire;  
 Till *Phineas* stood up, and with dextrous skill,  
 5 Three En'emies at one happy blow did kill,  
*Zimri*, and *Cosbi* and the Plague did slay,  
 Which weltring in their gore, and breathless lay.  
 An Act, whose Mem'ory God Himself would save,  
 And for reward to His House the Priest hood gave.

o Another time at *Meriba* they strove, (prove.  
 And their meek Guide did with their murmurings  
 Full ill it went with *Moses* for their sake,  
 Who unadvis'dly in His Passion spake, (take. }  
 And with them both in sin, and Judgement did par- }  
 5 The Nations, of which God in charge did give  
 Should be destroy'd, they were resolv'd should live;

And come to *Canaan*, to preserve their seed,  
 Were mingled with them, and did by them breed.  
 Learn'd all their works, their Idols did adore,  
 100 Curs'd to Them now, though for their sakes before :  
 Idols, that Devils were, yet unto whom  
 All smear'd they in their Childrens blood must come.  
 No other Sacrifice but that will please ;  
 Nor any blood, but th' Innocent appease ; (stain'd,  
 105 Their Childrens blood, with which their Gods were  
 They and their Gods, and with their own the land.  
 Thus justly plagu'd for their impietie,  
 That Gods of their own making should so cruel be !

This blew the Heav'only wrath up to a Flame,  
 110 Turn'd Love to hatred, Mercy rage became ;  
 Up to the Heathen He His People gave,  
 And in his own Land *Isra'el's* made a slave :  
 Those, who most hated them, for Lords did reign,  
 And those they'd conquer'd, conquer'd them again  
 115 When God deliver'd them, they yet sinn'd more,  
 Tempting new plagues they never felt before ;  
 Yet to their cry He gently bow'd His Ear,  
 And though they would not Him, their groans did  
 According to His Cov'enant Mercy sent, (hear  
 120 And taught them by His oft, once to Repent ;  
 Made their proud Lords resent their Miseries,  
 And shew less cruel hands, and more indulgent eyes !

Save us O God, and bring Thy Captives home,  
 That we with praise may to Thy Temple come !  
 125 To *Isra'el's* King let thanks be ever pay'd,  
 And let *Amen* by all the World be said !

*Hallelujah.*

*The End of the Fourth Book of Psalms.*



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THE  
FIFTH BOOK  
OF  
PSALMS.

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Psalm CVII.

*Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.*

*Chorus Omnium.*

**A**Ll you, who on th' Almighty Love depend,  
And by His lib'eral hand improve,  
Let with your voice your thanks ascend,  
And here begin, what you shall do above!  
His Mercy like His Truth is ever sure,  
And so your Praise should be, as constant, and as pure.

*Chorus Om-  
nium.*

*Versus I.*

Let His Redeem'd say so, that *Isra'el*, whom  
Their En'mies Captive led, but He brought home!  
X 3 Then

*Versus I.*

Then brought them home, when from the farthest East  
 They were dispers'd, and scatt'ered to the West ;  
 When North and South their weary steps did know,  
 But they, nor where they went, nor where to go ;  
 Now in the Desert an untrodden way,  
 Where they could hardly pass, yet durst not stay ;  
 Where they no City found, and none to tell  
 Which road to take, or in what Place to dwell ;  
 Hungry and thirsty, doubtful in their mind,  
 Scarce knowing what they sought, or what they'd wish  
 (to find.

*Chorus Minor.*

*Chorus Mi-  
nor.*

Then to the Lord in their distress they cry'd,  
 They cry'd aloud, and He did hear ;  
 And though His Face He seem'd to hide,  
 By His great Hand declar'd that He was near ;  
 For when in vain they had look'd round about,  
 And saw no help, tow'ards Him they look'd, and were  
 (brought out.

*Versus Respondens.*

*Versus Re-  
spondens.*

He led them forth Himself by the right way,  
 Their passage made, as their great journey lay :  
 A City founded for them, and did tell  
 Not only where, but made them in it dwell.

*Chorus Omnium.*

*Chorus o.*

Let all the Earth th'Eternal Bounty praise,  
 And talk of all that He has done :  
 How Truth and Mercy are His ways  
 To the whole World, as well as to His Own ;  
 For to the longing Soul He grants His Will,  
 And with that Goodness, which He is, do's th' hungry  
 (fill.

*Versus*

*Versus II.*

Those who in darkness, and in horror sit,  
 And so near death, 'tis in the shade of it,  
 Bound in Affliction, and in heavy chains,  
 In prison, where their noise, and silence reigns,  
 Feeling their sins in all they suffer there,  
 Whose weight more rings than th' Irons, which they  
 Their hearts sink lower than their bodies lie, (bear,  
 And there's as little hope, as in their eye.

*Versus II.**Chorus M.*

Then to the Lord in their distress they cry'd,  
 They cry'd aloud, and he did hear;  
 And though His Face He seem'd to hide,  
 By His great hand declar'd that He was near;  
 For when in vain they had look'd all about,  
 And saw no help, tow'ards Him they look'd, and were  
 (brought out.

*Chorus M.**Versus Resp.*

He broke their Chains asunder, set them free,  
 And made their Irons a new Bearing;  
 From darkness freed them, where they once did sit,  
 Not from Death only, but the shade of it.

*Versus R.**Chorus Omnium.*

Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praise,  
 And talk of all that He has done;  
 How Truth and Mercy are His Ways  
 To the whole World, as well as to His Own!  
 For gates of brass against Him could not stand,  
 But open fell, Iron prov'd stubble to His Hand.

*Chorus O.*

*Versus III.*

*Versus III.* Those Foolish sinners, who in sottish Love  
 Consume their Age, neglecting that above,  
 Are justly punish'd for their fond disdain,  
 And have for all their love, no love again :  
 How do they pine away, and loath their meat,  
 Feeding their passion more, the less they eat ?  
 To sullen Rocks lament, and hope the grones  
 Which tear their breasts, will pierce the senseless stones  
 But all in vain, those means but fruitless prove,  
 One Death alone can end their Lives, and Love.

*Chorus M.*

*Chorus M.* Then to the Lord in their distress they cry'd  
 They cry'd aloud, and he did hear ;  
 And though His Face He seem'd to hide.  
 By His great hand declar'd that He was near :  
 For when in vain they had look'd all about,  
 And saw no help, tow'ards Him they look'd, and were  
 (brought out

*Versus Resp.*

*Versus R.* He sent His Word which did refine their love,  
 No more on Earth, but plac'd it all above ;  
 'Twas a disease no longer, knew no pain,  
 But for the love it gave, had love again.

*Chorus Omnium.*

*Chorus O.* Let all the Earth th' Almighty Bounty praise,  
 And talk of all that He has done ;  
 How Truth, and Mercy are His wayes  
 To the whole World, as well as to His Own !

An

**Lib. V.      upon the CVII. PSALM.**

And let all those, who by His Goodness live,  
The hearts He thus has chang'd an off'ering to Him give!

*Versus IV.*

They who into the Sea in Ships go down,  
And seek by Wayes they know not, lands unknown,  
Who make the untrac'd Ocean be their Road,  
Which with their keels they tear, and burdens load,  
They in the Deep His dreadful Wonders see,  
(Of which themselves as great as any be)  
How He commands the storms, and do's unbind  
The airy fetters of the struggling wind;  
Out they all tumble, and the rough Sea invade,  
Which now their scorn, as much as sport is made;  
To Heav'en lift up its floods, as if to call  
Help thence, but e're 'tis come, let them down fall,  
Low as their depth, whiles the scar'd passengers  
Look every wave should drown them, and their fears;  
Stagger like drunken Men, reel to, and fro,  
Their feet less steady than their Vessels go;  
And in their teeth the winds their sighs do send,  
Making them e're the storms, at their wits end.

*Chorus M.*

Then to the Lord, in their distress they cry'd,  
They cry'd aloud, and He did hear;  
His Face the Tempest could not hide,  
Nor raging Seas or dull, or stop His Ear:  
For when in vain they had look'd round about,  
And saw no help, tow'ards Him they look'd and were  
(brought out.

*Versus Resp.*

He bid the Sea be calm, the Winds be still,  
And only with brisk gales their canvass fill;

Then

Then brought them smooth and calmy as the Sea,  
To the wish'd Haven, where they long'd to be.

*Chorus Omnium.*

*Chorus O.* Let all the Earth th' Eternal Bounty praise,  
And talk of all that He has done;  
How Truth, and Mercy are His Wayes  
To the whole World; as well as to His Own!  
And let all those, who on the Seas have been,  
Sing in His Temple praise, and tell what they have seen.

*Turn.*

When for their sin God do's chastise a land,  
Their springs He turns into a parched sand;  
A Wilderness, which drinks their Rivers up,  
And not a Rose budd yields to crown the Cup;  
But barren as the salt, which is sown there,  
Nor herb for man, nor grafs for beasts do's bear.

*Counter-turn.*

The Wilderness He turns into a Pool,  
And fills the parched sand, with springs brim full;  
There for the hungry Soul provides His meat,  
And for the Colonies He leads, a feat:  
With corn they sow their fields, new Vineyards plant,  
And neither Citizens, nor Cities want;  
He blesses them, and makes them so increase,  
Their very Cattle feel the fruits of Peace.

*Turn.*

Again to punish them they are brought low,  
That hand destroys them, which first made them grow;  
For

For He on mighty Kings contempt do's lay,  
And those, who His forsake, lose their own way.

*Counter-turn.*

But He the Poor from trouble sets on high,  
Whence He may see His long Posterity.

*Chorus* <sup>vi</sup> *Omnium.*

Let all the Righteous in their God rejoice,  
But the Unjust, with envy break!  
Those shew their triumph by their voice,  
While these have neither Will, nor pow' er to speak!  
Thrice happy Man, who treasuring in his mind  
These sev'eral Mercies, some one for his Use can find.

*Chorus O.*

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Psalm

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## Psalm CVIII.

*Paratum est Cor meum, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

**I**T is resolv'd, nor will I e<sup>v</sup> more  
 Distrust my God, as I ha<sup>v</sup>e done before;  
 No! I will praise Him, and my heart,  
 Which has so oft betray'd me into fear,  
 Its burden in the Song shall bear,  
 And, when my Harp begins, shall sing the highest Part.

## II.

Awake, my Harp, 'tis time for thee to'awake,  
 Prevent the day, and Thy great subject take!  
 Put all Thy strings on, shew Thy skill;  
 God and my Soul are ready, be not slow,  
 For if we should before Thee go,  
 Thy strings would never half way reach up Heav'ens  
 (high Hill).

## III.

We come, O God, and with us up will raise,  
 High as Thy Love, and Truth, to Heav'en Thy praise.  
 The World shall hear what Thou hast done,  
 How signally Thou hast appear'd for me,  
 By Thy great Pow'ér hast set me free,  
 And for Thy works praise Him, whose Name they have  
 (not known).

## IV.

Then with Thy Mercy to the Clouds wee'll sic,  
 And take new wing to mount to the Most High:  
 Above



Above the Clouds exalted be,  
Lord set Thy Glory far above the skies.  
And if so high we cannot rise,  
From Heav'n do Thou descend, when we look up to  
(Thee.

## V.

Descend, and by the way Thy Name make known;  
What Thou wilt do, by what Thy hand has done;  
Hear me——My God has heard my Cry,  
Has past His Word, and in it I rejoice,  
Has given me of all Lands my Choice,  
And on my Gods Almighty promise I relie.

## VI.

*Sechem* is Mine, I will divide its Plain,  
And o're the Vale of *Succoth* throw my Chain:  
The Tribes of *Isra'el* shall obey,  
Those which lie farthest off, or nearer stand,  
Shall yield themselves to my Command,  
Shall serve, whilst *Judah* gives them laws, and holds the  
(sway.

## VII.

*Moab's* my Wash-pot, and shall sue to be  
A Vassal to my basest drudgerie;  
*Philistia* shall my Chariot meet,  
Honour'd enough, if she may bear the yoke  
Proud *Edom* has so often broke,  
And *Edom* shall submit her neck and take my Feet.

## VIII.

But who to *Edom* will direct my course,  
And entrance for Me into *Bozra* force?

God shall direct me to the Town;  
God, who of late has seem'd to disappear,  
And when He's come, knowing who's there  
The Walls to make me Way shall open, or fall down,

## IX.

Help us O God, for we in vain implore,  
A forreign aid, which wants Our succour more!  
Thou art my help, through Thee my head  
With Laurel shall be crown'd, and in my wayes  
Some En'emies necks the ground shall raise,  
So that my feet shall triumph too, and on them tread.

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Psalms

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## Psalm CIX.

*Deus laudem meam ne tacueris, &c.*

## I.

**G**uard of my Life, and God of all my Praise,  
 Who see'st the Outrage off'ered me,  
 Thy self, and Pow' er for my just sentence raise,  
 Nor let the wrongs I bear reflect on Thee !  
 Thou hear'st what cruel Words the wicked speak,  
 Let not them only, and not Thou Thy Silence break !

*A Psalm of David.*

## II.

With words of hatred I am girt around,  
 And from all parts they with me fight :  
 So hard, that I am all but one great wound,  
 And the whole cause I give them, is my Right,  
 With pray'ers for them their malice would reprove,  
 But those with Scorn, with hatred they reward my love.

## III.

Let him some Tyrant serve, be made a Slave ;  
 And Satan place at his right hand ;  
 No other pity find than what he gave,  
 And at his Enemies tribunal stand !  
 Let him be judg'd, condemn'd, and all his pray'ers  
 Be made in vain to deaf, or else to stubborn ears !

## IV.

Let fuddain death his wretched life attend,  
 His Office to another give !  
 Let on his Wife and Seed the Curse descend,  
 They Fatherless, and she a Widow live !

Let

Let them be Vagabonds, and beg their bread,  
And have no certain place to hide, or rest their head?

## V.

Let the Extortioner catch all he has,  
And strangers to his labours come!  
Let him find none, who will resent his case;  
But with new miseries encrease the sum!  
None, who will to him any Mercy show,  
Or on his Fatherless one friendly look bestow!

## VI.

Let them be all cut off, and their curst Name  
In the next Age he quite forgot!  
Or if they be remembred, let their shame  
On their Atchievements be a constant blot!  
Let his fore-Fathers Sins be in Thine eye,  
And all his Mothers lusts afresh for vengeance cry!

## VII.

Let silence or reproach upon him rest,  
And as it ne're was in his mind,  
Either to favour, or relieve th' oppress,  
Neither relief, nor favour let him find!  
But as the Needy he with wrongs pursu'd,  
On his own head, let them be all again renew'd!

## VIII.

As he lov'd cursing, let him still be curst!  
And hated blessing seek in vain!  
With envy, which first swel'd him, let him burst;  
And then like water, on him turn it again;

Like

Like Oyl let it to 'his very marrow pierce,  
And like those flames, which bōyle it, be, but far more  
( fierce !

## IX.

Give him no other garment for his pride,  
Than this, with which he was array'd ;  
Close with his girdle let his loines be ty'd,  
To all a terror, of himself afraid !  
And executed by the hand Divine,  
Let this his ruine be, who only plotted mine !

## X.

But, Lord my God, for thine own great Names sake,  
And for Thy Mercy rescue me !  
Thou, who the poor mans cause do'st undertake,  
As ready to assist the helpless be !  
Look how I stooping go, and bow'd to th' ground,  
But there no herb can find to ease, or heal my wound !

## XI.

My dayes, and Age are like a shadow gon,  
That when the Sun withdraws is lost ;  
And as the Locust driven up and down,  
From field to field, from land to land I'm tost :  
My knees and flesh of strength through fasting fail,  
And those, who wounded me with scorns, my life assail.

## XII.

But, Lord my God, for Thine Own great Names sake,  
And for Thy Mercy rescue me !  
That all may know the care Thou'art pleas'd to take,  
And in my sure deliv'rance honour Thee !

Bless Thou, and let them curse, confound their noise  
And make them all asham'd, whilst I in Thee rejoyce !

## XIII.

Shame, and confusion to my Enemies,  
Let it their Vest and Portion be !  
Whilst I to Heav'en in tuneful Numbers rise,  
And tell abroad what God has done for me !  
How from Oppression he the Poor did save,  
And what his Judges had deny'd, just sentence gave !

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Psaln

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## Psalm CX.

*Dixit Dominus Domino meo, &c.*

## I.

THE Lord said to my Lord,  
 The Mighty God to the Eternal Word,  
 " Sit Thou at my Right hand,  
 " Till I Thine Enemies command  
 " To be the Foot-stool to Thy Throne,  
 And freely yield their necks for Thee to tread upon !

*A Psalm of David.*

## II.

Sion's that Glorious Throne,  
 Whence with disdain Thy foes Thou look'st upon,  
 Thence Thou around shalt reign,  
 And by Thy Pow' er new subjects gain ;  
 Thy En'emies too shall Thee obey,  
 And once return'd, none shall more Loyal be than they.

## III.

And as the Summer Sun,  
 When Winter's past, and all its rage is done,  
 Do's every Morning view  
 His way all strew'd with pearly dew,  
 Whose Numbers cannot reck'ned be,  
 Is a faint Emblem of Thy long Posterity.

## IV.

His Oath God will not break,  
 But King and Priest Thou'art like *Melchisedec* :

The Lord at Thy Right hand  
Shall let no Proud Uſurper ſtand,  
But Kings ſhall bow, and in Thy Train  
Be captive led, whiſt there's made Trophies of the ſlain

## V.

He the Great Head ſhall wound,  
When it ſhall Queen of all the World be crown'd :  
Drink of the brook i'th' way,  
And follow, till He gets the day ;  
But when His Croſs ſhall death ſtrike dead,  
Th'Eternal God Himſelf ſhall raiſe, and crown His head

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## Psalm CXI.

*Confitebor tibi Domine, &c.*

## I.

**W**ith my whole heart I'll praise the Lord, *Hallelujah.*  
 And where He chose to honour it, exalt His  
 In the Assemblies of the Just;      (Word,  
 There will I all His noble Works disclose,  
 His Famous Acts, sought out of those,  
 Whothem their pleasure make, and Him their Trust.

## II.

His glorious Works are great, and high,  
 No more to be conceiv'd, than seen by mortal eye,  
 And shall for ever so remain :  
 Eternity it self is scarce enough  
 To praise His Mercy, and His Love,  
 And what we now unknown admire, make plain.

## III.

He for His People did provide,  
 And never broke His Word, or Covenant deni'd ;  
 They saw His Signes, beheld His hand,  
 How for their sake He made His pow' er appear,  
 Prepar'd them conquests by the fear,  
 Which He sent first into their En'emies land.

## IV.

Justice, and Truth are all His Wayes,  
 And on Eternal Faithfulness His Promise staies :

Beyond all Ages they shall last,  
And when Old Time it self away shall flee,  
Remain as firm as now they be,  
And on their own great Basis fixt, stand fast.

## V.

Deliv'rance He for *Isra'el* wrought,  
And to save them His greatest plagues on *Egypt* brought;  
'Twas then they saw He was the same,  
Which to their Fathers He was wont to be;  
When He so strangely fet them free,  
The Holy God, and Rev'rend is His Name.

## VI.

To worship Him true Wisdom is,  
And to observe His Laws the only way to bliss:  
No guide to knowledge like His fear,  
For all beside, what e're they may pretend,  
Through a bad way reach a worle end,  
But His Praise ever lasts, and every where.

## Psalm CXII.

*Beatus Vir qui timet, &c.*

## I.

**T**Hat Man is truly blest, who fears the Lord, *Hallelujah.*  
 And with delight His Precepts hears,  
 Who therefore loves, because He fears,  
 Loves, and yet trembles at the Sacred Word :  
 His Seed upon the Earth renown'd shall be,  
 And he himself blest in his seed shall see :  
 Riches and Wealth, a full encrease,  
 No fear of ever being Poor,  
 Desires contented, and a lasting Peace,  
 Always unto his house are sure,  
 And ever constant, as his Righteousness, endure.

## II.

Clear day at night do's on the Just arise,)  
 Some gleames His Spirit to sustain,  
 Some chearful hopes amidst his pain,  
 And what he gave, he finds in others eyes :  
 That mercy which inclin'd His heart to lend,  
 In all his wants supplies do's ever send ;  
 His works with Prudence manag'd are,  
 Nothing his foot shall ever move ;  
 Both of his wayes and him God takes the Care,  
 And though he may his Servant prove,  
 He will reward his Righteousness, and Crown his love.

## III.

How do the wicked tremble, when the Just  
Secure in all his Fears is made ?  
I'th' midst of fears is not afraid,  
But has his heart as fixed as his Trust ?  
Fix'd on his God, nothing shall make him fear,  
Though all around he should see ruine near :  
For, lo, even then his just desire  
Shall be fulfill'd on'this Enemies,  
When in their own wild flames they all expire,  
And he behold the sacrifice  
To Heav'en in fire, and clouds of pitchy smoak arise.

## IV.

His Armes shall be, what he has given away,  
Or lent at any time the poor ;  
His Mem'ory ever shall endure,  
And with no fretting rust of Age decay :  
How he with Honour gain'd the Victory,  
On Heav'ens Arch shall with'his Name be grav'd on  
Where, as it stands in view of all, (high  
The Wicked at it shall repine,  
Shall see it fix'd, when they must lower fall,  
And those, who did before combine  
Against him, from their depth behold it brighter shine

## Psalm CXIII.

*Laudate pueri Dominum, &c.*

## I.

Praise Him, ye Servants of the Heav'only King, *Hallelujah*  
 And to His Name your grateful Praises sing :  
 That Name, which is so full of Pow'ér,  
 And from Eternity was so,  
 Let the whole World before it bow,  
 And to Eternity that Name adore !  
 Praise Him, for since at first the World He made,  
 'Tis fit this Chief-Rent to Him, should by All be pai'd !

## II.

Above the Heav'ens He God o're all do's reign,  
 Nor can the Heav'en of Heav'ens His power contain :  
 His Glory, far above the Skie,  
 Exceeds the Compass of frail sight,  
 Invisible by Mortal light,  
 (Those too weak means we view his greatness by)  
 Our eyes to Him we ne're can hope to raise,  
 For they'll come short, but we may reach Him with our  
 (praise.

## III.

Above He dwells, yet sometimes do's He bend,  
 And stoop to hear the praise we upward send.  
 Humbling Himself sometimes to see  
 Those beauties, which in the'Heav'ens are,  
 And at this distance look so fair,  
 Which of His Word the great Creation be ;

Nay

Nay lower, to the Earth He oft draws near,  
And with His Presence makes it Heav'en, when He  
(comes there.

## I V.

In Heav'en and Earth all things obey His Will,  
And though to them it be unknown, fulfill :  
At pleasure He bestows the Crown,  
Honour and Wealth are in His hand,  
And to the poor He gives Command,  
Exalting him, but throws the Mighty down :  
Makes barren wombs with joy their fruit to bear,  
And that which as the grave was deaf, His voice to hear.

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Psalms

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## Psalm CXIV.

*In exitu Israel de Egypto, &c.*

## I.

WHEN *Isra'el* had thrown off th' *Egyptian* yoke,  
And with the chains of servitude,  
A speech like them, who us'd it, rude,  
Their tongues at once unloos'd, and fetters broke;  
Th' Almighty Pow' er, who did that Wonder show,  
Conducting by His Mighty hand  
His People to the Promis'd Land,  
Did greater Wonders do,  
Not only told them whither, but which way to go.

## II.

The Sea far off the Marching Camp beheld,  
Saw how the Sacred Fire made way,  
Yet knew not where their journey lay,  
And to look round in higher billows swell'd:  
But when to 'its shore it saw the Host draw nigh,  
The mighty Sea began to fear,  
And backward bid its floods to bear,  
And those, which could not fly,  
Stand up in ranks, and let the *Isra'elites* pass by.

## III.

Jordan fell back, and to his Spring did halt;  
Alarm'd at His scare'd Floods retreat,  
The Aged Spring lost all his heat,  
And boil'd no more, but fainting swoon'd at last:  
The

The mountains saw the Floods, and they ran too ;  
The little Hills, for Companie,  
Follow'd to see the Mountains flee,  
Like frighted Lambs, which go  
(Though unpursu'd) those wayes their trembling Mo-  
thers show.

## IV.

What ail'd the Sea, that it should backward start ?  
Or what made frighted *Jordans* Spring  
Swoone and keep all his waters in,  
Like spir'tits scarce able to secure the Heart ?  
Why ran the Hills ? Why did the mountains fly ?  
Tremble, O Earth, Thy God is near,  
God, who can make deaf Rocks to hear,  
And when Thy Springs are dry,  
From out their flinty Bowels fetch a new supply !

---

Pfalm

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## Psalm CXV.

*Non nobis Domine, Non nobis, &c.*

## I.

Not unto us, Lord, not to us,  
But to Thy Name give all the praise!  
Thou Worthy art to be exalted thus,  
For Truth and Mercy are Thy Wayes:  
Why should the World deride Our trust,  
And ask, "Where is the God whereof you boast?  
Our God in Heav'en do's reign, and what's His Will,  
Both Heav'en, and Earth obey, and Seas fulfill,

## II.

The Heathen Idols rule not so,  
Nor by their own pow'ér can they stand;  
Themselves do not their mean Original know,  
Not how made Gods, nor by what hand;  
And though their Vot'aries them adore,  
They are the same vile clay they were before;  
Or if of Gold, debas'd, and more can do  
I'th' Ingot, e're'ts a God, than once made so.

## III.

'T has mouth indeed, and eyes, and ears,  
And the feign'd Organs of quick sense,  
But the dull thing nor speaks, nor sees, nor hears:  
And what good can be look'd for thence?  
'T has feet, 'tis true, and golden hands,  
That ne're gave bribe, but to receive them stands:  
And nose, that though the flames to it aspire,  
Can nor the Incense smell, nor scent the Fire.

## IV. They

## IV.

They and their Framers are alike;  
And neither sense, nor reason have;  
But if they're gods, let's see them any strike,  
Or from the Curse their makers save!  
Blind Deities, but blinder they,  
Who knowing it, to their own work will pray!  
Or think the stock, which do's its titles ow  
To them, can any thing they want bestow.

## V.

But on Thy God, O *Isra'el* trust!  
He only is Thy help, and shield;  
O house of *Aaron* flee to Him that's Just!  
For He is Thine, and help will yield.  
All you, who fear th' Almighty Lord,  
Upon Him trust, and flee unto His Word!  
For He's your help, and He will be your shield,  
And though you flee, it is to gain the field!

## VI.

The Lord has mindful of us been,  
And He will all Our joyes restore;  
The House of *Isra'el* have His blessing seen,  
And He will blest them more and more:  
The House of *Aaron* He will blest,  
And all who fear Him shall by His love encrease:  
'Twixt rich, and poor He do's no difference know,  
But by His blessing both in numbers grow.

## VII. Blest'd

## VII.

Bless'd of that God, who all things made,  
Both Earth, and Sea, and glorious Heav'en :  
High Heav'en's His seat, and of Him is afraid,  
But He to Man the Earth has giv'en :  
'Tis there that we admire His Wayes,  
Before the Grave shut us up, and His Praise ;  
There will we bless the God, in whom we live,  
And as He life to us, to'Him praises give.

*Hallelujah.*

---

Psalm

---

## Pſalm CXVI.

*Dilexi quoniam exaudivit, &c.*

## I.

*Rondeau.*

**I** Love Thee, Lord, with my whole heart,  
 For Thou doſt my Petitions hear;  
 Becauſe Thou to me haſt inclin'd Thine ear.  
 And thus propitious to Thy Servant art,  
 With new requests I'll ever prove Thee,  
 And ſhew by that I love Thee.

## II.

The pains of death enclos'd me round,  
 Grief held my heart, and tears my eyes;  
 My grave ſtood open, and Death thence did riſe,  
 Trouble and Horror, on all ſides I found;  
 Death it ſelf waited underneath,  
 Above the pains of Death.

## III.

Yet to the Lord I cry'd, and ſaid,<sup>1</sup>  
 "My God, Thy help I now implore,  
 "Deliver me, as Thou haſt done before,  
 "When in my trouble I unto Thee pray'd!  
 Though I deſerv'd to be deni'd,  
 Yet to the Lord I cry'd.

## IV.

To wrath He's ſlow, abounds in love,  
 Our ſins moſt ready to forgive;  
 The Innocent upon His bounty live,  
 In Him they live, who reigns their God above:

He

He help'd me, when I was brought low;  
For yet to wrath He's slow.

## V.

Then to Thy rest, my Soul, return!  
For God has kindly dealt with Thee;  
Thy feet from sliding, life from death set free;  
Nor shall Thy failing eyes in sorrow mourn.  
Thy dayes to praise Him are increas'd;  
Return then to Thy rest.

## VI.

Lord, I believe, and therefore speak,  
I knew I should Thy Mercy praise;  
Though when afflicted, and in rugged wayes;  
One sorrow did my heart and silence break:  
When I all flesh the lie did give,  
And yet, Lord, I believe.

## VII.

What shall I bring and yield the Lord,  
For all His Favours shown to me?  
A thankful heart my sacrifice shall be.  
He praise Him, and relie upon His Word.  
New Songs of Thanks, I'll to Him sing,  
And more, what shall I bring?

Versus

## VIII.

My Vowes, which in distress I made,  
Before His People will I pay:  
His People shall rejoyce that solemn day,  
Whilst those, who are His En'mies be afraid:

When He His plagues upon them throws,  
And do's accept My Vowes.

## IX.

Dear in His sight His Servants are,  
He will Himself repay their wrong;  
Though in forbearing He may seem too long.  
It is more deep to strike, and not to spare:  
For as the Life of the upright  
Their blood's dear in his sight.

## X.

Lord, I am Thine, and thine will be,  
Thy Handmaids Son, whom Thou did'st save;  
My God Himself a ranfome for me gave,  
And to a nobler service fet me free:  
Thou brake'st my bonds, and made'st me mine,  
And now, Lord, I am Thine.

## XI.

*Verse.*

This will I bring, and yield the Lord,  
For all His Favours shown to me,  
A thankful heart my sacrifice shall be,  
I'll praise Him, and relie upon His Word:  
New Songs of Thanks I'll to Him sing,  
This too, This will I bring.

## XII.

My Vowes, which in distrefs I made,  
Before His People will I pay:  
His People shall rejoyce that solemn day,  
And where I made them, there shall see them paid:  
With

Within the Courts of the Lord's House,  
There will I pay my Vowes.

*Hallelujah.*

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**Psalm CXVII.**

*Laudate Dominum Omnes, &c.*

**I.**

**A**Ll you, who to the Lord, your Beings ow,  
All Nations, with His blessings crown'd,  
All people through the World renown'd,  
sing praises to that God, who made you so!

**II.**

To God, whose Mercy do's to all extend;  
Is great to us, and good to you,  
Old as His Truth, yet ever new,  
and like His Truth, knows neither bound nor end!

*Hallelujah.*

---

## Psalm CXVIII.

*Confitemini Domino quoniam, &c.*

## I.

*The People.**Versus.*

TO God's Almighty Name sing praise,  
 And you, who know how good He is,  
 Resign to Him, what's truly His,  
 And Arches of His own great Mercies raise!  
 For like His Word they have been sure,  
 And to Eternity endure!

## II.

*Versus.*

*Isra'el*, the great Jehovah's choice,  
 Who all His fearful Works have seen,  
 Who His great Care have always been,  
 Let *Isra'el* now confess with thankful voice,  
 His Mercies have been ever sure,  
 And to Eternity endure!

## III.

*Versus.*

Let those, who by their place attend,  
 And at His Altar daily wait,  
 Their own experiences relate,  
 Sing as they see the sacred flame ascend,  
 His Mercies have been ever sure,  
 And to Eternity endure.

## IV.

And to advance the Blessed King,  
 Let all the Righteous with them joyn,  
 And in a service thus Divine,  
 Bear their part too, and in the *Chorus* sing,



Lib. V. upon the CXVIII. PSALM.

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His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure!

*Versiculus.*

V.

To God on high for help I cry'd,  
Who from His Temple answer'd me,  
Both heard my pray'ers and set me free,  
The Lord of Hosts Himself was on my side;  
I will not fear, what man can do,  
Since I've a God to flee unto.

*The King.*

VI.

With those, who help'd me, He was seen,  
His Presence brought my greatest aid,  
Nothing shall make me now afraid,  
He'll be my sword, who has my Buckler been:  
And when my Foes shall be o'rethrown,  
I'll boast of what His hand has done,

VII.

Those, who their Care on God do cast,  
And know no other will but His,  
Of sure recruits shall never miss,  
But as a Rock, i'th' midst of stormes, stand fast;  
On God 'tis more secure to trust,  
Than man, who must return to dust.

*Versiculus.*

VIII.

He never yet did any fail,  
Most sure, when most reli'd upon;  
And though His Pow'er subscribes to none,  
He lets weak prayers o're Heav'n, and Him prevail;

*Versiculus.*

On God 'tis more secure to trust,  
Than Princes, who must turn to dust.

## IX.

*Versiculus.*

Let Barb'arous Nations girt me round,  
And for my ruine all engage,  
My trust is plac'd above their rage,  
And stands unshaken on the higher ground;  
For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,  
And in His Name destroy them all.

## X.

*Versiculus.*

Round let them compass me, and round,  
And for my ruine all engage,  
My Trust is plac'd above their rage,  
And stands unshaken, on the higher ground;  
For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,  
And in His Name destroy them all.

## XI.

*Versiculus.*

Let them like Bees about me swarm,  
And all to be my death engage,  
Like fire in Thornes or stubble rage,  
My head shall be defended by this Charm,  
For on the Lord of Hosts I'll call,  
And in His Name destroy them all.

## XII.

The bloody Man thrust at me hard,  
And hop'd at length to see me fall,  
But when I on the Lord did call,  
That sword brought death to him, which me had spar'd:  
God,

God, who's my strength shall be my Song,  
And whom I call'd, I'll rest upon.

## XIII.

The voice of Triumph, and of praise,  
The just mans mouth do's ever fill,  
His Voice is like his Trumpet shrill,  
When up to Heav'n Thy Vict'ories he ~~do's~~ raise:  
'Twas thou the Conquest didst obtain,  
And Thy Right hand the day did gain.

*Psalmus.*

## XIV.

The Lords right hand did mighty things,  
No pow'er before His pow'er could stand;  
For when He made bare His Right hand,  
Armies before Him fled, and Potent Kings;  
'Twas That the Conquest did obtain,  
And His Right hand the day did gain.

*Psalmus.*

## XV.

Empty Thy Quiver, Death, elsewhere,  
Be gon, and pierce some softer heart,  
For I defie Thy sharpest dart,  
Am both above Thy malice, and Thy fear!  
I know I shall not die, but live,  
And praise Him, who my Life did give,

## XVI.

Low as the dust I was brought down,  
To the dark Suburbs of the grave,  
But He was pleas'd my life to save,  
And what He up had rais'd, my Head did crown:

Open the Gates of Righteousness,  
For, lo, I am return'd in Peace!

## XVII.

Blest gates of the Divine abode,  
Which to the Holy Place let in,  
Where all the just their Offerings bring,  
And hast into the Presence of their God:  
There, Lord, I'll praises sing to Thee,  
For Thou hast bow'd Thine ear to me.

## XVIII.

*Priests.*

The stone the Builders did refuse,  
Had often try'd, oft thrown away,  
Is now the Mighty Fabricks stay,  
God chose it for the Noblest place, and use;  
This is His doing, and when thus  
God builds, His Work is marvellous.

## XIX.

This is the day, which He has made,  
*Hosannas* now besit our voice;  
Come, let us in Our God rejoyce,  
And in the day which He has made, be glad!  
That He Prosperity may send,  
And to Our troubles put an end.

## XX.

Sacred Embassador of God,  
Who hither in His Name dost come,  
We in His Temple make Thee room,  
And bless Our King from His Divine abode!

He

He is Our Saviour, Come away!  
The Victims at the Altar stay.

## XXI.

Bind them with cords, and tie them fast,  
To th' Altars horns, and make them bleed,  
Then let the Flame upon them feed,  
And in thick clouds to Heav'en ascend at last!  
My God I will sing praise to Thee,  
Who art my God, and song shalt be.

*Kings*

## II.

To God's Almighty Name sing praise,  
And you, who know how Good He is,  
Resign to Him, what's truly His,  
And Arches of His Own great Mercies raise!  
For like His Word they have been sure,  
And to Eternity endure!

*Verses*

---

Psalm

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## Pſalm CXIX.

Aleph.

*Beati immaculati in via, &c.*

I.

**T**Hrice happy Men, who pure, and undefil'd,  
 By the great Rule direct their Way;  
 Walk where that points, and never go astray,  
 But to Gods Law sincere obedience yield;  
 Who search for that with their whole heart,  
 And keep His Testimonies as their better part!

II.

To no iniquity they turn aside,  
 So plain His Wayes before them lie;  
 And if through ignorance they step awry,  
 His spi'rit, which guides, will hold them when they  
 That I Thy Precepts, Lord, fulfill, (slide:  
 Is Thy desire, and Mine, but first to know Thy Will.

III.

Teach me Thy Will, the Way where I should go,  
 How I Thy Statutes may observe;  
 Order my paths, that I may never swerve,  
 And what's Thy Righteous Pleasure to me show!  
 That shame may blush to follow me,  
 Who Thy Commands pursue, and follow none but Thee!

IV.

And when Thy Judgements I shall thus be taught,  
 With upright heart, I'll sing Thy Praise;  
 (The dull thing I as yet can hardly raise,  
 So low with former griefs it has been brought:)  
 Then all Thy Statutes I'll obey,  
 And Thou with me for ever shalt delight to stay.

Beth.

## Beth.

2. Part.

*In quo corriget, &c.*

## I.

**B**Ut how shall Youth this Wisdom, Lord, attain,  
Unbridled Youth to choose His Way?  
Youth that pursues new follies every day,  
Will in Thy Word find both a bit, and rein:  
With all my heart I have sought Thee,      (me.  
That I ne're stray, make Thy Commandments known to

## II.

Within my Heart Thy sacred Word I laid,  
I laid it up, and hid it there,  
And to its counsel gave my willing ear,  
And thence took heart of Sin to be afraid;  
Lord Thou art worthy of all praise,  
Teach me Thy Statutes that I may Thy glory raise!

## III.

This my desire has been, and still shall be;  
Of all Thy Judgements to recount;  
The sum to which Thy Testimonies mount,  
Is infinite, and only like to Thee:  
Riches, of which the World do's dream,  
Are piercing cares, and emptiness compar'd with Them.

## IV.

Of all Thy Precepts will I meditate,  
And have respect to all Thy Wayes,  
Thy Statutes my delight, and love shall raise,  
And at Thy Oracle I'll ever wait:  
Within my heart Thy love shall gain      (main.  
Such conquests, that the Trophies shall like Heav'n re-  
Gimel.

. Part. .

Gimel.

*Retribuere Servo tuo, &c.*

I.

O, May Thy Servant of Thy Love partake;  
And what Thou' hast sworn of old, fulfill!  
That He may keep Thy Word, and do Thy Will,  
And pay the vows He heretofore did make!  
Yet nearer, Lord, unto Him draw,  
And clear his sight to view the wonders of Thy Law!

II.

I am a stranger, and the rule I have  
O're Nations, only comes from Thee;  
I give them Laws, but Thou must give them me,  
From Thy Commandments I assistance crave;  
My Soul is wasted with desire,  
And with the Love Thy Judgements kindled all on fire.

III.

The proud, who from Thy just Commandments err,  
Are curs'd because from Thee they go;  
Curse great enough, if it were only so,  
But all their wayes are girt around with fear:  
Reproach, which they for me have laid,  
Send them, for I Thy Testaments my guard have made!

IV.

Kings too, as they in judgement on me sat,  
Derided me for that great Love  
I bore Thee, Lord, invisible above,  
But on Thy Statutes I did meditate;  
Thy Testimonies in my need  
Were my best Counsellors, and taught me how to plead.  
Daleth.



Daleth.

4. Part,

*Adhæsit pavimento.*

I.

**D**Own to the Earth my humbled soul is cast,  
Raife me according to Thy Word!  
No power but Thine can any help afford,  
For where 'tis thrown, it to the Earth cleaves fast;  
My ways I have declar'd to Thee,  
Teach me Thy Statutes, and shew Thine to me!

II.

Make me Thy Wayes and Precepts understand,  
So shall I all Thy Works relate,  
How Thou in me a new heart didst create,  
And help'dst me do, what Thou didst first command;  
My Soul for grief do's melt away,      (stay!  
Strengthen me with Thy Word, and bid the stream to

III.

Lying, and every false desire remove,  
And freely to me grant Thy Law!  
Thus my Affections Thou wilt to Thee draw,  
And keep them in that Way of Truth I love;  
Thy Judgements I before me laid,      (made.  
And what's Thy Pleasure, the just rule of mine have

IV.

Close to Thy Testimonies have I cleav'd,  
And there to rest resolv'd I am;  
O let me never, Lord, be put to shame,  
Or when to Thee I fly, not be receiv'd!  
Thus when Thy Will is on me done,  
The Wayes of Thy Commandments I'll delight to run.

He.

5. Part.

He.

*Legem pone mihi, &c.*

I.

**T**Each me, my God, and shew me how I may  
 Up to Thy Sacred height ascend !  
 How all Thy Statutes I may keep to th' end,  
 Direct me with Thy Spi'rit, and point the Way ;  
 Let me Thy Laws but understand,  
 My heart as firmly shall obey them, as my hand !

II.

I'th' paths of Thy Commandments make me go !  
 For there is plac'd my chief delight,  
 'Tis they must lead me to Thy glorious sight,  
 Where constant joyes, and lasting pleasures flow :  
 Lord, to Thy Testaments incline  
 My heart, which covets nothing more, than to be thine.

III.

From Vanity, and Folly turn mine eyes !  
 Let them be only fix'd on Thee !  
 And in Thy wayes such beauteous objects see,  
 That I my race may quicken by the prize !  
 Perform Thy Word, which Thou hast past,  
 And let it like Thine Own Love, and my fear stand fast !

VI.

My Fear of Thee, for which I'll ever pray,  
 Though I by it reproach should gain ;  
 Thy Righteous Judgements shall its rage restrain,  
 Or turn the Fatal pile some other way :  
 Look how Thy Precepts I desire,  
 O, let the Righteousness, which made it, stir the Fire !

Vau.

Vau.

6. Part.

*Vt veniat super me, &c.*

I.

**L**ord, Let Thy Mercies on my Soul show'er down!  
And as Thy Word my hope has fed,  
May Thy Salvation rest upon my head,  
And be the fairest Jewel in my crown!  
So when I shall derided be,  
That Word I trust, shall with an Answer furnish me!

II.

Then take not, Lord, the Word of Truth away,  
But let Thy Promise rest secure,  
Firm, and unshaken, like the World endure,  
For I have made Thy Judgements all my stay!  
And when the graving is thus deep,  
Thy Laws, which are so plain, I shall for ever keep.

III.

Then will I fearless walk at liberty,  
And for Thy Precepts Wayes enquire,  
Follow them hard, and i'th' pursuit expire,  
'Till by their Conduct I am brought to Thee:  
Thy Testaments I will proclaim,  
Before Kings, and not take, but turn on them the shame.

IV.

Then in Thy great Commandments I'll delight,  
For they have been my dearest Love:  
By keeping them my fear of Thee I'll prove,  
And thus before Thee walk, and be upright:  
Will of Thy Statutes meditate,  
And Them the more I love, all Vice the more will hate.  
Zain.

7<sup>th</sup> Part.

Zain.

*Memor esto Verbi tui, &c.*

I.

**R**emember, Lord, Thy Word of old to me;  
 Which hitherto has been my Trust,  
 Wherein I hope, though humbled to the dust,  
 And in my griefs let it my comfort be!  
 On that alone my Soul relies,  
 And fetches thence in all its troubles fresh supplies.

II.

A By-word to the Proud, and scorn I'm made,  
 Yet I'll nor break, nor leave Thy Law:  
 But from Thy Judgments will new arguments draw,  
 To make me more of Thy great hand afraid:  
 Nor shall this interrupt my joyes, (Choice.  
 But make them greater, since that fear has been my

III.

For them I'll tremble, who Thy Laws despise,  
 And leave the pleasant roads of Peace;  
 Their surer condemnation to encrease,  
 Nor thither will be guided by my cries:  
 But Lord, Thy Statutes are my song, (long.  
 And make that journey short, which else would seem too

IV.

For when the night do's the whole Earth enfold,  
 And all but I enjoy their rest,  
 At thought of Thee, new day springs in my breast,  
 And up I rise of Thy Law to take hold,  
 Which may direct my Way to Thee;  
 And whilst I keep Thy Precepts, 'tis bright day with me.  
 Chetli.

## Cheth.

## Part. 8.

*Portio mea Domine, &c.*

## I.

“**L** Et whos’ will take the World for me, I said,  
 “Thou only art my Portion, Lord!  
 Above all riches let me keep Thy Word,  
 Who that before all wealth my love have made!  
 ’Tis for Thy Favour that I sue,  
 And hastning of that Promise, which Thy Word makes

(due.

## II.

On my past wandrings I with horror thought;  
 And for their stains in secret mourn’d;  
 But into joy my tears were quickly turn’d,  
 And by Thy Testaments I home was brought.  
 Then did I grieve my former waste  
 Of Time, & Thy Commandments to observe made hast.

## III.

Thy Wayes scarce entred, bands of thieves I met;  
 And to their rage became a prey;  
 Yet spoil’d of all I still would keep my way,  
 Thy Laws made me account the loss not great:  
 Thy Judgement it to mind did bring,  
 And of Thy Mercies I at midnight rose to sing!

## IV.

Those, who love Thee, my God, are my delight;  
 And more my Glory than my Crown;  
 For to Thy Precepts we subjection own,  
 And seek a greater Kingdom in Thy sight:  
 Thou, who the Earth with good dost fill:  
 Teach me Thy Statutes, that I may perform Thy Will!

A a

Teth.

Part. 9.

Teth.

*Bonitatem fecisti cum, &c.*

I.

**T**Hou for Thy Servant wondrous things hast done.  
 And all th' effects of love I' have felt ;  
 To my sins just desert Thou hast not dealt,  
 But after Thine own Word to me made known :  
 Sound Judgement to these blessings give,  
 Those just Commands to keep, which now, Lord, I be.

II.

(lieve

In my Prosperity I went astray,  
 And to By-paths was turn'd aside ;  
 But when Affliction came to be my guide,  
 I kept Thy Word, and found again Thy Way :  
 With goodness Thou dost ever flow,  
 That I may do so too, Thy Statutes to me show !

III.

The proud against my fame have forg'd base lies,  
 But I Thy Precepts will obey ;  
 A prosp'rous state has made them lose their way,  
 As it did me, and all Thy Laws despise :  
 'Gainst them, and Heav'en they boldly fight,  
 Whilst I reclaim'd, have treasur'd there my best delight.

IV.

I am the Man, who have afflictions seen,  
 And happy me, who thus was taught  
 Thy Statutes, and from all my wandrings brought !  
 Mercy to me, not judgements have they been ;  
 Thy Laws they taught me to esteem,  
 And think, that gold no luster has, compar'd with them.

Jod.

## Jod.

Part. 10.

*Manus tue fecerunt, &c.*

## I.

Thy hands, O God, first made, and fashion'd me,  
 And by Thy Pow' er it is I live ;  
 Good Understanding to Thy Servant give,  
 That by Him Thy Commands observ'd may be !  
 That those, who fear Thee may rejoyce,  
 To see Thy Word perform'd, & add to mine their voices

## II.

I know, my God, Thy Judgements all are right,  
 And that my self I must condemn,  
 Ere I Unfaithfulness can charge on them,  
 My sorrows, with my sins compar'd, are light ;  
 But as Thou thus hast wounded me,  
 According to Thy Word, let me Thy Comforts see !

## • III.

Upon me let Thy Grace, and Love descend,  
 That I may yet before Thee live !  
 And to Thy Lawes, my lifes Remainder give !  
 Whilst constant shame, and scorn the proud attend :  
 Me, without any cause they hate,  
 But to Thy Precepts that shall ne're my love abate.

## IV.

Let those, who have Thy Testimonies known,  
 And all, who truly worship Thee,  
 Hither turn in, and joyn themselves with me ;  
 To tell abroad, what thou for us hast done !  
 Nor let me ever be ashamed  
 To keep Thy Statutes, or for love to Thee be blam'd !

## Caph.

*Defecit in salutare tuum anima, &c.*

## I.

MY Soul, O God, for Thy Salvation faints ;  
Yet in Thy Word my hope I place ;  
For that I languish, shew at length Thy Face,  
Nor let me weary Thee with my Complaints !  
Or say, " When shall these troubles end,  
" And God, or give deliv'rance, or some comfort send !

## II.

My flesh is shrivel'd, and my bones are dry,  
Parch'd by that fire, with which I burn ;  
Yet from Thy Statutes will I never turn,  
But its worst rage courageously defie :  
Say, Lord ; how long, how many dayes,  
Are yet behind, e're Thou Thy self to Judgement raise ?

## III.

The proud for me deep pits and snares have laid,  
But not according to thy Law ;  
From Thy Commands, they strange conclusions draw  
As if to reach me only they were made :  
But they all Faithfull are, and right,  
Preserve Thon him, whose Justice is oppress'd by Might

## IV.

My life through care is almost brought to th' grave,  
And all as dying on me look ;  
Yet I Thy Precepts never yet forsook,  
From Thee, and Them a new life let me have !  
So in Thy sight I still shall live,  
And full Obedience to Thy Testimonies give.

Lame



## Lamed.

Part. 12.

*In æternum Domine, &c.*

## I.

FOR ever, Lord, Thy Word in Heav'n remains,  
 In that stupendious Frame set fast;  
 Its Faithfulness has reacht all ages past,  
 And, what at first it made, the Earth sustains:  
 And as it has been ever sure,  
 Like the great speaker, it for ever shall endure.

## II.

All things the Order Thou first gav'st obey,  
 And on Thy mighty Will depend;  
 All are Thy Servants, and on Thee attend,  
 And shall continue firm, as to this day:  
 These Works of Thine my Soul affright,  
 But with Thy Law consid'ered, fill me with delight.

## III.

That, and Thy Precepts, will I ne're forget,  
 For by Them Thou hast quickned me;  
 Save me, my God, for I belong to Thee,  
 And for Thy sake, on Them my love have set!  
 To them that I am thine I ow,  
 May they be ever Mine, that I be ever so.

## IV.

The wicked plot how I may be betray'd,  
 But I Thy Testimonies love;  
 My Care, and Hope are surely fix'd above,  
 And where nor they, nor Time can hurt them, laid:  
 There's no true happiness below, (how.  
 But where the Way to' it lies Thy Just Commandments

Part. 13.

Mem.

*Quomodo dilexi Legem tuam, &c.*

I.

L Ord, how I love Thy Law! 'tis my delight,  
My Meditation all day long,  
By which I'm wiser made, and much more strong -  
Than all those Enemies, with whom I fight;  
All Thy Commands, with me abide,  
And in my Heart, to keep them safe, Thy Laws I hide.

II.

With me compar'd my Teachers all are dull,  
Thy Testimonies my best love  
Have giv'en me of that Wisdom from above,  
Which with its floods has fill'd my Soul brim full;  
Age less experience has than I,  
Who alwayes have Thy Precepts, in my heart, or eye.

III.

By these to guide my feet I have been brought,  
That I Thy Word might alway keep;  
And from Thy Righteous judgements never slip,  
But firm abide in what I first was taught:  
From them I never did depart,  
But like Thy self they freely did Command my heart.

IV.

So sweet Thy Words are, and so full of Grace,  
And all so pleasant to my taste,  
That honey which from flowing Hives makes haste,  
Insipid to them is, and yields its place;  
I through Thy Precepts knowledge get,  
And hate all wayes, that may decline, or stray from it.  
Nun.

Nun.

Part. 14.

*Lucerna pedibus, &c..*

I.

**I**N all my Wayes Thy Word directs my feet,  
 And as a lamp do's give them light;  
 What I have sworn, since what I swore is right,  
 The just performance, with my Vowes shall meet:  
 To keep Thy Judgements I have sworn,  
 That I may keep Them, mayst Thou never from me turn!

•      II.

With sharp Afflictions, down to th' Earth I'm cast,  
 But let Thy Word my life restore!  
 That in Thy Church I may Thy Pow' er adore,  
 And of the Rivers of Thy Pleasure taste;  
 Lord by Thy Judgements make me wise,  
 And my heart chang'd by Thee accept in sacrifice!

III.

Those dangers, which have compass'd me around,  
 Where I saw only Care, and Fear,  
 Ready expos'd, my life have made me bear,  
 Yet through Thy Law I kept it, and my ground:  
 Snares, and a trap the Wicked laid,  
 But I shun'd both, for I my guide Thy Precepts made.

IV.

Thy Testimonies are my Heritage,  
 And shall my double Portion be;  
 My joy, for they alone conduct to Thee,  
 And to observe them I'll my heart engage:  
 My heart I'll to Thy Statutes joyn,  
 And make Thy glory, which is their chief end, be mine.

•

A a 4

Samech.

Part. 15.

Samech.

*Iniquos odio habui, &c.*

I.

Vain thoughts, and all their follies I abhor,  
 But for Thy Law preserve my Love ;  
 Thou art my hiding place, and from above  
 My help shall come, since I Thy Pow' er implore :  
 Thou art my shield, defend me, Lord,  
 For I all times, have only trusted in Thy Word !

II.

Avoid Profane, far hence Profane depart,  
 For I my God's Commands will keep !  
 Uphold me, Lord, that I may never slip,  
 But to Thy Word give both my life and heart !  
 So far from shame to call Thee Mine,  
 That I will all my Glory count it, to be Thine.

III.

If Thou uphold'st me, then shall I stand fast,  
 And to Thy Statutes homage yield ;  
 Whose false despisers Thou with shame hast fill'd,  
 And of the cup they others gave, made taste ;  
 Deceit and guile are in their ways, (praise  
 And only him they would throw down, they load wit.

IV.

But Thou all such shalt from the Earth destroy,  
 Whilst as Refiners purge their dross,  
 And recompense by purer gold the loss,  
 Thine shall be such without the least alloy :  
 My self that Inquisition fear,  
 Yet in my Soul its terrors by Thy Judgements bear.

Ain.

Part. 165

*Feci judicium, &c.*

I.

Justice, my God, has been my chiefest care,  
To those who hate me, leave me not !  
Let not my ancient service be forgot,  
Nor those, who justly suffer'd, be my fear !  
Let not Oppressors trouble me,  
But save Thou Him, who oft has the Oppress'd set free !

II.

My eyes expecting Thy Salvation fail,  
And for Thy Righteous Word I wait ;  
At last Thy Mercy grant, 'tis ne're too late,  
And let my importunity prevail !  
Thy Promises to me fulfill, .  
And to Thy Statutes both my Ear incline, and Will !

III.

I am Thy Servant and Thy Handmaids Son,  
That I Thy Testaments may know,  
True Wisdom, and good Understanding show,  
And now appear, as thou of old hast done !  
'Tis time for Thee, Lord, now to rise,  
For those who should obey Thy Law, its rule despise.

IV.

But I disvalue gold, with it compar'd,  
And Thy Commandments more than gold,  
And all its chains, me in Obedience hold,  
For much above it Thou know'st I them prefer'd ;  
Thy Precepts above All I love,  
And this bless'd Passion by my flight from sin will prove.

Be.

Part. 17.

Pe.

*Mirabilia Testimonia, &c.*

I.

Thy Testimonies Lord are wonderful,  
 Therefore I make Them all my Care;  
 The very entrance of Thy World is fair,  
 And with its beams enlightens my dark Soul:  
 If such the Porch, and Entrance be,  
 What Wonders may we in Thy Sanctuary see!

II.

I long'd for Thy Commandments, and the air  
 Breath'd thence, into my Soul I drew;  
 Me-thoughts it did my Spir'it again renew,  
 And clear'd the stoppages, which press'd me there:  
 Look down, and to me be the same  
 As Thou art us'd to be to them, who love Thy Name!

III.

According to Thy Word my steps direct,  
 Nor let me be by Sin o'rethrown,  
 Who just Allegiance to Thy Precepts own,  
 And from sure ruine the Oppress'd protect!  
 Let me no more a Captive be  
 To lust, since Thou hast broke my Chains, & set me free!

IV.

Lord, on Thy Servant make Thy Face to shine,  
 And me Thy Righteous Statutes teach,  
 That I to others may Thy Goodness preach,  
 And how like me, they too may be made Thine!  
 For floods of tears run down my eyes,  
 And for Thy broken Laws Seas from those Fountains rise.  
Tfaddi.

## TAddi.

Part. 18.

*Justus es Domine, &c.*

## I.

AS Thou art, such, my God, Thy Judgments are,  
Thou Righteous, and they all upright;  
Thy Testimonies govern less by Might,  
Than Justice, wherewith Thou hast made them fair :  
And those, who to Thy Scepter bow,  
Which is so right, and faithful, are themselves made so.

## II.

My Zeal has burnt me up, and all on fire  
I faint to see Thy Word forgot ;  
Thy Word that's try'd, and from the Fornace hot  
In sacred flames of love makes me expire ;  
And wonder, who through cold can die,  
Who has so hot and pure a fire to warm him by.

## III.

Thou know'st I'm poor, despis'd, and wondrous low,  
Yet will I not Thy Precepts leave,  
But ev'ence hope new vigour to receive,  
How poor and low so e're I may be now ;  
Thy Laws and Truth so certain be, (stands free,  
That what Thou once has promis'd, from all change

## IV.

This only was my Comfort in my grief,  
When anguish fast hold of me took,  
That I Thy Just Commandments ne're forsook,  
And they, which were my love brought me relief ;  
That I may ever with Thee live,  
Sound knowledge of Thy Testimonies to me give !

Coph.

Part. 19.

Coph.

*Clamavi in toto corde, &c.*

I.

With my whole heart, in my distress I cry'd,  
 Aloud I cry'd, but more for fear  
 To break Thy Statutes, than my Pains to bear,  
 "O let me never, said I, be deny'd!  
 "But rise my God to rescue me,  
 "And I'll Thy Testimonies keep, and honour Thee!

II.

The Morning, with my Pray'er I did prevent,  
 For in Thy Word my hope I plac'd;  
 The Morning, with my cry I bid make haste,  
 But ere it came my Vowes I up had sent:  
 'Twas then a pleasure not to sleep,  
 For all the while Thy word with me the watch did keep.

III.

Lord, for Thy Mercy sake, to me give ear,  
 And in Thy Justice visit me!  
 May, they agreed, my Mighty Saviours be,  
 And as I Thine, make Thee my Voice to hear!  
 O be not far off from my cry, (nigh.  
 When those, who hate Thy Law, and Me, are come so

IV.

But cheer up, Soul, see where thy Saviour stands,  
 Thy God, whose just Commands are true,  
 Who with a Word can all thy Foes subdue,  
 And publish His great Vict'ories in all Lands!  
 Whose Testimonies Thou hast found,  
 Eternity alone in its vast Space can bound.

Resu



## Refr.

Part. 20.

*Vide humilitatem, &c.*

## I.

CONsider my affliction and my Pain,  
And save Me, for I keep Thy Law!  
Defend my cause, and from my Weakness draw  
Such arguments, as may Thy Pow' er maintain!  
For Thy Words sake deliver me,  
The safety, like redemption from the grave shall be!

## II.

Salvation from the proud is far away,  
So much they on themselves depend,  
But never to Thy Statutes Voice attend,  
Which only are my Prop, and mighty stay;  
Thy Mercies great and wondrous be,  
Yet, Lord, according to Thy Judgements quicken me!

## III.

Many my Foes, against me thousands rise,  
Yet I Thy Testaments obey;  
And others would perswade to take Thy Way,  
Who only are for that my Enemies:  
For them I'm sure I truly grieve,  
Because they Thy Almighty Word will not believe.

## IV.

For my own part like Thee I nothing love,  
Thy Precepts are my chief delight,  
That I may alway think them so, let light,  
And an Eternal day break from above!  
Thy Word for ever true has been,  
Nor have Thy Righteous Judgements any variance seen.  
Schin.

Part. 21.

Schin.

*Principes persecuti, &c.*

I.

Princes without cause are my Enemies,  
 But of Thy Word I stand in awe;  
 Lying I hate, but have observ'd Thy Law,  
 And so their threats, and malice can despise:  
 And if for them I have a fear,  
 Into my heart I look, and see a greater there.

II.

Thy Word, which is at once my fear, and trust,  
 Makes me in mighty shouts rejoice,  
 As one that finds great spoil, or has His Choice,  
 For it will make me, Lord, as Thou art, just;  
 For that seven times a day I'll praise, (raise  
 And with Thy righteous Judgements, my weak numbers

III.

Great peace to them, who love Thy Law, belongs,  
 And nothing shall their rest offend,  
 But all their lives they shall in pleasure spend,  
 And thence take lofty Subjects for their songs;  
 In Thee, my God, I trust alone, (done.  
 And those Commands Thou gav'st me to observe, have

IV.

My Soul has all Thy Testimonies kept,  
 And they have been my purest love,  
 I by their conduct did my journies move,  
 Nor from the Way, which they first shew'd me, stept:  
 They and Thy Precepts were my guide,  
 Nor did I seek my paths from thy bright face to hide.

Tau.

## TAV.

Part. 22.]

*Appropinquet deprecation, &c.*

## I.

**L**ord, let my cry at length approach Thine ear,  
Attend, and Understanding give,  
To know Thy Word, and by its rule to live;  
And all the pray'ers, w<sup>ch</sup> here I have made Thee hear!  
Lord, for Thy Word to save me rise,  
And then I shall be confident Thou' hast heard my cries.

## II.

Then shall my Song of all Thy Pow' er rehearse,  
And of the Change Thy Statutes wrought;  
How by Thy Word I home to Thee was brought,  
And by those steps to Heav' en I' le raise my Verse!  
For Thy Commandments righteous are, (care!  
And those, who make them theirs, shall be themselves thy

## III.

May I be so, for they have been my Choice,  
And in Thy Precepts I delight;  
Thy Law's my Meditation day and night,  
And all times do's my heart employ, or voice,  
For Thy Salvation, Lord, I wait,  
Make hast and come away, before it be too late!

## IV.

Like a lost sheep I' have from Thee gone astray,  
Nor to the fold again should come,  
But seek me, Lord, and bring Thy Servant home,  
For yet Thy Just Commandments I' le obey!  
Around me let Thy Judgements shine,  
And thus from danger sav'd, the Praise shall all be Thine.  
Psalms

## Psalm .CXX.

*Ad Dominum cum tribularer, &c.*

## I.

*A song of  
Degrees.*

**I**N my distress unto the Lord I cry'd,  
 And though my troubles made me fear,  
 That God His Face would from me hide,  
 Even then my God was pleas'd to hear,  
 Ev'en then inclin'd His Willing ear,  
 And answer'd me, when I most lookt to be deny'd.

## II.

Thou heardst me, and Thy self didst set me free,  
 My En'emies saw their swords were vain,  
 And with their tongues assaulted me,  
 With lies my Inn'ocence sought to stain;  
 Lord, on them turn their lies again,  
 And let their tongues, weak as their swords, to hurt me be!

## III.

But what reward, false tongue canst Thou desire,  
 Or who to give't Thee dares come nigh?  
 Then wounding, when thou dost retire,  
 And closing, when Thou seem'st to fly,  
 So kill Thy Words, tho' none stands by,  
 Like Juniper Coles are sweet, but burn worse than their  
 (fire.

## IV.

Unhappy Man, who thus am forc'd to stay,  
 Exil'd from Him I love most dear!  
 From Thee, my God, O Come away!

Let

Lib. V:            *upon the* CXX. Psalm.

Let me not be without Thee here !  
But where Thou art let me appear !  
Any where Lord, so Thou wilt but Thy self display.

V.

Than *Mefech* can a place more savage be,  
Where all to Peace sworn En'emies are,  
And for Her sake are so to me ?  
*Kedar* with *Mefech* may compare ;  
I cry up Peace, They call for War ;  
Yet that were nothing, Lord, could I but there have  
(Thee,

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B b

Psalm

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## Psalm CXXI.

*Levavi oculos meos in Montes, &c.*

## I.

*A song of  
Degrees.*

## II.

UP to the Hills I rais'd my drooping eyes,  
 And look'd if any help were there,  
 Loaded with tears I made them rise,  
 To watch, and give the sign, when help drew near;  
 I rais'd them up, but all in vain,  
 I could not keep them so,  
 Their own weight press'd them to the Earth again,  
 On high they would not be, when I was sunk so low'

## II.

Up to your tops, O Hills, I'll look no more,  
 An unexpected help is nigh,  
 An help I over-look't before,  
 Look'd, when I thought not high enough, too high  
 For, lo, my God my part do's take,  
 And in my view appear; (mak  
 God, whose great word, both Heav'en and Earth d  
 And what need other help, when the Almighty's near

## III.

"Thy Foot, He said it, all times fixt shall stand,  
 And He shall watch about thee keep;  
 The Lord shall lead Thee by the hand,  
 And never, though thou slumbrest, fall asleep:  
 For *Isra'el* He is still awake,  
 His eyes still open be;  
 And He, who of an *Isra'el* care can take,  
 Fear not, but He can well enough provide for Thee!

## IV. 'Twi

## IV.

'Twixt Him, and Thee no cloud shall interpose,  
But He shall be Himself Thy shade ;  
To break the Malice of Thy Foes,  
Th' Eternal God, shall be Thy refuge made :  
The Lord shall be Thy sure defence,  
Thy guard both night, and day,  
Shall sweeten ev'ery Planets influence,  
And to serve Thee, make both the Sun, and Moon obey.

## V.

God shall defend Thee, and Thy life shall be  
Secur'd from danger by His love ;  
And all things, which belong to Thee,  
The Care, which He has of thy Soul shall prove :  
Without, He shall direct Thy Way,  
Within, shall bless Thy store ;  
And all the while from Him Thou'rt forc'd to stay,  
shall make what thou' hast to serve thy turn, or give  
( Thee more !

---

## Pfalm CXXII.

*Letatus sum in hiis quæ, &c.*

## I.

*A song of  
Degrees of  
David.*

## III.

'T Was the best news I wish to hear,  
 My very Soul stood raviſht at my ear,  
 " Let's go, they ſaid, Come ! Let's away !  
 " Already we have tarried long enough,  
 " Now let our ſpeed declare Our love ;  
 " Why ſhould we thus from *Sion* ſtay,  
 " And only be unhappy by our Own delay ?

## II.

" Let's go ; ſee at the City gates  
 " How God Himſelf to greet Our coming waits !  
 " We Come, O God, nor will we reſt,  
 " Till we the place have in *Jeruſalem* found,  
 " Till we have trod that Holy ground,  
 " Which Thou of all the World lov'ſt beſt,  
 " Which Thou of all the World haſt with Thy preſence  
 (bleſſed)

## III.

*Jeruſalem* is ſtrong, and fair,  
 Glorious above what other Cities are ;  
 The Seat of the Eternal King,  
 Whoſe lofty Palaces approach the ſkies,  
 And if they could, to Heav'en would riſe :  
 Thither the Tribes their Off'erings bring,  
 And from their ſcattered Cities come His Praise to ſing

## IV. The



## IV.

There are the Thrones of Judgement set,  
Her Pow' er is large, and Her Dominion great;  
The Thrones of *David* there stand fast,  
The Lord Himself in *Sion* founded them,  
Has fixt them in *Jerusalem*,  
Subject to neither change, or Wast,  
But such, as shall by Him upheld, for ever last.

## V.

Triumphant City; May'st Thou be  
Happy like Him, who first establisht Thee!  
May He from Wars Thy gates secure,  
And like Thee Thy well-wishers ever bless,  
Give Thee a long, and certain peace,  
Make all His Blessings to Thee sure,  
And may Thy Peace, as constant as His Pow' er endure!

## VI.

For *Isra'els* sake Thou hast my love,  
Second to none but His, who rules above;  
For *Sions* sake I'll happiness  
On all Thy Palaces, and Borders pray;  
Thy Palaces shall ne're decay,  
Within Thy Borders War shall cease,  
For He, who is Thy Guardian, is the God of Peace,

## Pſalm CXXIII.

*'Ad te levavi oculos meos, &c.*

## I.

*A ſong of  
Degrees.  
IV.*

**T**O Thee, O Lord; I liſt my careful eyes,  
To Heav'en, where Thou ſiſt cloath'd w<sup>th</sup> light,  
And though I hopeleſs am to reach Thy ſight,  
I cannot chooſe but let them thither riſe;  
Tow'rds Heav'en they look, and ſeek Thee ev'ry where,  
And though they ſee Thee not, know Thou art there.

## II.

As Servants on their Maſters ſign depend,  
Know what to do, what to forbear,  
From thence, though they no other language hear,  
And with quick eyes unto their hands attend:  
Waiting on Thee, we more dependance ſhow,  
And though Thou art inviſible, do ſo.

## III.

We wait, and waiting never will give o're,  
Till Thou to us Thy Mercy ſhow;  
O, on us Now Thy Mercy, Lord beſtow,  
And what we long have loſt, again reſtore!  
Thy Mercy, Lord; and ſince Thou 'rt Juſt, and ſtrong,  
Repel Our miſ'eries, and revenge Our wrong!

## IV.

Revenge the wrong, which we endure from thoſe,  
Who at us ſcoff, becauſe We're Thine,  
Againſt us only for Thy ſake combine,  
And are Our envious and malicious foes!

Thine.

Their sloth, and ease make them Our pains deride,  
And all Our grief's the Triumph of their pride.

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## Psalm CXXIV.

*Nisi quia Dominus, &c.*

## I.

“**H**Ad not the Lord our Cause maintain'd,  
“The Lord Himself, may *Isra<sup>e</sup>l* say,  
“Had not the Lord the Vict'ory for us gain'd,  
“Instead of getting, We had lost the day,  
‘And Captives been to them, who now are made Our

*A song of  
Degrees of  
David.  
V.*

## II.

(prey,

On us they came, and like a flood,  
Which would within no banks be held,  
They fiercer grew, the more they were withstood  
Increas'd in rage, when we their force repell'd,  
And by Our opposition higher only swell'd.

## III.

God on the banks in view did stand,  
And when the floods did lowdest rore,  
Mov'd o're the floods His All-commanding hand,  
They stood awhile and gaz'd, then backwards bore,  
And chid their fellow waves, w<sup>ch</sup> came too slow before.

## IV.

The Lord Himself has made Our Way,  
And from their snares has set us free;  
The snares are broke, which they for us did lay,  
And when they look'd that we should taken be,  
God who first loos'd the net, did give us wings to flee.

## V.

God is Our refuge, and in vain  
 Frail Man against Him thinks to stand ;  
 His Word made all things, all things do's sustain,  
 And He deliv'rance for us will command,  
 Has past His Word to do it, and will use his Hand !

## Psalm CXXV.

*Qui confidunt in Domino, &c.*

## I.

*A song of  
 Degrees.  
 VI.*

ALL those, who on th' Almighty God relie,  
 On God, who do's o're all command,  
 Unmov'd shall like Mount *Sion* stand,  
 Shall stand as firm, and bear their heads as high ;  
 And what Mount *Sion's* to *Jerusalem*,  
 The Rock of Ages shall himself be made to Them.

## II.

Thrice happy City, girt with Mountains round,  
 On whom, acknowledging Thy state,  
 The lesser Hills rise up, and wait,  
 By God Himself Queen of all Cities crown'd,  
 Impregnable, and steep rocks defend Thy Coasts,  
 But would prove vain, were not their guard the Lord  
 (Host

## III.

He only is Thy Strength, and not those Hills,  
 Yet as those Hills girt Thee about,  
 The Lord surrounds, and finds His out,  
 As always near, since every Place He fills ;

God shall fight for them, make their En'mies fly,  
Lest seeing them still prosper, They should Him deny.

## IV.

Arise, O God, and shew Thy Mighty hand,  
Let not the Righteous be oppress'd !  
Do good to Them, but for the rest,  
Let them Thy Wrath by 'its terrors understand !  
On *Isra'el* Peace, and Thy Chief Blessings shower,  
But on their En'mies fire, and floods of brimstone pour !

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## Psalm CXXVI.

*In convertendo Dominus.*

## I.

WHEN God a Miracle for *Sidon* wrought,  
And home Her exil'd Captives brought,  
(Exiles, whose long Captivitie  
Made them forget they e're were free,  
And almost wish, no greater slaves to be)  
Th' Almighty did the Work so fast  
We thought it but a pleasant dream,  
Yet wisht that dream might ever last,  
It did so pleasant to us seem ;  
A Dream, which though we did not homewards go,  
Made us believe we did, and hope 'twas so.

*A song of  
Degrees.  
VII.*

## II.

But when Fruition had Our hopes o'recome,  
And we indeed awak'd at home,

A Dream

A Dream Our suff'erings then seem'd more,  
 Than Our deliv'rance did before,  
 A Dream we thought what we in bondage bore ;  
 And cheer'd at Our arrival there,  
 Like men rous'd by some suddain fright,  
 Who in suspense 'twixt joy, and fear,  
 Wake and speak of it, when 'tis light,  
 We whom Our fears struck dumb His praises spoke,  
 Who first Our chains, and then Our silence broke.

## III.

The very Heathen, as We past along,  
 Joyn'd with us in Our cheerful song,  
 " The Lord has done great things, they said,  
 " Great things for us, we answer made  
 " The Lord has done great things, whereof we're glad !  
 Like us may He the Remnant bring,  
 Bring back the whole Captivity,  
 And since there's Water in the Spring,  
 O, may not long the streams be dry !  
 But, Lord, like Rivers in the parched South,  
 Make these o'reflow, as Thou suppli'st their drough !

## IV.

He, who his future hopes in grief do's sow,  
 And makes them with his tears to grow,  
 With joy shall see a fruitful spring,  
 With joy His harvest home shall bring,  
 And all his sheaves with shouting carry in :  
 As when the Careful Husbandman,  
 His Seed into the ground has thrown,  
 Rejoyces at a soaking rain,  
 To water that, which he has sown,  
 Plenty distills from Heav'n with every drop,  
 And a moist Seed-Time makes the fairest crop.

## Psalm CXXVII.

*Nisi Dominus edificaverit, &c.*

## I.

**D**Own to the very Centre of the Deep,  
 Let the foundations sink as low,  
 As its proud Towers in height do go,  
 These Heav'n and those in aw grim shadows keep :  
 If God the Mighty Pile do's not sustain,  
 The weaker buttresses are all in vain :  
 Either an Earth-quake to the ground  
 Shall overthrow, and level all ;  
 Or God Himself the *Babel* shall confound,  
 And then the diff'rence is but small,  
 Whether it stand a *Babel*, or a Palace fall.

*A song of  
 Degrees of  
 Solomon.*  
 VIII.

## II.

Bring all the Forces of the City out,  
 Guard every port, and every street,  
 A double guard upon them set,  
 And girt the Walls as they girt you about !  
 Yet after all to Heav'en you open lie,  
 (Heav'en the best friend, but the worst Enemy)  
 No guarding against that can save,  
 But without help from thence is lost,  
 And those, who would from Heav'en protection have,  
 Must keep their hearts, more than their Coasts,  
 Must keep there, what must them preserve, the Lord of

## III.

(Hosts.

" The Sun's already up, and I must rise,  
 " How soon the day has chas'd the night !  
 But when that has o'redrawn the light,  
 " How soon 'tis Night ! the painful labourer cries.

With

With care he rises, and with care lies down,  
Another's makes the Profit, Care his Own :  
This though unbid, is his sure guest,  
Unseen into his bed do's slide,  
And alwayes hinders, or else breaks his rest ;  
Poor Man, who thinks by this false guide,  
To find that Ease, which God from all but His do's hide :

## IV.

God ease, and Children to His Own do's give,  
Crowns all their Cares with this encrease,  
Makes their great care their greatest ease,  
Children, in whose Posterity they live ;  
For by these shafts beyond the grave they fly,  
And triumph o're their greatest Enemy.  
The Man, whose quiver loaded is  
With such as these, need fear no shame,  
Some may reach home, though some fall short, or miss ;  
Happy Man, who has to guard His Fame,  
More than great Kings a life-guard of his blood, and  
(Name !

---

Psalm



## Psalm CXXVIII.

*Beati omnes qui timent, &c.*

## I.

**B**lest is the Man, whose fear do's prove  
 Only his guide in the Right Way,  
 Whose fear makes him the Lord obey,  
 And is the best incentive to his love :  
 He of the Labour of his hands shall eat,  
 The Lord shall alway blefs his store,  
 His blessings alway shall flow o're,  
 And God, who makes him good, will make them great.

*A song of  
 Degrees.  
 IX.*

## II.

His Wife, like to a fruitful Vine,  
 Shall into breadth and clusters run,  
 To him shall look, as to her Sun,  
 And still have fruit, on which that Sun may shine :  
 Like Olive plants his Children round his board,  
 With spreading branches garnished,  
 Shall with their blossomes crown his head ;  
 And thus shall he be blest, who fears the Lord.

## III.

The Lord shall blefs Thee, shew Thee good,  
 And all Thy dayes shall let Thee see  
*Jerusalems* Prosperitie,  
 And wonder how so long unmov'd it stood :  
 Thou into Childrens Children shalt increase,  
 Shalt see them into Children grow ;  
 And, what will make it Heav'n below,  
 Shalt *Israel* all the while behold in Peace !

Psalm

## Psalm CXXIX.

*Sæpe expugnaverunt, &c.*

## I.

*A Song of  
Degrees.  
X.*

**U**P from my Youth may *Ifra'el* say,  
 From my Youth up I have great troubles seen,  
 Trouble, and life did at a time begin,  
 Bear date from the same place, and day,  
 Together came, together stay,  
 Scarce any joy appear'd between,  
 Yet through that God, who helps me, I have Conque'ror  
 (been.

## II.

My En'emies came, and with their plough  
 My tender back did cruelly run o're,  
 My tender back with cruel furrows tore,  
 They plow'd, but nothing hop'd would grow,  
 But then God did the furrows sow,  
 From my fresh wounds new Armes I bore,  
 And o're them brought the wheel, who plow'd o're me  
 (before.

## III.

The Righteous God has strook in two,  
 And broke those snares, w<sup>ch</sup> for Our feet they made;  
 Has all their plots, and mischiefs open laid,  
 And though they thought He did not know,  
 Discover'd what they thought to do,  
 Made them of their own snares afraid,  
 May *Sions* foes with their own wrongs thus be repaid!

## IV. May

IV.

May God upon their Glory blow,  
And like the grafs, which on some aged Wall,  
Looks fresh, and gay, and almost out of call,  
With scorn beholds the fields below,  
So may they flourish, wither so,  
So may they stand, so may they fall,  
Till in one ruine perish grafs, and mound, and all.

V.

The Reaper cannot load his hand,  
In vain the husbandman do's give it rest,  
In vain expects with sheaves to fill his breast,  
It thrives not like his other land,  
That grows, but this is at a stand,  
That by each passenger is blest,  
But none for this do's ever put up one request.

VI.

There stirs not as you pass a prayer,  
But all struck silent, as they there go by,  
First look up, if their pray'ers will reach so high,  
And think them better us'd elsewhere ;  
Nor like these shall you wishes hear,  
"Th' Almighty grant prosperity,  
"And what Our blessings want, may His to Thee sup-  
(ply!

## Psalm CXXX.

*De profundis clamavi, &c.*

## I.

VI. Peni-  
tential  
Psalm of  
Degrees.  
XI.

Out of the depths unto the Lord I cry'd,  
Deep Seas of Mis'erie where I lay,  
But o're my Soul the waves did ride,  
And louder roar'd, when I began to pray,  
Ah! still their noise, and be not, Lord, as deaf as they!

## II.

I know I have deserv'd these miseries,  
And greater plagues might justly fear;  
And if Thou should'st to judgement rise,  
Indeed despair of ever coming near,  
For those great sins, which harden mine, may stop Thy  
(car.

## III.

But, Lord, there is forgiveness still with Thee,  
Thou wait'st Thy favours to bestow,  
I wait when Thou wilt gracious be,  
My hope alone do's from Thy Mercy flow,  
And since Thou wait'st, Lord, to be gracious, Ah, be so!

## IV.

For as the Watchman, who has stood all night,  
Upon the guard do's long for day,  
Looks when the Sun will make it light,  
Just so attending on the Lord We stay,  
Till the bright Sun of Righteousness His beams display.

V. Hope

V.

Hope in Thy God ; O *Isra'el*, and Thy trust  
 All times upon His Mercy place ;  
 He who has promis'd Thee is just,  
 And if with confidence Thou seek His Face,  
 Thy sins He'll take away, and freely give His Grace.

---

Another Version of the same, by *M. M. B.*

I.

Dung'd in the depths of sin and misery,  
 Where I could nothing see but Death  
 Ready to stifle my complaining breath,  
 With which to Thee my God I sent my Cry,  
 Hoping at length to reach Thine ear,  
 And by my often calls get Thee to hear,  
 Hear me, I said, let not my Cries be vain,  
 lest I no strength should have to Cry again.

II.

eternal God, should Thy all-seeing eye  
 Severely mark Our often strays ;  
 Our wandrings i'th' forbidden dangerous ways  
 Of basest sin, and fond iniquity,  
 Who then could in Thy presence stand,  
 Or bear the weight of Thy enraged hand ?  
 But Thou art mighty in Thy Pard'oning love,  
 let us fear that we may grateful prove.

## III.

Wherefore I'll wait for Thee, my gracious Lord,  
Till Thou Thy Favours shalt dispence,  
And make me feel their pow'eful influence,  
My Soul for this shall hope in Thy sure word :  
For Thee I'll wait with more desire  
Than they, who for the Morning light enquire,  
That from their weary watch they may be freed ;  
Yea, more than they ; wherefore my God make speed !

## IV.

Let *Isra'el* on the Lord repose His trust,  
With whom both Mercy is and love,  
The constant streams that flow from Him above :  
Like whom there's none so good, yet none so just :  
For though He did a ransom find,  
'Twas such as through't His Justice brighter shin'd :  
From Him Redemption shall to *Isra'el* come,  
Which to their Land and Him shall bring them home.

---

## Psalm CXXXI.

*Domine non est exaltatum, &c.*

## I.

**N**O, Lord, Thou know'st I am not so,  
 And yet Thou all my soul dost know;  
 Alike before Thee open lie  
 My inn'ocent heart, and humble dye,  
 Which have no pride, but from the malice of my Foe.

*A song of  
 Degrees of  
 David.  
 XII.*

## II.

To th' Crown I never did aspire,  
 Nor what's my Sovereign's, Lord, desire;  
 Such thoughts beyond my ambition go,  
 Too high for me, who am so low,  
 And yet my humble Soul, beneath the Crown, looks  
 (higher.

## III.

To Thee I look, on Thee attend,  
 Hoping Thou wilt my Right defend,  
 The Crown is but an empty thing,  
 And what it has not, cannot bring,  
 Not after that but Thee, O God, my pray'ers I send!

## IV.

For I restrain my self in this,  
 Just like a Child that new wean'd is,  
 From 'his Mothers breast, who though he cry,  
 And grieves at first those streams are dry,  
 forgets it, and streight loaths what he was wont to kiss.

## V.

As I have done may *Isra'el* do,  
 And wean'd from all things here below,  
 Unto their God alone attend,  
 And only on His help depend,  
 On God, who greater things than Kingdoms can bestow!

---

## Pſalm CXXXII.

*Memento Domine David.*

## I.

LORD.

*A ſong of  
 Degrees.*

XIII.

*David, and his Vow,*  
**R**emember, ~~Lord, the Oath He made,~~  
 And all the troubles He did undergo,  
 Whilst for Thy Ark He ſought a Reſting place:  
 Abroad He ſuff'ered, and at home,  
 But when He thought the worſt was overcome,  
 This ſtill remain'd, and His great trouble was.

## II.

Remember, Lord, the Oath He made,  
 And how ſolicitous to ſee it paid!  
 "Within my houſe, ſaid He, I'll come no more,  
 "Nor on ſoft couches wait for ſleep,  
 "My very Bed ſhall watch againſt it keep,  
 "Girt round with Pious Cares, and arm'd all o're.

## III.

"I'll ſearch till I the place ſhall find,  
 "Which God Himſelf has for His Reſt deſign'd:

Wit



Lib. V.    *upon the* CXXXII. PSALM.    389

We know it, Lord, and to it each remove,  
How first at *Shilo* Thou didst reign,  
Then in a grove, and unfrequented plain,  
Places still inno'cent, because once Thy love.

IV.

Look how Thy Courts we reach with praise,  
And as We bow Our knees, Our voices raise!  
Arise, O God, and Thy great journey take,  
Thou, and Thy Ark together rise,  
Before Thee scatter all Thine Enemies,  
And *Sion*, Thy delight, Thy Res'dence make!

V.

Let all Thy Priests Their praises sing,  
And with loud shouts Thy Saints their Off'erings bring!  
Let Thy Anointed in the Roll be one,  
And for Thy Servant *David's* sake,  
To whom Thou freely didst Thy Promise make,  
This Happiness confirm unto His Son!

VI.

In Truth Thou didst to *David* swear,  
(Witness Thy self) "Thou shalt not want an heir,  
"But of Thy seed I on Thy Throne will set;  
"And if Thy Children Faithful be,  
"And keep the Laws transmitted here to Thee,  
"Their Throne like Thine shall stand, & be more Great.

VII.

"For I have *Sion* made my Rest,  
"The place, which I of all the World love best,  
"My

- “ My house for ever, where I choose to dwell,  
“ All Her Provisions I will bless,  
“ And thence Her poor shall look for their increase,  
“ And when they see it, wonder how it fell.

## VIII.

- “ There shall her Priests my Praises sing,  
“ And w<sup>th</sup> loud shouts My Saints their Off’erings bring;  
“ The Horn of *David* there I’le make to bud,  
“ An Horn of Plenty, full, and green,  
“ Where some New blossoms ever shall be seen,  
“ Whose fruit’s as generous, as the root is good.

## IX.

- “ There for my King I’le set a light,  
“ My eye shall make it burn, and keep it bright;  
“ Obscurity shall on His Foes be cast;  
“ Cover’d with shame they shall lie down,  
“ But on His head I’le put a glorious Crown,  
“ And I, who put it on, will hold it fast.
-

Psalm CXXXIII.

*Ecce quam bonum, & quam, &c.*

I.

**B**lest day ! wherein I live to see  
The Tribes, like Brethren, all agree,  
Like Brethren striving, who shall my best Subjects be.

*A song of  
Degrees of  
David.  
XIV.*

II.

God has by them restor'd my Crown,  
And they secur'd what was their Own,  
For what on me they pour'd, upon themselves fell down,

III.

Th' Anointing Oyl, they on me spent,  
On them in Acts of Favour went,  
For them as much as me, th'anointing oyl was meant,

IV.

Like that, which on the High-Priest shed,  
At first it only wet His head,  
But then o're beard, and cloaths and all, was quickly  
(spread,

V.

Or like those mists, which from the Main  
The Sun draws up, to send again,  
In dews, first on the Hills, and then the humble Plain.

VI.

With such th' Almighty loves to dwell,  
And Souls agreed His Praise can tell,  
How on them blessings, when on others vengeance fell.

## Psalm CXXXIV.

*Ecce nunc benedicite, &c.*

## I.

*A song of  
Degrees,  
XV.*

**P**Raise Him, Ye Servants of th' Eternal King,  
Who alwayes in His Temple stay,  
Till your loud Songs the chearful Morning bring,  
And having chas'd the Night away,  
Call to attend your Sacrifice the rising day !

## II.

And as you praise Him, let your thankful hands  
Their part in all the Service bear,  
They have their Language, which He understands,  
Though none beside their voice do's hear,  
For them reserves His eye, and for your lips His Ear !

## III.

The Lord from *Sion* on Thy Borders rain  
Show'ers, like that Heav'en which sends them, free  
Return Thy Blessings on Thee back again :  
Let them Thine own, and greater be,  
That God's, who Heav'en and Earth did make, and all  
(for Thee)

## Psalm CXXXV.

*Laudate nomen Domini, &c.*

## I.

**Y**E Servants of th' Immortal King,  
 His Masters of request below,  
 To whom, when We our just Petitions bring,  
 Immediately to Heav'en they go;  
 And by your means, who there attend,  
 I'th' flames which burn the Sacrifice, ascend,  
 To His Great Name, which He delights to raise,  
 Though far above your reach, direct your Praise!

*Hallelujah.*

## II.

There's none like Him, so full of love,  
 On whom you can your praise bestow;  
 And if great Goodness can affection move,  
 Then praise His Name, for that is so!  
 For *Jacobs* Seed He gave His voice,  
 And plac'd His Treasure, where He made His choice;  
 So great that none can contradict His will,  
 But when they most resist it, most fulfill.

## III.

His Pleasure Heav'en, and Earth obey,  
 And Laws which He first gave them keep;  
 He chains the Sea, and bounding sands do's lay,  
 For mighty fetters on the Deep;  
 Causes thick vapours to ascend,  
 And in one cloud moist Hail, and fire do's blend;  
 Out of His Treasures brings th' unruly wind,  
 And Captive Tempests with strong Cords do's bind.

IV. In

## IV.

In *Egypt*, when He did begin,  
Thus He their **First Born** would not spare;  
The **Beasts** were punisht for their Masters sin,  
Under the Curse, because they were;  
His **Wonders** God before Him sent,  
And thither afterwards in Person went;  
*Egypt*, Thou saw'st His hand i'th' mid'st of Thee,  
When *Pharaoh*, who did bear it, would not see.

## V.

He mighty Kingdoms overthrew,  
Scatt'ered their Forces, slew their Kings,  
And Vict'ory, which abroad at Pleasure flew,  
Made serve at home without her wings;  
*Sehon* and *Ogg* before Him fell,  
In whose Possessions Faithful *Isra'el* dwell;  
That Promis'd Land, which He their Fathers gave,  
Who from that gift their surest Title have.

## VI.

Eternal God, like Thee Thy Name  
Endures to all Eternitie,  
And as Its Power is constantly the same,  
So shall Its just Memorial be;  
For Thou wilt for Thy People rise,  
Subdue, and Scatter all their Enemies,  
That under yokes they shall no more remain,  
But to Thy Temple be restor'd again.

## VII.

Dumb Idols shall not Thee withstand,  
Nor thousand Gods fond men adore;  
For all, though fashion'd by the Workmans hand,  
Remain the Clay they were before;

Dull

Dull Clay, which neither sees, nor hears,  
Though Art has given them eyes, and made them ears,  
Most Easie Gods to whom when any cry,  
They grant, because they are speechless to deny.

## VIII.

Without or Speech, or breath, or sense,  
Though they of All the Organs have ;  
In vain is help to be expected thence,  
Where's not enough themselves to save :  
Blind Deities, but Minder they,  
Who knowing it, to their own Work will pray ;  
Ne're thinking that it cannot to them turn,  
And that one fire will God, and Incense burn.

## IX.

Bnt Thou, O *Isra'el*, Bles Thy Lord !  
O House of *Aaron*, bles His Name !  
And you, who serve at th' Altar by His Word,  
With coals from thence encrease your Flame !  
Let joy in every Face appear,  
And bles the Lord, whom you have made your Fear !  
From *Sion* bles Him, thund'ring from above,  
But at *Jerus'alem* is the God of Love !

## Psalm CXXXVI.

*Confitemini Domino Quoniam, &c.*

## I.

**O** Praife the Lord, for He is good,  
And let the World His love adore,  
For though His Pow'ér may aw them more,  
His Love guards thofe, who are by that withftood.  
His Mercies have been ever fure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## II.

Praife Him, who o're all gods do's reign,  
The God of Gods, of Kings the King,  
To whom all Thrones this Homage bring,  
What He firft gave them, to refign again!  
His Mercies have been ever fure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## III.

All that We fee, His hand has done,  
Who makes His Mighty Pow'ér appear,  
With wonder ftrikes us, and with fear,  
For His own fake He did it, and alone:  
His Mercies have been ever fure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## IV.

He made the Heav'ens, that glorious fpace,  
Which has no bound, and knows no end,  
Whofe greatnefs man can comprehend  
As little, as that God, who made the Place;

His



His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**V.**

The Flood at first hid all the Land,  
Till up he rais'd it from the Flood,  
To th' place where since 't unmov'd has stood,  
He rais'd it up by stretching out His hand,  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**VI.**

The Lamps of Heav'en owe all their light  
To Him, who caus'd them first to shine,  
He on them look'd, they like a Mine,  
From thence took fire, and ever since are bright :  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**VII.**

He charg'd the Sun to rule the day,  
Gave him His beams and influence,  
Laws how he should his Flames dispence,  
Laws which in ruling He is bound t' obey :  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**VIII.**

The Moon and Stars at night attend,  
And on the guard in turns all wait ;  
Some go off sooner, some more late,  
And to relieve them God do's others send ;

His

His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## IX.

Praise Him, who for their Fathers sin,  
Smote *Cham's* first-born, did none pass o're,  
Sent death to look on every door,  
Who frighted at no blood without, went in;  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## X.

Who with strong hand, and out-stretch'd Arm  
Deliver'd *Israel* from the Yoke,  
Who all th' *Egyptian* fetters broke,  
And made His *Isra'el's* March, be their Al-arm.  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## XI.

Who all times did His Promise keep,  
The Red-Sea for them did divide:  
And what the Waves before did hide,  
Made them His Wayes see truly in the Deep.  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## XII.

The liquid Deep in Walls did stand,  
Of purest Crystal, through whose glass  
Check't Floods behind saw *Isra'el* pass,  
And there, as in themselves, admir'd His hand.

**Lib. V.    upon the CXXXVI. PSALM.**

His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**XIII.**

But when the Army was gone o're,  
God took His rein from off the Wave;  
And *Jacobs* way was *Egypt's* grave,  
Was Sea again, and wash'd its ancient shore:  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**XIV.**

God did Himself direct their Way,  
A Fiery Pillar was their Moon;  
Night follow'd close, when they were gon,  
And from their Foes hid where their journeys lay:  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**XV.**

He potent Kings did overthrow,  
Their Forces scatt'ered, and their bands,  
Resign'd a prey to feeble hands,  
Whom he made Conquer, when He bid them go:  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

**XVI.**

*Sehon*, who did their Way deny,  
Found all His Troops to be but vain;  
For God their Battles did maintain,  
And he who thought to stop them first did fly.

His

His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## XVII.

Ogg heard his fall, but would come out,  
Thinking a double Victorie,  
Would raise his Glory to the skie;  
But God, who *Sehon* slew, against him fought:  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## XVIII.

God to the Conquest wav'd His hand,  
Descending in the Sacred Flame,  
Weak *Isra'el* by His Pow'er, o'recame,  
And they, who ask'd but passage, shar'd the Land.  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## XIX.

Praise Him, who in Our low estate  
Did many Vict'ories for us gain,  
Unseen Our weakness did sustain,  
Redeem'd us, when we thought it was too late!  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

## XX.

Who for all Creatures do's provide,  
Of His Own fulness gives them food,  
Feeds both the Wicked, and the Good,  
Who from His Treasures daily are supply'd!

His

His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure,

## XXI.

Who to frail Man the Earth has given,  
And made Him King, and God below,  
Where all things to His Scepter bow,  
But is Himself Mans King, and God of Heav'n!  
His Mercies have been ever sure,  
And to Eternity endure.

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## Pſalm CXXXVII.

*Super flumina Babylonis, &c.*

## I.

AS on the banks of *Chebar* we ſate down,  
 Lamenting *Sions* Miſeries,  
 At *Sions* Mis'eries we forgot our own,  
 And wiſht for her ſuch Rivers in our eyes :  
 We envy'd there the rolling tide,  
 That at Our feet did gently ſlide,  
 That at our feet more ſtreams, than from our eyes did  
 (glide.

## II.

The Willows to our complaints bow'd down their ear,  
 And did in hollow murmurs grone ;  
 The Willows bow'd as though they long'd to hear  
 Again thoſe griefs, which they before had known :  
 They bow'd, and on their heads we hung  
 Our Harps untun'd, Our Harps unſtrung,  
 Sorrow their ſtrings unloos'd, but faſter ty'd our tongue

## III.

'Twas then we ſuff'ered double miſery,  
 When to us Our rude ſpoilers came,  
 And to deride our ſad Captivity,  
 Imbitt'ered it with Captive *Sions* Name :  
 Our ſelves we only griev'd before,  
 But when Their ſcorns juſt *Sion* bore,  
 At her great ſuff'erings, of our own we thought no more.

## IV. — " Once

## IV.

" One of your Songs let's hear, they proudly try'd,  
 " And one of *Sions* Anthems play,  
 " Your griefs and penfive cares now throw aside,  
 " *Sion* is here, since we brought you away!  
 As if we, at their base Commands,  
 Could sing, forgetful of our bands,  
 Could play, when they who stop'd our mouths, had ty'd  
 (our hands.

## V.

No! No! in foreign Lands if we do thus,  
 For *Sion* thus forget to grieve,  
 Let Her God too forget to pity us;  
 And these fond tongues close to their palats cleave!  
 Her Praises first our mouths did fill,  
 From Her Our hands first learn't their skill,  
 So wonder then, if *Sion* mourns, that they lie still!

## VI.

Remember *Edom*, Lord, who in the day  
*Jerusa'lem*, was a Captive made,  
 Joyn'd with Her Enemies, and shar'd the prey;  
 And made us more than *Babylon* afraid!  
 " Rase it, they cry'd, down with the Wall,  
 " To the foundations Level all,  
 She that to *Babylon* will not stoop, 'tis fit She fall!

## VII.

Hold *Babylon*—where will thy rage extend?  
 God has enough to *Sion* done,  
 Hold, and prepare Thee, *Babylon*, for Thy end,  
 What may'st Thou fear, if thus He serves His Own?  
 D d 2 May'st

May'st Thou in Thine Our mis'eries see,  
And all the wrongs we've born from Thee,  
And know, that less than what Thou hast deserv'd, they  
(be!

## VIII.

May Thy own Mercies on Thy head return,  
Those Mercies which are Cruelties,  
May'st Thou in flames of thine own kindling burn,  
And send in vain to Heav'en Thy fruitless cries!  
And Happy He, who on the stones,  
On Flints shall dash Thy little ones,  
And have than flints less bowels for their dying groans!

---

Psalm

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## Psalm CXXXVIII.

*Confitebor tibi Domine in toto corde, &c.*

## I.

**L**ord, I will bleſs Thee, and my chearful voice  
 Before the gods ſhall tell my joyes :  
 Thoſe glorious Pow'ers, to whom Thou doſt impart  
 Thy Name, and Office here below,  
 Shall ſee me pay the praiſe I ow,  
 And as I had Thy ear, return my Heart.

*A Pſalm of*  
*David.*

## II.

Then to Thy Sacred Hill mine eyes I'll raiſe,  
 And fetch new ſubjects for my Praise :  
 My Song ſhall count of what Thou didſt for me,  
 Of Mercy, and of Truth I'll ſing ;  
 And when I have wearied out that ſtring,  
 Thy Faithfulneſs another ground ſhall be.

## III.

Thou haſt exalted it, and why not I ?  
 For when to thee I uſ'd to cry,  
 To Thee, my God, and mourn'd in my diſtreſs,  
 My dolefull groanes Thy heart did move,  
 Thou didſt reſreſh me from above,  
 And answer gav'ſt of Thine Own Faithfulneſs.

## IV.

The heathen Kings, when they Thy Wonders hear,  
 Shall both rejoyce and ſerve with fear ;

By My example in Thy Wayes shall sing,  
Ascribe to Thee what is Thine Own,  
Cait at Thy Feet their Scepters down,  
And do their homage to Thee, as their King.

## V.

God over all, whose Throne is set on high,  
Above the Circle of the skie,  
The humble, and their proud Oppressors knows;  
The diff'rence only lies in this,  
Though well known to Him either is,  
When He delivers those, He these o'rethrows.

## VI.

No! Ple ne're fear, though trouble me surround,  
Most fixt when I shall feel no ground:  
Thou wilt revive me, and with Thy Right hand,  
Thy poor afflicted Creature save,  
My En'mies wrath an end shall have,  
And on his ruine I shall firmer stand.

## VII.

The Lord will perfect what He has begun,  
And finish what is yet undone;  
Thou, whose Compassions all Thy Works transcend,  
Care of the Issue also take,  
Nor me Thy handy-Work forsake,  
But with Eternal Triumphs crown the end!

## Psalm CXXXIX.

*Domine probasti me, &c.*

## I.

**I**N vain, O God, my folly, and my pride  
 Make me in vain presume to be,  
 By all my shifts, conceal'd from Thee,  
 When from my self, my self I cannot hide;  
 Thy day still breaks into my night,  
 Still gives me of my self the sight,  
 For Thee to see me by, shall it not be more bright?

*A Psalm of David.*

## II.

Thou' hast search'd me, Lord, and all my life hast  
 Know' st every Action of my life, (known,  
 When with my self or Thee at strife,  
 Thou know' st my rising up, and lying down :  
 My thoughts, and heart, to Thee are clear,  
 Thou art their Judge, and ever near,  
 Do' st see, and sentence both, before I know what's there.

## III.

Where e' re I go, in what place e' re I stay,  
 Whether I wake, whether I sleep,  
 Thy Spirit by me watch do's keep,  
 Is my Companion in the closest way;  
 If I but whisper, that stands by,  
 And though unseen by Mortal eye,  
 Takes from my Lips the word, and to Thine ear do's fly.

## IV.

There's no avoiding Thee, behind, before,  
On all sides Thou hast girt me round ;  
My God, Thy Wisdom's too profound,  
Too deep to fathom, high'er than I can soar ;  
Thy hand first made, and fashion'd me,  
Thy Will commands me now to be,  
Being or Life I cannot have, unless in Thee.

## V.

Then whither shall I from Thy Presence fly ?  
If up to Heav'en my Way I take,  
Thou Heav'en Thy Residence dost make,  
And to get further off I come more nigh :  
If down to Hell, the Devils there,  
Tell me Thou'rt present by their fear,  
They tell me what I merit, by the pains they bear.

## VI.

Quick as my thought, could I remove me hence,  
And in the furthest East remain,  
Below the Sea some covert gain,  
Thy Sun would shew me as he rises thence :  
If I say darkness, and the night,  
Which shut out all, shall barr Thy sight,  
That Darkness, which is so to me, to Thee is light.

## VII.

Thou art within me too, close as my heart,  
Within my heart, unknown to me,  
For when that first was made by Thee,  
Thy breath, Lord, was my best, and chiefest part :

Thou

Thou threw'st Thy self in, and in vain,  
To fly from Thee, my self I pain,  
For ever since Thou dost within my heart remain.

VIII.

I know I am Thy Master-piece, and all  
I in the greater World admire,  
Find in my self, and something higher,  
Am Heav'en in Perspective, and Earth in small:  
By Thee was wonderfully made,  
Nor is Thine Image so decay'd,  
But when I view my self, I am of Thee afraid.

IX.

Nothing of me, not my least part's unknown,  
Then, when I first was wrought below,  
Thy eyes, and hands dispos'd me so,  
My Members in Thy Book were entred down;  
Entred before all time they were,  
When none of them did yet appear,  
And what Thou then design'dst them, now in time they  
(are.

X.

This as I think of, and what Thou hast done,  
The wondrous pledges of Thy love,  
By whom I live, in whom I move,  
My heart is struck as silent, as my tongue;  
They pass the Sands upon the Shore,  
And had I told their Number o're,  
Those would more num'rous seem, than they appear'd  
(before.

XI. But

## XI.

But as Thou'art gracious, Thou art also just,  
And Wilt the Wicked Man o'rethrow,  
Teaching him by Thy Pow'er to know,  
How great that God is, which he would not trust :  
Down with them, Lord, destroy them all,  
Let their own Curses on them fall,  
Who on Thy Name, but in their Oaths, did never call !

## XII.

Do not I hate them, Lord, those who hate Thee,  
And are not they my Enemies,  
Who in their rage against Thee rise ?  
Thou know'st I hate them, and they're so to me :  
Search me, and try me, sound my heart,  
Its most retir'd, and deepest part,  
And lead me to that life, whose way and guide Thou art.

---

Psalm

## Psalm CXL.

*Eripe me Domine ab, &c.*

## I.

**L**Ord, from the Evil man my life defend,  
Nor let his Treasons, or his violence,  
His open force, or close pretence,  
Work ill to him, who do's on Thee depend !  
His thoughts Thou know'st are ever set on Warr,  
And now to give me battle ralli'd are.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

## II.

Instead of sword he sharpens a false tongue,  
More venomous than that, which Serpents bear ;  
The poison from an Adders spear  
Wounds not so mortally, nor kills so long :  
O, by Thy Pow' er may I his plots withstand,  
For if his tongue's thus cruel, what's his hand ?

## III.

The ginns are laid, and all the toiles are set,  
They are resolv'd my Footsteps to o'rethrow ;  
And where they guess I needs must go,  
In the mid-way the proud have spread their net ;  
" Most Holy Lord, Thou art my God, I said,  
" And now's Thy time to help, since I have pray'd !

## IV.

When thousand dangers had begirt me round,  
And all my Foes were ready in the field,  
Thou wer't my helmet, and my shield,  
And say'dst that head, w<sup>ch</sup> Thou before hadst crown'd :  
May

May the desires of all the Wicked fail,  
Lest when I slip, they think their hand prevail!

## V.

Let them not by my ruine higher rise,  
And judge by the success their cause is good!  
But stait their swords with their own blood,  
And be aveng'd on Thy false Enemies!  
Let burning coals fall on them in Thine ire,  
And let their own breath help to blow the fire!

## VI.

Then throw them down into the Flame, nor more,  
Unless it be to Judgement, may they rise!  
And after bear fresh miseries,  
Sharper than all, which they endur'd before!  
Let vengeance hunt the vi'olent man to his grave,  
And so much earth may he for his portion have!

## VII.

I know the Lord will to the poor do right,  
And plead Himself, as well as judge their cause,  
Trying them by such equal laws,  
That their clear'd Innocence shall look more bright!  
So that the Righteous on their God shall stay,  
And in His sight enjoy Eternal Day.



**Psalm CXL.**

*Domine clamavi ad te, &c.*

I.

**M**Y God, when in distress I cry,  
And on my long-wing'd sighs unto Thee fly,  
Make haste to meet me, Come away,  
Ah, do no longer from me stay,  
But by Thy Presence shew, Thou hearst me, when I pray!

*A Psalm of David.*

## II.

Let my requests like incense rise,  
Not to o're-cloud, but to perfume the skies !  
And when the day resigns to night,  
Let it again receive new light,  
And by my Sacrifices Flames become more bright !

### III.

Before my mouth, Lord, set a guard,  
And let its double gates be always barr'd !  
Keep my heart too, and be its guide,  
That to no ill it turn aside,  
And lest I for them long, sins flatt'ring pleasures hide !

## IV.

The Just Mans check I can endure,  
His stroke wounds not, but do's advance the cure ;  
Let him smite me, 't shall be instead  
Of Oyntment, to refresh my head, (Dead!  
Oyntment which chears the living, and preserves the  
V. For

**V.**

For him I'll pray, as he for me,  
His blows were balm, and so my Words shall be;  
When his curs'd judges overthrown  
From their great heights shall be cast down,  
And in the plagues they bear see all the wrongs they've  
(done.

**VI.**

Our scatt'ered bones no burial have,  
Nor know the kind Corruption of the Grave;  
Like th' armes of some great tree they lie,  
Which while its head was rais'd on high,  
Stood the woods Glory, faln the scorn of passers by.

**VII.**

But still my eyes are up to Thee,  
Thou art my Trust, and shalt my refuge be;  
Let not my Soul of succour fail,  
And though the Wicked me assail,  
Let not his open force, or hidden plots prevail!

**VIII.**

Break all the snares, which he has made,  
Or let them only for himself be laid!  
Down in his own pits let him fall,  
In vain for help, or succour call,  
Whilst I, for whom he made them, have no hurt at all!

## Psalm CXLII.

*Voce mea ad Dominum, &c.*

## I.

**M**Y heart just broke, and only strength enough  
 Left to discharge my debt of grief, and love,  
 Aloud I to th' Almighty cry'd ;  
 My Lips perform'd the chiefest part,  
 For I before had sent my heart,  
 And where this first was gon, thither I those did guide.

*A Prayer of  
 David.  
 when he  
 was in the  
 Cave.*

## II.

Before my God I empti'd out my prayer,  
 And dropt for every word I spake a tear ;  
 My griefs I did before Him lay,  
 And when I knew not what to do,  
 Which way I went, or where to go,  
 He knew my Actions then, and did direct my Way.

## III.

Better than I, He knew what plots were laid,  
 And all the ginns, which for my feet they made ;  
 On my right hand I look'd, but there  
 No man my just desires would own,  
 On me they look'd as one unknown,  
 So far from lending me an hand, they stop'd their ear.

## IV.

Then to the Lord, to Thee again I pray'd,  
 And in the dolour of my spirit said ;

“ Thou

"Thou my Salvation art below,  
"Even here Thou dost my cause defend,  
"Even here Thy aids my pray'ers transcend,  
"And, Lord, though none else will, Thou dost my trou-  
(ble know.

## V.

"Hear me, my God, and from mine En'emies hand,  
"Deliv'rance, which Thou only giv'st, command!  
"Thou see'st they are too strong for me,  
"How daily they encrease in power,  
"But I Thy wonted helps implore,  
"For yet, my God, they cannot be too strong for Thee.

## VI.

"From prison bring me, that I may declare,  
"How ready for Thine Own Thy Mercies are!  
God will deliver me, and I,  
Who now unjustly suffer wrong,  
Shall make His praises be my Song,  
And all the Just shall triumph in my Victory.

---

## Psalm CXLIII.

*Domine exaudi orationem meam, &c.*

## I.

Great Saviour, to my mournful Pray'er give ear,  
 And of Thy Mercy pitie me!  
 O Thou, who see'st my troubles, hear,  
 And as they need, so let Thy answer be!  
 I know Thou can'st do this, and more,  
 For Thou hast done it heretofore!

VII.  
*Penitential  
 Psalm of  
 David.*

## II.

Behold my troubles, Lord, but not my Sins!  
 For if Thou once should'st be severe,  
 What heart quakes not, when God begins  
 To judge, and sets up His Tribunal there?  
 What Flesh can in His sight be just,  
 Or to His breath expose its dust?

## III.

See how the Enemy my Soul pursues,  
 And how no safety can be found,  
 Whil'st he his daily wrongs renews,  
 Unless I, with the dead, dwell under ground,  
 Unless a wretched life to save,  
 I enter quick into the grave.

## IV.

This grieves my heart, nor would it longer hold,  
 But that on Thee I meditate,  
 Remembring what Thou did'st of old,  
 How Nothing was too hard, no time too late:

I think of what Thy hand has done,  
And take Thy Arm to lean upon.

## V.

The thirsty earth, with drought consum'd, and heat,  
Do's not more gape, and long for rain,  
Than I whose thirst is full as great,  
Am restless grown till I see Thee again;  
Hear me my God, hear speedilie!  
The Earth Thou hear'st, and why not me?

## VI.

No longer turn Thy glorious Face away!  
Or if I must in darkness sit,  
Let it be such, as brings the day,  
And not eternal, like that in the pit!  
At night, my God, give me Thine ear,  
And in the morning let me hear!

## VII.

Let me Thy Mercies hear, for, Lord, on Thee  
Alone for Mercy I relie;  
Thy way be pleas'd to shew to me,  
And give me wings that I to Heav'en may flie!  
There I secure shall be at rest,  
Nor of my Trust be dispossest.

## VIII.

Teach me to do Thy Will, for Thou art Mine;  
And lead me to Thy Sacred Land!  
Ah, quicken me, for I am Thine,  
And by Thy strength alone must firmly stand:  
And would Thy Sp'irit but guide my Way,  
I should not care, Lord, where it lay.

## IX. Now.

## IX.

Now for Thy Mercies sake, my troubles end,  
 For only Thou know'st what I bear !  
 Let on my Foes Thy wrath descend,  
 And Thine eye be like theirs, too fierce to spare !  
 Let them Thine Indignation know,  
 But to Thy Servant favour show !

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## Psalm CXLIV.

*Benedictus Dominus Deus, &c.*

## I.

**S**upream Commander of the Sacred bands,  
 Strength of my heart, Instructor of my hands,  
 Who first did'st for me all the Rules of War lay down,  
 And mad'st that Victory mine, w<sup>ch</sup> truly was thine own,  
 My Shield, my Tower, and ever Good,  
 The Rock, where I secure from danger stood,  
 Who up on high my head did'st raise,  
 And at my feet did'st for me Mighty Kings subdue,  
 Made'st my Own people serve anew,  
 Thou, who hast all these wonders done, take all the praise !

*A Psalm of  
 David.*

## II.

Lord, what is Man, that Thou should'st mindful be  
 Of one, who do's so seldom think of Thee ?  
 Or what am I, Thou on me set'st so great a price,  
 But little in my Own, and less in others eyes ?  
 Frail Man, whose dayes away do flie,  
 And like Himself are spent in Vanitie :

Man, whom one scarce can give a Name,  
 So light, the subt<sup>l</sup>est vapour, which the Earth exhales,  
 A Dream, or Shadow turns the Scales,  
 Man, who yet impudently to the World layes claim !

## III.

Lord, bow Thy Heav'n, & in bright flames come down,  
 The smoaking Hills with dreadful thunder crown !  
 There take Thy standing, & on my Proud En'emies throw  
 Destroying lightnings, and make seen Thy bloody bow !  
 Extend Thy Arm, my Saviour be,  
 And from the Mighty floods deliver me !

*Versiculus.* From Strangers, who that love pretend,  
 Which I dare never trust, their mouths so proudly speak;  
 Whose right hands faith they plighted break ;  
 And swords, which they have drawn, into their bowels  
 ( send !

## IV.

Then will I to Thy glorious Name sing praise,  
 And in my Song recount of all Thy Wayes :  
 More tuneful Measures will invent new strings put on,  
 And raise my Harp w<sup>th</sup> the great Subject to Thy Throne:  
 For God Salvation gives to Kings,  
 And *David* out of all His troubles brings ;  
 From strangers, who that love pretend,

*Versiculus.* W<sup>ch</sup> he dares never trust, their mouths so proudly speak,  
 Whose right hands faith they plighted break ;  
 And swords w<sup>ch</sup> they have drawn, into their hearts shall  
 ( send.

## V.

He makes Our Sons like Fruitful plants to grow,  
 And their increase to Him alone we owe ;



Our Daughters to be Corner stones, polish'd, and fair,  
Which different Houses join, and their supporters are :  
From Him alone comes all Our store,  
And that Our Presses with New Wine run o're;  
That Our full Barnes no want have known,  
Our stacks no emptiness, but with those sheaves are  
With w<sup>ch</sup> He first did load the ground, (crown'd,  
And now them so, that with the mighty weight they  
(groan.

VI.

He to ten thousands multiplies Our sheep,  
More than our folds can pin, or pastures keep ;  
Our Oxen fat, and strong, not it as labour know,  
But freely yield their necks to th' Service of the Plow;  
Down at Our Gates no En'emy sits,  
There's no Al'arm, or mourning in our streets ;  
Thrice happy Lands which thus can say,  
And undisturb'd can thus enjoy the fruits of Peace,  
( If there be any Lands like these)  
Yet those, whose God's the Lord, are happier far than  
(They.

## Pſalm CXLV.

*Exaltabo te Deus meus Rex, &c.*

## I.

*A Psalm of  
David.*

**M**Y God, My King, I will ſing praiſe to Thee,  
Till like Thy Name, my Songs Eternal be!  
Ev'ry day, Lord, will I ſing praiſe to Thee,  
Till like Thy Name, my Songs Eternal be!

- 5 Great is the Lord, and worthy of all Praiſe,  
And like Himſelf, Unſearchable His Wayes!  
One age to count His Works will ne're ſuffice,  
Their number to ſo great a ſumm do's riſe;  
The next ſhall take it, and the next from them,  
10 And in their Songs improve the lofty Theam.  
Sing of the Honour of His Majeſty,  
How far He is exalted, and how high;  
Speak of His Rev'rend Acts, His greatneſs ſhow,  
Above how full of Love, of dread below;  
15 Of all His Goodneſs, and what He has done,  
Both for His Peoples Glory and His Own.

The Lord is gracious, do's with Love o'reflow,  
Plenteous in Mercy, and to anger ſlow;  
Kind as a Father, o're whoſe Works there ſhine  
20 Glories of Mercy, mixt with rayes Divine.

(claim,  
All Thy Works praiſe Thee, and Thy pow'er pro-  
Thy Kingdoms beauties, and Thy Holy Name.  
Thy Saints ſhall bleſs Thee, & Thy Acts make known,  
And to Poſterity continue down,  
25 How to Eternity Thy Rule extends, (ends.  
And that thy Empire, Lord, knows neither bounds nor  
The

The Lord upholds all those, who fall, do's raise  
 The Poor on high, that they may see His Wayes.  
 On Him the eyes of all His Creatures wait,  
 30 To Him they look, and He provides them meat;  
 Opens His hand, do's their desires fulfil,  
 And as He answers theirs, performs His Will.  
 So Just is He, so Righteous in His wayes,  
 That were We silent, stones would speak His Praise;  
 35 And to His afflicted Peoples Pray'ers so near  
 That their requests e're finisht, granted are;  
 And when to Him for help they send their cries,  
 His Truth prevents them oftner than denies.  
 40 For the desires of such, who Him do fear,  
 Shall be fulfil'd, and He their groans will hear;  
 Will crown their love, and with His Own right hand  
 Destroy their Foes, and on their ruins make them stand!

Let the whole World O God, sing praise to Thee,  
 And like Mine, may their Songs Eternal be!

## Psalm CXLVI.

*Lauda anima mea Dominum, &c.*

### I.

*Hallelujah.*

**A** Rise my Soul, and Thy great subject take,  
The Worlds Creators praises sing !  
That Ground Thy Numbers will more flowing make,  
And fill with spi'rit the heaviest string ;  
He is my Song, and He my Verse shall raise,  
Nor with my life shall end my inspired praise.

### II.

Trust not in Princes, for their strength is vain,  
In Kings place not your confidence !  
The greatest King cannot himself maintain,  
But lives himself at Gods expence ;  
Is Earth, and when He but His breath recalls,  
Into that Earth, whence he was taken, falls.

### III.

Death layes him level with his vilest Slave,  
No more his Acts remembred are ;  
Though his Achievements follow to the Grave,  
And deck his Herse, they leave him there :  
With his last breath to air his Counsels go,  
And his high thoughts lie with his Carcass low.

### IV. But

IV.

But happy he, who has his trust in store,  
 And do's on *Jacob's* God depend !  
 He need no foreign succour to implore,  
 But up to Heav'n his wishes send,  
 And of his certain aids shall never miss,  
 For the true God his mighty keeper is.

V.

He Heav'n and all the Glories of it made,  
 Those beauteous fires we see above ;  
 Where greatness makes His Enemies afraid,  
 But in His Saints, enflames their love ;  
 Who on the floods commands the Earth to stand,  
 And holds them in the hollow of His hand.

VI.

To Him for Justice the Oppress'd do cry,  
 Who all their groans and complaints do's hear ;  
 And to His great Tribunal when they fly,  
 He on their Judges turns their fear :  
 With His good things the hungry Soul do's fill,  
 And makes deaf chains hear, and obey His Will.

VII.

He made the eye, and gave it all its light,  
 Lifts from the dust the poor mans head ;  
 Renews each morning, both their life, and sight,  
 Whom sleep had numbred with the dead :  
 His Common Providence is over all,  
 But His choice Blessings on the Righteous fall !

VIII. The

## VIII.

The unregarded stranger is his care,  
And He for th' Orphan do's provide ;  
Himself comes down, and hears the Widows prayer,  
When her deaf Friends are turn'd aside :  
Th' inexorable Wicked man o'rethrowes,  
And makes him feel the weight of his own blowes.

## IX.

Such is Thy King, O *Sion*, whose Command  
Being, and Life gives every thing ;  
Exempt from his Dominion is no Land,  
Thy God, O *Sion*, is Thy King ;  
His Pow'rful influence do's around extend,  
And as His Rule, Thy Praise should know no end !

*Hallelujah.*

## Psalm CXLVII.

*Laudate Dominum quoniam, &c.*

## I.

**Y**OU, who th' Almighty God adore,  
To His great Name sing praise!  
His Pow' er you cannot honour more,  
Nor more advance your laies!  
his is the Service, which to Him you owe,  
and this of all he best accepts below.

*Hallelujah.*

## II.

*Jerusalem*, the Great, the Fair,  
'Tis God who made Her so;  
Her People, though they scatt'ered are,  
He like Her stones do's know:  
and both will gather, both in His hand will take,  
his City One, th' Other His Temple make.

## III.

The troubled heart, with care deprest,  
He up on high do's raise;  
Refreshes weary Souls with rest,  
And sinners shews His Wayes:  
and like a Friend, who all their mis'eries feels,  
inds up the broken, and the wounded heals.

## IV.

Those rich Enamels of the skie,  
The Stars, which shine above,  
Have sev'eral Names He knows them by,  
And at His Will they move:

To

To Him they look, and looking, only thence  
Have all their lustre, Forms, and Influence.

## V.

Great is our God, of great Renown,  
Whose Wisdom's infinite ;  
To th' Earth He casts the Wicked down,  
And raises the upright :  
Sing Praises to His Name, with thanks rejoyce,  
And make the Comfort perfect with your Voice !

## VI.

The Heav'ens with clouds He covers o're,  
And all their beauty hides ;  
Yet thence the Earth has its best store,  
Rain which He there provides :  
Whence Plenty comes, but less from what is sown,  
Than from the Fruitful seasons He pours down.

## VII.

Mountains, those Pillars of the Air,  
On which Heav'ens Fabrique lies,  
Whose verdant Chapiters are fair,  
And in mixt Orders rise,  
With Frutages He crowns, and with soft showers,  
Their sullies cleansing, decks their heads with flowers.

## VIII.

To Him all Creatures look, and live,  
All at His Table eat ;  
He to bruit-beasts their food do's give,  
And to young Ravens meat :



An horse to Him, and all his strength, is vain,  
And in his sight as poor a thing is Man.

IX.

In neither can He Pleasure take,  
But do's i'th' Just delight ;  
And they who Him their refuge make,  
Shall flourish in His sight ;  
Then to Thy God, *Jerusalem*, sing praise,  
*Sion*, exalt Him, who Thee first did raise !

X.

'Tis He who do's Thy Walls defend,  
And all Thy Gates make strong ;  
Who do's Thy Colonies extend,  
And keeps Thee ever young :  
Who with a num'rous Off-spring do's Thee bless,  
And gives Thy Land the Happy fruits of Peace.

XI.

And this, because it is His Will,  
Whose Pleasure all obey ;  
Both Heav'n and Earth His Word fulfill,  
And at it haste away :  
On the cold Rocks He His Frost-mantle throws,  
And cloathes the naked Hills with woolly snows.

XII.

When on the streams He layes His Chain,  
And Captive Floods do's bind,  
What Pow'er can set them free again,  
Till He send out His Wind ?

But

But when on them He causes it to blow,  
The melted glass in streams begins to flow.

## XIII.

These Works of His by all are seen,  
But *Jacob* has His Word;  
No Land beside so blest has been,  
Or favour'd by the Lord:  
For He to *Isra'el* has His Judgements shown,  
When His Just Wrath th' whole World beside has  
(known.

*Hallelujah.*

---

Pfalm

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## Psalm CXLVIII.

*Laudate Dominum de Cælis.*

## I.

YOu blessed Souls, who stand before  
Th' Eternal King, and so long see  
His Glory that you changed be  
Into that Glory you adore,  
Praise your great Founder, and above  
Admire His Pow'ers, and bless His Love!

*Hallelujah.*

## II.

You, who when *Lucifer* did fall,  
Kept your first standing, and remain  
Commanders of that mighty Train,  
Of which the Lord is General:  
Angels, extoll th' Almighty King,  
And Songs of Triumph to Him sing.

## III.

Praise Him from whom Thy light do's flow,  
Thou, whom as God the World adore,  
Renounce that honour, and no more  
Usurp a service Thou dost ow!  
Praise Him, O Sun, when Thou'art most bright,  
Whose beams to darkness turn Thy light.

## IV.

Thou too, who with a borrow'd ray,  
When all the Lamps of Heav'en hang out,  
In the Nights silence walk'st about,  
And with Thy Torch restor'st the day:

Fair

Fair Moon and Stars exalt Gods Name,  
And in your dance His Pow'cr proclaim.

## V.

Ye Heav'ens, whom none can comprehend,  
Infinite Waters, where the skie  
(As if beyond it self 'twould fly)  
Exceeds all thought, yet finds no end,  
Praise Him, who farther do's out-go  
Your height, than you what e're's below.

## VI.

He spake the Word, and you were made,  
His first Decree has bound you fast,  
Appointed you how long to last,  
Th' Almighty Word your wandrings stay'd;  
Praise Him whose Word so much can do,  
And as it made, destroy you too!

## VII.

Let from the Earth His Praises rise,  
All Creatures, whom He plac't below,  
Let them their gratefull praises show,  
And in that service reach the skies!  
Dragons and Whales i'th' consort move  
A tunefull Bass to th' Quire above!

## VIII.

Sea praise Him, when Thy billows roar!  
And mustering up the force of th' Main,  
The once drown'd World assault again,  
And seek i'th' Heav'ens alone a shoar:

Praise

Praise Him, who when He moves His hand,  
Both stills, and chains Thy waves with sand.

## IX.

All Meteors praise the Name of God,  
Vapors, and Winds that nothing spare,  
But of His Wrath the Armies are,  
Lightning's His Scepter and His Rod;  
Ice praise Him, who makes Thee a rein  
To curb swift streams, and back the Main.

## X.

Fountains at His great Name rise up,  
Who so ordain'd by His Command,  
All in your ranks and orders stand,  
Like Piles Heav'ens Arch to underprop:  
Praise Him who your rais'd heads did crown,  
And low as Hell, not throw you down!

## XI.

Cedars, who one loft higher go,  
And Natures Vanes to Mountains are,  
Knowing no other motion there,  
Shew what the am'orous *Zephyrs* blow:  
Plants and Fruit-trees, the pride o'th' Field,  
In generous stores your praises yield.

## XII.

Beast and all Cattel, creeping things,  
Insects unminded, the great care  
Of Him by whom you formed were,  
And Birds who with your downy wings,

Cut the soft air, your Presents bring,  
And in wild notes His Praifes sing!

## XIII.

Kings, to whom God His Name do's give,  
And as Vice-gods has set on high,  
True Portraits of the Deity,  
Praise Him in whom your selves do live,  
And who, though Homage is your due,  
First made the Right, then gave it you.

## XIV.

Praise Him all People, every State,  
And Sex, and Age, Virgins, and Youth  
With all the beauteous trains of both,  
Or long since born, or born of late;  
Praise Him Old Men, and since agen  
Age speaks you Children, shew y'are Men.

## XV.

Let the whole World His Praise restore,  
And lift above the Firmament,  
That Name He counts so excellent,  
And what none fully know, adore:  
For from the Deep it all things fills,  
Up to the Everlasting Hills.

## XVI.

*Isra'el* praise Him, *Isra'el* for whom  
He made all these, and greater things,  
The Land subdu'd, and Potent Kings,  
Bringing them thousand Vict'ories home,

Such wonders wrought, and more than this,  
Whom He redeem'd, and so made His.

*Hallelujah.*

**Psalm CXLIX.**

*Cantate Domino Canticum, &c.*

**I.**

**N**ew Songs of Praise to Great *Jehovah* sing,  
And in His Temple let His Name resound;  
This small return his Saints may bring,  
For all those favours wherewith they are crown'd;  
Let *Isra'el* in His Makers Love rejoyce,  
And *Sion* crown again Her Sov'reign with Her Voice.

*Hallelujah.*

**II.**

In the High Dance His great Name let them praise,  
And that it may approach His Throne above,  
The service with shrill Trumpets raise,  
And send up Theirs, as He show'ers down His Love:  
They are His Pleasure, and His chiefest Prize,  
And though in others mean, yet beauteous in His eyes.

**III.**

Let the Saints praise Him, who their Glory is;  
And on their beds, when they no Comfort see,  
Then let them sing, for they are His,  
And of salvation confident may be!  
Hee'll raise them up, and by His Pow'rful Word,  
Put in their mouths His Praise, and in their hands a

(Sword.

## IV.

Thus shall they fight, and conquer, throw down all,  
Who dare oppose, and to resist them stand;  
The Heathen shall before them fall,  
And in that ruiné feel His vengeful Hand:  
Their Captive Kings they shall in fetters bind,  
And make their conquer'd Princes walk in Chains be-  
(hind.

## V.

That Wrath which was denounc'd, to execute,  
And all the long since written Doom fulfill,  
When their fierce En'mies all struck mute,  
Shall yield their Lives to th' Pleasure of their Will.  
Such Glorious Freedom follows Their Restraints,  
And this great Honour, after suff'ring, have the Saints

*Hallelujah.*

---

*Psalm*

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## Psalm CL.

*Laudate Dominum, &c.*

## I.

**T**He Holy God in His Sanctuary praise !  
 There where He loves Himself to show,  
 And having sung His Praise below,  
 From thence to Heav'en, that, and your voice together  
 (raise.

*Hallelujahs*

## II.

In Heav'en He makes His Mighty Pow'ër be seen,  
 Praise Him, who makes it there appear !  
 For if that Greatness awe us here,  
 What would it do, came not so vast a space between ?

## III.

Together strive, who shall exalt Him most;  
 What Instruments the fittest are,  
 Whether of Love, whether of War,  
 Thrill Trumpets, or soft Harps to praise the Lord of  
 (Host !

## IV.

Trumpets, and Harps shall in one Confort move;  
 The Cornet, and the Am'orous Lute,  
 The Cymbal, and the Warlike Flute,  
 For He who is the Lord of Host, is God of Love,

## V.

Let the whole Earth their praises to Him bring;  
 What'e're has being, life, or breath;  
 Angels above, and Men beneath,  
 And all, whom He has Voices given, His Praises sing !

*Hallelujah.*

## Psalm CLI.

*This Psalm in the Title of it, according to the LXXII, (tho' out of the number of the CL, and in no Hebrew Copy,) is inscribed to David, as his Triumphal Song after he had slain Goliath; and therefore added here, not to be received as the Version of any part of Canonical Scripture, but that this Paraphrase might want nothing, which is either in the Septuagint, or in Apollinarius.*

*Parvus eram in fratribus, &c.*

## I.

**Y**oungest of all my Brethren, and the least  
 In the *Jessaan* House, to'a Service I inclin'd,  
 Which both my Age, and Inn'ocence suited best,  
 And best the Throne, to which I was design'd :  
 My Fathers Flock was early set to keep,  
 And how to Govern Men, first learn amongst my Sheep

## II.

I kept, and fed them, with a pious care,  
 And as they fed, my Harp and Pipe assay'd ;  
 Them, and my Self to please did Songs prepare,  
 And variously, as Pensive Shepherd play'd :  
 Till having weary'd out my humble string,  
 A bolder flight I dar'd, *Isra'el's* Great God to sing.

## III.

But who such Praise can worthily reherse !  
 I strove my best, and it acceptance found  
 With Heaven's blest King, who to approve my Verse,  
 A double Glory round my temples bound :

By his

By his Prophet's hand there place'd the Regal Crown,  
(From the Flock calling me) the Poets with his own.

## IV.

I many Brothers had, and great of might,  
All Valiant Men, and all renown'd in War,  
Oft try'd; but God in them took no delight,  
For causes, tho' from us removed far,  
To Himself best known, who sees not as man sees,  
But as the heart is judges, and gives dignities.

## V.

For that, and his own pleasure He chose me,  
And having chosen, call'd me forth to fight  
With *Rapha's* Gyant-Son, whose Blasphemy  
Levell'd at Heav'en, on his own head did light:  
By his gods he curst me, and his gods he curst,  
Himself as the chief god, propitiating thus first.

## VI.

But such curse proof, I out against him went,  
The firmlier arm'd, as he disarm'd thereby;  
And certain death into his forehead sent,  
E're he the place could guard, or turn to fly:  
He fell, I ran; to th' lifeless Monster came,  
From him, with his own sword, took his head, from  
(*Isra'el* shame.

Review'd at *Hartley-*  
*Malduith, Hants.*  
April 28. 1677.

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F I N I S

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A

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<i>V.</i>		
95 <i>Venite exultemus</i>	Come let us sing unto	272
5 <i>Verba mea auribus</i>	Lord to my earnest prayers	8
77 <i>Voce mea ad Dominum</i>	In my great trouble to	220
142 <i>Voce mea ad Dominum</i>	My heart just broke and	415
13 <i>Usquequo Domine</i>	How long my God wilt Thou	26
74 <i>Ut quid Deus repulisti</i>	Shall we for ever then be	212
10 <i>Ut quid Domine recessisti</i>	My God why dost thou	20

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## F I N I S.

